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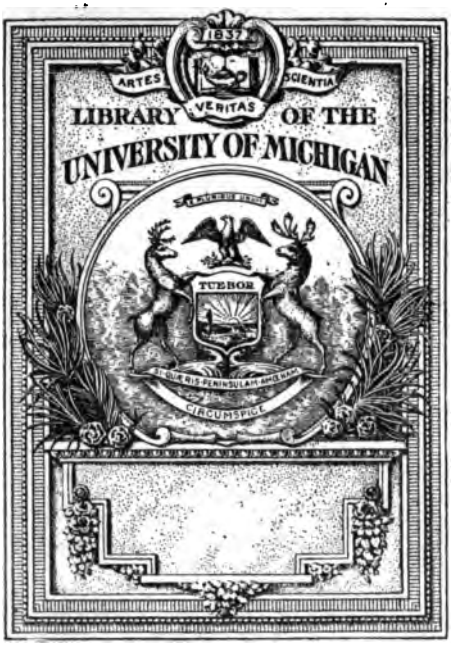
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DRYDEN.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTEENTH.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

VOLUME I.

VERSES

IN PRAISE OF

MR. DRYDEN.

On Mr. DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI. By the Earl of ROSCOMMON.

BE gone, you ſlaves, you idle vermin go,
Fly from the ſcourges, and your maſter know;
Let free, impartial, men from Dryden learn
Myſterious ſecrets, of a high concern,
And weighty truths, ſolid convincing ſenſe,
Explain'd by unaffected eloquence.
What can you (Reverend Levi) here take ill?
Men ſtill had faults, and men will have them ſtill;
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
Muſt be an angel; but what's that to you?
While mighty Lewis finds the pope too great,
And dreads the yoke of his impoſing ſeat,
Our ſects a more tyrannic power aſſume,
And would for ſcorpions change the rods of Rome;
That church detain'd the legacy divine;
Fanatics caſt the pearls of heaven to ſwine:
What then have thinking honeſt men to do,
But chuſe a mean between th' uſurping two?

Nor can th' Ægyptian patriarch blame thy muſe,
Which for his firmneſs does his heat excuſe;
Whatever councils have approv'd his creed,
The preface ſure was his own act and deed.
Our church will have that preface read, you'll ſay:
'Tis true: but ſo ſhe will th' Apocrypha;
And ſuch as can believe them, freely may.

But did that God (ſo little underſtood)
Whoſe darling attribute is being good,
From the dark womb of the rude chaos bring
Such various creatures and make man their king,
Yet leave his favourite man, his chiefeſt care,
More wretched than the vileſt inſects are?

O! how much happier and more ſafe are they?
If helpleſs millions muſt be doom'd a prey
To yelling furies, and for ever burn
In that ſad place from whence is no return,
For unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they could not do!
The very fiends know for what crime they fell,
And ſo do all their followers that rebel:
If then a blind, well-meaning, Indian ſtray,
Shall the great gulph be ſhew'd him for the way?

For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
Or the faln angels room will be but ill ſupply'd.

That Chriſt, who at the great deciding day,
(For he declares what he reſolves to ſay)
Will damn the goats for their ill-natur'd faults,
And ſave the ſheep for actions, not for thoughts,

Hath

Hath too much mercy to ſend men to hell,
For humble charity, and hoping well.
To what ſtupidity are zealots grown,
Whoſe inhumanity, profuſely ſhown
In damning crowds of ſouls, may damn their own.
I'll err at leaſt on the ſecurer ſide,
A convert free from malice and from pride.

To my Friend, Mr. JOHN DRYDEN, on his ſeveral excellent Tranſlations of the ancient Poets.

By G. GRANVILLE, Lord LANSDOWNE.

AS flow'rs, tranſplanted from a ſouthern ſky,
But hardly bear, or in the raiſing die;
Miſſing their native ſun, at beſt retain
But a faint odour, and ſurvive with pain:
Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught,
Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote,
Is a dead image, and a ſenſeleſs draught.
While we transfuſe, the nimble ſpirit flies,
Eſcapes unſeen, evaporates, and dies.
Who then to copy Roman wit deſire,
Muſt imitate with Roman force and fire,
In elegance of ſtyle and phraſe the ſame,
And in the ſparkling genius, and the flame.
Whence we conclude from thy tranſlated ſong,
So juſt, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſoft, and yet ſo ſtrong,
Cœleſtial poet! ſoul of harmony!
That every genius was reviv'd in thee.

Thy trumpet ſounds, the dead are rais'd to light,
Never to die, and take to heaven their flight;
Deck'd in thy verſe, as clad with rays they ſhine,
All glorified, immortal, and divine.
As Britain in rich ſoil abounding wide,
Furniſh'd for uſe, for luxury, and pride,
Yet ſpreads her wanton ſails on every ſhore
For foreign wealth, inſatiate ſtill of more;
To her own wool the ſilks of Aſia joins,
And to her plenteous harveſts India's mines;
So Dryden, not contented with the fame
Of his own works, though an immortal name,
To lands remote ſends forth his learned muſe,
The nobleſt ſeeds of foreign wit to chooſe:
Feaſting our ſenſe ſo many various ways,
Say, is't thy bounty, or thy thirſt of praiſe?
That, by comparing others, all might ſee,
Who moſt excel, are yet excell'd by thee.

To Mr. Dryden, by Joseph Addison, Eſq.

HOW long, great poet, ſhall thy ſacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and tranſcend our praiſe!
Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not ſo thy Ovid in his exile wrote;
Grief chill'd his breaſt, and check'd his riſing thought;
Penſive and ſad, his drooping muſe betrays
The Roman genius in its laſt decays.
Prevailing warmth has ſtill thy mind poſſeſt,
And ſecond youth is kindled in thy breaſt.

Thou mak'ſt the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boaſts of riches not her own:
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majeſty,
And Horace wonders at himſelf in thee.
Thou teacheſt Perſius to inform our iſle
In ſmoother numbers, and a clearer ſtyle:
And Juvenal, inſtructed in thy page,
Edges his ſatire, and improves his rage.
Thy copy caſts a fairer light on all,
And ſtill outſhines the bright original.
Now Ovid boaſts th' advantage of thy ſong,
And tells his ſtory in the Britiſh tongue;
Thy charming verſe, and fair tranſlations ſhow
How thy own laurel firſt began to grow;
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry Gods,
And frighted at himſelf, ran howling thro' the woods.
O may'ſt thou ſtill the noble tale prolong,
Nor age, nor ſickneſs interrupt thy ſong:
Then may we wondering read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and diſſolv'd in ſtreams,
Of thoſe rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold:
How ſome in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a ſecond life, and different natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himſelf can tell.

Mag. Coll. Oxon.
June 2, 1693.

From Mr. ADDISON'S Account of the ENGLISH POETS.

BUT ſee where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years!
Great Dryden next! whoſe tuneful muſe affords
The ſweeteſt numbers and the fitteſt words.
Whether in comic ſounds, or tragic airs,
She forms her voice, ſhe moves our ſmiles and tears.
If ſatire or heroic ſtrains ſhe writes,
Her hero pleaſes, and her ſatire bites.
From her no harſh, unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dreſſes, and ſhe charms in all:
How might we fear our Engliſh poetry,
That long has flouriſh'd, ſhould decay in thee;
Did not the Muſes' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear!
Congreve! whoſe fancy's unexhauſted ſtore
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve ſhall ſtill preſerve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's muſe ſhall in his friend ſurvive.

On ALEXANDER'S FEAST: Or, The Power of Musick. An ODE.

From Mr Pope's Essay on Criticism, l. 376.

HEAR how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurprize,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While, at each change, the ſon of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow.
Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdued by ſound.
The power of Muſick all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is Dryden now.

CHARACTER of DRYDEN,

From an ODE of GRAY'S.

BEhold, where Dryden's leſs preſumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear:
Two courſers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-reſounding pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But, ah! 'tis heard no more—

Oh! lyre divine, what daring ſpirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muſe's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the ſun:
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

THE

V O R K S

OF THE

'GLISH POETS.

WITH

R E F A C E S,

RAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

Y SAMUEL JOHNSON.

)LUME THE THIRTEENTH.

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M DCC LXXIX.

His native ſoil was the four parts o'th' earth;
All Europe was too narrow for his birth.
A young apoſtle; and with reverence may
I ſpeak it, inſpir'd with gift of tongues, as they.
Nature gave him a child, what men in vain
Oft ſtrive, by art though further'd, to obtain.
His body was an orb, his ſublime ſoul
Did move on virtue's, and on learning's pole:
Whoſe regular motions better to our view,
Than Archimedes' ſphere, the heavens did ſhew.
Graces and virtues, languages and arts,
Beauty and learning, fill'd up all the parts.
Heaven's gifts, which do like falling ſtars appear
Scatter'd in others; all, as in their ſphere,
Were fix'd, conglobate in his ſoul; and thence
Shone through his body, with ſweet influence;
Letting their glories ſo on each limb fall,
The whole frame render'd was celeſtial.
Come, learned Ptolemy, and tryal make,
If thou this hero's altitude canſt take:
But that tranſcends thy ſkill; thrice happy all,
Could we but prove thus aſtronomical.
Liv'd Tycho now, ſtruck with this ray which ſhone
More bright i'th' morn', than others beam at noon,
He'd take his aſtrolabe, and ſeek out here
What new ſtar 'twas did gild our hemiſphere.
Repleniſh'd then with ſuch rare gifts as theſe,
Where was room left for ſuch a foul diſeaſe?
The nation's ſin hath drawn that veil, which ſhroud
Our day-ſpring in ſo ſad benighting clouds,

Hea

Heaven would no longer truſt its pledge; but thus
Recall'd it; rapt its Ganymede from us.
Was there no milder way but the ſmall-pox,
The very filthineſs of Pandora's box?
So many ſpots, like næves on Venus' ſoil,
One jewel ſet off with ſo many a foil;
Blifters with pride ſwell'd, which through's fleſh did ſprout
Like roſe-buds, ſtuck i'th' lily-ſkin about.
Each little pimple had a tear in it,
To wail the fault its riſing did commit:
Which, rebel-like, with it's own lord at ſtrife,
Thus made an inſurrection 'gainſt his life.
Or were theſe gems ſent to adorn his ſkin,
The cab'net of a richer ſoul within?
No comet need foretel his change drew on,
Whoſe corps might ſeem a conſtellation.
O! had he dy'd of old, how great a ſtrife
Had been, who from his death ſhould draw their life?
Who ſhould, by one rich draught, become whate'er
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæſar, were?
Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great; and have by this
An univerſal metempſychoſis.
Muſt all theſe aged ſires in one funeral
Expire? all die in one ſo young, ſo ſmall?
Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great fame
Had ſwol'n 'bove any Greek or Roman name.
But haſty winter, with one blaſt, hath brought
The hopes of autumn, ſummer, ſpring, to nought.
Thus fades the oak i'th' ſprig, i'th' blade the corn;
Thus without young, this Phœnix dies, new-born.

Muſt

Muſt then old three-legg'd grey-beards with their gout,
Catarrhs, rheums, aches, live three long ages out?
Time's offals, only fit for th' hoſpital!
Or to hang antiquaries rooms withal!
Muſt drunkards, lechers, ſpent with ſinning, live
With ſuch helps as broths, poſſets, phyſic give?
None live, but ſuch as ſhould die? ſhall we meet
With none but ghoſtly fathers in the ſtreet?
Grief makes me rail; ſorrow will force its way;
And ſhowers of tears tempeſtuous ſighs beſt lay.
The tongue may fail; but overflowing eyes
Will weep out laſting ſtreams of elegies.
But thou, O virgin-widow, left alone,
Now thy beloved, heaven-raviſh'd ſpouſe is gone,
Whoſe ſkilful fire in vain ſtrove to apply
Med'cines, when thy balm was no remedy,
With greater than platonic love, O wed
His ſoul, though not his body, to thy bed:
Let that make thee a mother; bring thou forth
Th' ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth;
Tranſcribe th' original in new copies; give
Haſtings o'th' better part: ſo ſhall he live
In's nobler half; and the great grandſire be
Of an heroic divine progeny:
An iſſue, which t'eternity ſhall laſt,
Yet but th'irradiations which he caſt.
Erect no mauſoleums: for his beſt
Monument is his ſpouſe's marble breaſt.

HEROIC

Heroic Stanzas on the Death of Oliver Cromwell, written after his Funeral.

I.

AND now 'tis time; for their officious haſte,
Who would before have borne him to the ſky,
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were paſt,
Did let too ſoon the ſacred eagle fly.

II.

Though our beſt notes are treaſon to his fame,
Join'd with the loud applauſe of public voice;
Since heaven, what praiſe we offer to his name,
Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

III.

Though in his praiſe no arts can liberal be,
Since they, whoſe Muſes have the higheſt flown,
Add not to his immortal memory,
But do an act of friendſhip to their own:

IV.

Yet 'tis our duty, and our intereſt too,
Such monuments as we can build to raiſe;
Leſt all the world prevent what we ſhould do,
And claim a title in him by their praiſe.

V.

How ſhall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a fame ſo truly circular;
For in a round what order can be ſhew'd,
Where all the parts ſo equal perfect are?

His

VI.

His grandeur he deriv'd from heaven alone;
For he was great ere fortune made him ſo:
And wars, like miſts that riſe againſt the ſun,
Made him but greater ſeem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did freſh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poiſon'd ſoon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being king.

VIII.

Fortune, that eaſy miſtreſs to the young,
But to her ancient ſervants coy and hard,
Him at that age her favourites rank'd among,
When ſhe her beſt-lov'd Pompey did diſcard.

IX.

He private mark'd the fault of others' ſway,
And ſet as ſea-marks for himſelf to ſhun:
Not like raſh monarchs, who their youth betray
By acts their age too late would wiſh undone.

X.

And yet dominion was not his deſign;
We owe that bleſſing, not to him, but heaven,
Which to fair acts unſought rewards did join;
Rewards, that leſs to him than us were given.

XI.

Our former chiefs, like ſticklers of the war,
Firſt fought t'inflame the parties, then to poiſe:
The quarrel lov'd, but did the cauſe abhor;
And did not ſtrike to hurt, but make a noiſe.

XII.

War, our conſumption, was their gainful trade:
We inward bled, whilſt they prolong'd our pain;
He fought to end our fighting, and eſſay'd
To ſtaunch the blood by breathing of the vein.

XIII.

Swift and reſiſtleſs through the land he paſt,
Like that bold Greek who did the Eaſt ſubdue,
And made to battles ſuch heroic haſte,
As if on wings of victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought ſecure of fortune as of fame:
Still by new maps the iſland might be ſhewn,
Of conqueſts, which he ſtrew'd where-e'er he came,
Thick as the galaxy with ſtars is ſown.

XV.

His palms, though under weights they did not ſtand,
Still thriv'd; no winter could his laurels fade:
Heaven in his portrait ſhew'd a workman's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a ſhade.

XVI.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
Which war had baniſh'd, and did now reſtore:
Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
To ſeat themſelves more ſurely than before.

XVII.

Her ſafety reſcu'd Ireland to him owes;
And treacherous Scotland to no intereſt true,
Yet bleſt that fate which did his arms diſpoſe
Her land to civilize, as to ſubdue.

Nor

XVIII.

Nor was he like thoſe ſtars which only ſhine,
When to pale mariners they ſtorms portend:
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majeſty together blend.

XIX.

'Tis true, his count'nance did imprint an awe;
And naturally all ſouls to his did bow,
As wands of divination downward draw,
And point to beds where ſovereign gold doth grow

XX.

When paſt all offerings to Feretrian Jove,
He Mars depos'd, and arms to gowns made yield
Succeſsful councils did him ſoon approve
As fit for cloſe intrigues, as open field.

XXI.

To ſuppliant Holland he vouchſaf'd a peace,
Our once bold rival of the Britiſh main,
Now tamely glad her unjuſt claim to ceaſe,
And buy our friendſhip with her idol, gain.

XXII.

Fame of th' aſſerted ſea through Europe blown,
Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;
Each knew that ſide muſt conquer he would own;
And for him fiercely, as for empire, ſtrove.

XXIII.

No ſooner was the Frenchman's cauſe embrac'd,
Than the light Monſieur the grave Don out-weigh'd
His fortune turn'd the ſcale where'er 'twas caſt;
Though Indian mines were in the other laid.

Wh

XXIV.

When abſent, yet we conquer'd in his right:
For though ſome meaner artiſt's ſkill were ſhown
In mingling colours, or in placing light;
Yet ſtill the fair deſignment was his own.

XXV.

For from all tempers he could ſervice draw;
The worth of each, with its alloy, he knew,
And, as the confident of nature, ſaw
How the complexions did divide and brew.

XXVI.

Or he their ſingle virtues did ſurvey,
By intuition in his own large breaſt,
Where all the rich ideas of them lay,
That were the rule and meaſure to the reſt.

XXVII.

When ſuch heroic virtue heaven ſets out,
The ſtars, like commons, ſullenly obey;
Becauſe it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a tax they ſeldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high ſpring our foreign conqueſts flow,
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend;
Since their commencement to his arms they owe,
If ſprings as high as fountains may aſcend.

XXIX.

He made us free-men of the continent,
Whom nature did like captives treat before;
To nobler preys the Engliſh lion ſent,
And taught him firſt in Belgian walks to roar.

XXX.

That old unqueſtion'd pirate of the land,
Proud Rome with dread the fate of Dunkirk heard
And trembling wiſh'd behind more Alps to ſtand,
Although an Alexander were her guard.

XXXI.

By his command we boldly croſs'd the line,
And bravely fought where ſouthern ſtars ariſe;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,
And that which brib'd our fathers made our prize.

XXXII.

Such was our prince; yet own'd a ſoul above
The higheſt acts it could produce to ſhow:
Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,
Whilſt the deep ſecrets beyond practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing fame went leſs,
But when freſh laurels courted him to live:
He ſeem'd but to prevent ſome new ſucceſs,
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

XXXIV.

His lateſt victories ſtill thickeſt came,
As, near the center, motion doth increaſe;
Till he, preſs'd down by his own weighty name,
Did, like the veſtal, under ſpoils deceaſe.

XXXV.

But firſt the ocean as a tribute ſent
The giant prince of all her watery herd;
And th' iſle, when her protecting genius went,
Upon his obſequies loud ſighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

No civil broils have ſince his death aroſe,
But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that reſpect for his repoſe,
As winds for halcyons, when they breed at ſea.

XXXVII.

His aſhes in a peaceful urn ſhall reſt,
His name a great example ſtands, to ſhow
How ſtrangely high endeavours may be bleſt,
Where piety and valour jointly go.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

A Poem on the happy Reſtoration and Return of his ſacred Majeſty CHARLES II, 1660.

"Jam redit & virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna." VIRG.

The laſt great age foretold by ſacred rhimes
Renews it's finiſh'd courſe: Saturnian times
Roll round again.

NOW with a general peace the world was bleſt,
While our's, a world divided from the reſt,
A dreadful quiet felt, and worſer far
Than arms, a ſullen interval of war:
Thus when black clouds draw down the labouring ſkies,
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
An horrid ſtillneſs firſt invades the ear,
And in that ſilence we the tempeſt fear.
Th' ambitious Swede, like reſtleſs billows toſt,
On this hand gaining what on that he loſt,

Though in his life he blood and ruin breath'd,
To his now guideleſs kingdom peace bequeath'd.
And heaven, that ſeem'd regardleſs of our fate,
For France and Spain did miracles create;
Such mortal quarrels to compoſe in peace
As nature bred, and intereſt did increaſe.
We ſigh'd to hear the fair Iberian bride
Muſt grow a lily to the lily's ſide,
While our croſs ſtars deny'd us Charles's bed,
Whom our firſt flames and virgin love did wed.
For his long abſence church and ſtate did groan;
Madneſs the pulpit, faction ſeiz'd the throne:
Experienc'd age in deep deſpair was loſt,
To ſee the rebel thrive, the loyal croſt:
Youth that with joys had unacquainted been,
Envy'd grey hairs that once good days had ſeen:
We thought our ſires, not with their own content,
Had ere we came to age our portion ſpent.
Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt
Who ruin'd crowns would coronets exempt:
For when by their deſigning leaders taught
To ſtrike at power which for themſelves they ſough
The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd;
Their blood to action by the prize was warm'd.
The ſacred purple then and ſcarlet gown,
Like ſanguine dye, to elephants was ſhewn.
Thus when the bold Typhœus ſcal'd the ſky,
And forc'd great Jove from his own heaven to f
(What king, what crown, from treaſon's reach i
If Jove and heaven can violated be?)

The leſſer gods, that ſhar'd his proſperous ſtate,
All ſuffer'd in the exil'd Thunderer's fate.
The rabble now ſuch freedom did enjoy,
As winds at ſea, that uſe it to deſtroy:
Blind as the Cyclop, and as wild as he,
They own'd a lawleſs ſavage liberty,
Like that our painted anceſtors ſo priz'd,
Ere empire's arts their breaſts had civiliz'd.
How great were then our Charles's woes, who thus
Was forc'd to ſuffer for himſelf and us!
He, toſs'd by fate, and hurry'd up and down,
Heir to his father's ſorrows, with his crown,
Could taſte no ſweets of youth's deſir'd age;
But found his life too true a pilgrimage.
Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn eſtate,
His manly courage overcame his fate.
His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breaſt,
Which by his virtue were with laurels dreſt.
As ſouls reach heaven while yet in bodies pent,
So did he live above his baniſhment.
That ſun, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes
Within the water, mov'd along the ſkies.
How eaſy 'tis, when deſtiny proves kind,
With full-ſpread ſails to run before the wind!
But thoſe that 'gainſt ſtiff gales laveering go,
Muſt be at once reſolv'd and ſkilful too.
He would not, like ſoft Otho, hope prevent,
But ſtay'd and ſuffer'd fortune to repent.
Theſe virtues Galba in a ſtranger ſought,
And Piſo to adopted empire brought.

How ſhall I then my doubtful thoughts expreſs,
That muſt his ſufferings both regret and bleſs?
For when his early valour Heaven had croſt;
And all at Worc'ſter but the honour loſt;
Forc'd into exile from his rightful throne,
He made all countries where he came his own;
And, viewing monarchs' ſecret arts of ſway,
A royal factor for his kingdoms lay.
Thus baniſh'd David ſpent abroad his time,
When to be God's anointed was his crime;
And when reſtor'd, made his proud neighbours rue
Thoſe choice remarks he from his travels drew.
Nor is he only by afflictions ſhown
To conquer other realms, but rule his own:
Recovering hardly what he loſt before,
His right endears it much; his purchaſe more.
Inur'd to ſuffer ere he came to reign,
No raſh procedure will his actions ſtain:
To buſineſs ripen'd by digeſtive thought,
His future rule is into method brought:
As they, who firſt proportion underſtand,
With eaſy practice reach a maſter's hand.
Well might the ancient poets then confer
On night the honour'd name of Counſeller,
Since, ſtruck with rays of proſperous fortune blind,
We light alone in dark afflictions find.
In ſuch adverſities to ſcepters train'd,
The name of Great his famous grandſire gain'd:
Who yet a king alone in name and right,
With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight;

Shock'd

Shock'd by a covenanting league's vaſt powers,
As holy and as catholic as our's:
'Till fortune's fruitleſs ſpite had made it known,
Her blows not ſhook but riveted his throne.
Some lazy ages, loſt in ſleep and eaſe,
No action leave to buſy chronicles:
Such, whoſe ſupine felicity but makes
In ſtory chaſms, in epocha miſtakes;
O'er whom Time gently ſhakes his wings of down,
'Till with his ſilent ſickle they are mown.
Such is not Charles's too too active age,
Which, govern'd by the wild diſtemper'd rage
Of ſome black ſtar infecting all the ſkies,
Made him at his own coſt like Adam wiſe.
Tremble ye nations, which ſecure before,
Laugh'd at thoſe arms that 'gainſt ourſelves we bore;
Rouz'd by the laſh of his own ſtubborn tail,
Our lion now will foreign foes aſſail.
With alga who the ſacred altar ſtrews?
To all the ſea gods Charles an offering owes:
A bull to thee, Portunus, ſhall be ſlain,
A lamb to you, ye tempeſts of the main:
For thoſe loud ſtorms that did againſt him roar,
Have caſt his ſhipwreck'd veſſel on the ſhore.
Yet as wiſe artiſts mix their colours ſo,
That by degrees they from each other go;
Black ſteals unheeded from the neighbouring white,
Without offending the well-cozen'd ſight:
So on us ſtole our bleſſed change; while we
Th' effect did feel, but ſcarce the manner ſee.

Froſts that conſtrain the ground, and birth deny
To flowers that in its womb expecting lie,
Do ſeldom their uſurping power withdraw,
But raging floods purſue their haſty thaw.
Our thaw was mild, the cold not chas'd away,
But loſt in kindly heat of lengthen'd day.
Heaven would no bargain for its bleſſings drive,
But what we could not pay for, freely give.
The Prince of peace would like himſelf confer
A gift unhop'd, without the price of war:
Yet, as he knew his bleſſing's worth, took care,
That we ſhould know it by repeated prayer;
Which ſtorm'd the ſkies, and raviſh'd Charles from thence,
As heaven itſelf is took by violence.
Booth's forward valour only ſerv'd to ſhow,
He durſt that duty pay we all did owe:
Th' attempt was fair; but heaven's prefixed hour
Not come: ſo, like the watchful traveller
That by the moon's miſtaken light did riſe,
Lay down again, and clos'd his weary eyes.
'Twas Monk, whom Providence deſign'd to looſe
Thoſe real bonds falſe freedom did impoſe.
The bleſſed ſaints, that watch'd this turning ſcene,
Did from their ſtars with joyful wonder lean,
To ſee ſmall clues draw vaſteſt weights along,
Not in their bulk but in their order ſtrong.
Thus pencils can by one ſlight touch reſtore
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
With eaſe ſuch fond chimaeras we purſue;
As fancy frames for fancy to ſubdue:

But when ourſelves to action we betake,
It ſhuns the mint like gold that chemiſts make.
How hard was then his taſk! at once to be
What in the body naturally we ſee?
Man's architect diſtinctly did ordain
The charge of muſcles, nerves, and of the brain,
Through viewleſs conduits ſpirits to diſpenſe;
The ſprings of motion from the ſeat of ſenſe.
'Twas not the haſty product of a day,
But the well-ripen'd fruit of wiſe delay.
He, like a patient angler, ere he ſtrook,
Would let him play a while upon the hook.
Our healthful food the ſtomach labours thus,
At firſt embracing what it ſtraight doth cruſh.
Wiſe leaches will not vain receipts obtrude,
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude:
Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill,
Till ſome ſafe criſis authorize their ſkill.
Nor could his acts too cloſe a vizard wear,
To 'ſcape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,
And guard with caution that polluted neſt,
Whence Legion twice before was diſpoſſeſt:
Once ſacred houſe; which when they enter'd in,
They thought the place could ſanctify a ſin;
Like thoſe that vainly hop'd kind heaven would wink,
While to exceſs on martyrs' tombs they drink.
And as devouter Turks firſt warn their ſouls
To part, before they taſte forbidden bowls:
So theſe, when their black crimes they went about,
Firſt timely charm'd their uſeleſs conſcience out.

Religion's name againſt itſelf was made;
The ſhadow ſerv'd the ſubſtance to invade;
Like zealous miſſions, they did care pretend
Of ſouls in ſhew, but made the gold their end.
Th' incenſed powers beheld with ſcorn from high
An heaven ſo far diſtant from the ſky,
Which durſt, with horſes hoofs that beat the ground,
And martial braſs, bely the thunder's ſound.
'Twas hence at length juſt vengeance thought it fit
To ſpeed their ruin by their impious wit.
Thus Sforza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
Loſt by his wiles the power his wit did gain.
Henceforth their *fougue* muſt ſpend at leſſer rate,
Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.
Suffer'd to live, they are like Helots ſet,
A virtuous ſhame within us to beget.
For by-example moſt we ſinn'd before,
And glaſs-like clearneſs mix'd with frailty bore.
But ſince reform'd by what we did amiſs,
We by our ſufferings learn to prize our bliſs:
Like early lovers, whoſe unpractis'd hearts
Were long the may-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their jealouſies were vain,
With double heat renew their fires again.
'Twas this produc'd the joy that hurry'd o'er
Such ſwarms of Engliſh to the neighbouring ſhore,
To fetch that prize, by which Batavia made
So rich amends for our impoveriſh'd trade.
Oh had you ſeen from Schevelin's barren ſhore,
(Crowded with troops, and barren now no more,'

A'

Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring
True ſorrow, Holland to regret a king!
While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
And willing winds to their lower'd ſails deny'd.
The wavering ſtreamers, flags, and ſtandards out,
The merry ſeamen's rude but chearful ſhout;
And laſt the cannons voice that ſhook the ſkies,
And, as it fares in ſudden ecſtaſies,
At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.
The Naſeby, now no longer England's ſhame,
But better to be loſt in Charles's name,
(Like ſome unequal bride in nobler ſheets)
Receives her lord: the joyful London meets
The princely York, himſelf alone a freight;
The Swift-ſure groans beneath great Gloſter's weight:
Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with theſe,
He that was born to drown might croſs the ſeas.
Heaven could not own a Providence, and take
The wealth three nations ventur'd at a ſtake.
The ſame indulgence Charles's voyage bleſs'd,
Which in his right had miracles confeſs'd.
The winds that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or, out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their ſtraighten'd lungs, or conſcious of their charge.
The Britiſh Amphytrite, ſmooth and clear,
In richer azure never did appear;
Proud her returning prince to entertain
With the ſubmitted faſces of the main.

AND

AND welcome now, great monarch, to your own;
Behold th' approaching clifts of Albion:
It is no longer motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and ſorrow bears.
But you, whoſe goodneſs your deſcent doth ſhew,
Your heavenly parentage and earthly too;
By that ſame mildneſs, which your father's crown
Before did raviſh, ſhall ſecure your own.
Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge leſs ſweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when th' Almighty would to Moſes give
A ſight of all he could behold and live;
A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-ſuffering, goodneſs, mercy, in his name.
Your power to juſtice doth ſubmit your cauſe,
Your goodneſs only is above the laws;
Whoſe rigid letter, while pronounc'd by you,
Is ſofter made. So winds that tempeſts brew,
When through Arabian groves they take their flight,
Made wanton with rich odours, loſe their ſpite.
And as thoſe lees, that trouble it, refine
The agitated ſoul of generous wine:
So tears of joy, for your returning, ſpilt;
Work out, and expiate our former guilt.
Methinks I ſee thoſe crouds on Dover's ſtrand,
Who, in their haſte to welcome you to land,
Chok'd up the beach with their ſtill-growing ſtore,
And made a wilder torrent on the ſhore:

While, ſpurr'd with eager thoughts of paſt delight,
Thoſe, who had ſeen you, court a ſecond ſight;
Preventing ſtill your ſteps, and making haſte
To meet you often whereſoe'er you paſt.
How ſhall I ſpeak of that triumphant day,
When you renew'd th' expiring pomp of May!
(A month that owns an intereſt in your name:
You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.)
That ſtar, that at your birth ſhone out ſo bright,
It ſtain'd the duller ſun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew,
Guiding our eyes to find and worſhip you.
And now Time's whiter ſeries is begun,
Which in ſoft centuries ſhall ſmoothly run:
Thoſe clouds, that overcaſt your morn, ſhall fly,
Diſpell'd to fartheſt corners of the ſky.
Our nation with united intereſt bleſt,
Not now content to poize, ſhall ſway the reſt.
Abroad your empire ſhall no limits know,
But, like the ſea, in boundleſs circles flow.
Your much-lov'd fleet ſhall, with a wide command,
Beſiege the petty monarchs of the land:
And as old Time his offspring ſwallow'd down,
Our ocean in its depths all ſeas ſhall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,
Our merchants ſhall no more adventurers be:
Nor in the fartheſt Eaſt thoſe dangers fear,
Which humble Holland muſt diſſemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes;
For what the powerful takes not he beſtows;

And

And France, that did an exile's preſence fear,
May juſtly apprehend you ſtill too near.
At home the hateful names of parties ceaſe,
And factious ſouls are wearied into peace.
The diſcontented now are only they,
Whoſe crimes before did your juſt cauſe betray:
Of thoſe your edicts ſome reclaim from ſin,
But moſt your life and bleſt example win.
Oh happy prince, whom heaven hath taught the way
By paying vows to have more vows to pay!
Oh happy age! Oh times like thoſe alone,
By fate reſerv'd for great Auguſtus' throne!
When the joint growth of arms and arts foreſhew
The world a monarch, and that monarch you.

To His SACRED MAJESTY.

A PANEGYRIC on his CORONATION.

IN that wild deluge where the world was drown'd,
When life and ſin one common tomb had found,
The firſt ſmall proſpect of a riſing hill
With various notes of joy the ark did fill:
Yet when that flood in its own depths was drown'd,
It left behind it falſe and ſlippery ground;
And the more ſolemn pomp was ſtill deferr'd,
Till new-born nature in freſh looks appear'd.
Thus, royal ſir, to ſee you landed here,
Was cauſe enough of triumph for a year:
Nor would your care thoſe glorious joys repeat,
Till they at once might be ſecure and great:

Till

Till your kind beams, by their continued ſtay,
Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps away.
Such vapours, while your powerful influence dries,
Then ſooneſt vaniſh when they higheſt riſe.
Had greater haſte theſe ſacred rites prepar'd,
Some guilty months had in your triumphs ſhar'd:
But this untainted year is all your own;
Your glories may without our crimes be ſhown.
We had not yet exhauſted all our ſtore,
When you refreſh'd our joys by adding more:
As heaven, of old, diſpens'd celeſtial dew,
You gave us manna, and ſtill give us new.
Now our ſad ruins are remov'd from ſight,
The ſeaſon too comes fraught with new delight:
Time ſeems not now beneath his years to ſtoop,
Nor do his wings with ſickly feathers droop:
Soft weſtern winds waft o'er the gaudy ſpring,
And open'd ſcenes of flowers and bloſſoms bring,
To grace this happy day, while you appear,
Not king of us alone, but of the year.
All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart:
Of your own pomp yourſelf the greateſt part:
Loud ſhouts the nation's happineſs proclaim,
And heaven this day is feaſted with your name.
Your cavalcade the fair ſpectators view,
From their high ſtandings, yet look up to you.
From your brave train each ſingles out a prey,
And longs to date a conqueſt from your day.
Now charg'd with bleſſings while you ſeek repoſe,
Officious ſlumbers haſte your eyes to cloſe;

And

And glorious dreams ſtand ready to reſtore
The pleaſing ſhapes of all you ſaw before.
Next to the ſacred temple you are led,
Where waits a crown for your more ſacred head:
How juſtly from the church that crown is due,
Preſerv'd from ruin, and reſtor'd by you!
The grateful choir their harmony employ,
Not to make greater, but more ſolemn joy.
Wrapt ſoft and warm your name is ſent on high,
As flames do on the wings of incenſe fly:
Muſic herſelf is loſt, in vain ſhe brings
Her choiceſt notes to praiſe the beſt of kings:
Her melting ſtrains in you a tomb have found,
And lie like bees in their own ſweetneſs drown'd.
He that brought peace, all diſcord could atone,
His name is muſic of itſelf alone.
Now while the ſacred oil anoints your head,
And fragrant ſcents, begun from you, are ſpread
Through the large dome; the people's joyful ſound
Sent back, is ſtill preſerv'd in hallow'd ground;
Which in one bleſſing mix'd deſcends on you;
As heighten'd ſpirits fall in richer dew.
Not that our wiſhes do increaſe your ſtore,
Full of yourſelf you can admit no more:
We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time, like angels, in expreſſing joy.
Nor is it duty, or our hopes alone,
Create that joy, but full fruition:
We know thoſe bleſſings which we muſt poſſeſs
And judge of future by paſt happineſs.

No promiſe can oblige a prince ſo much
Still to be good, as long to have been ſuch.
A noble emulation heats your breaſt,
And your own fame now robs you of your reſt.
Good actions ſtill muſt be maintain'd with good,
As bodies nouriſh'd with reſembling food.
You have already quench'd ſedition's brand;
And zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land.
The jealous ſects, that dare not truſt their cauſe
So far from their own will as to the laws,
You for their umpire and their ſynod take,
And their appeal alone to Cæſar make.
Kind heaven ſo rare a temper did provide,
That guilt repenting might in it confide.
Among our crimes oblivion may be ſet:
But 'tis our king's perfection to forget.
Virtues unknown to theſe rough northern climes
From milder heavens you bring without their crimes.
Your calmneſs does no after-ſtorms provide,
Nor ſeeming patience mortal anger hide.
When empire firſt from families did ſpring,
Then every father govern'd as a king:
But you, that are a ſovereign prince, allay
Imperial power with your paternal ſway.
From thoſe great cares when eaſe your ſoul unbends,
Your pleaſures are deſign'd to noble ends?
Born to command the miſtreſs of the ſeas,
Your thoughts themſelves in that blue empire pleaſe.
Hither in ſummer evenings you repair
To taſte the *fraicheur* of the purer air:

Undaunted here you ride, when winter raves,
With Cæſar's heart that roſe above the waves.
More I could ſing, but fear my numbers ſtays;
No loyal ſubject dares that courage praiſe.
In ſtately frigates moſt delight you find,
Where well-drawn battles fire your martial mind.
What to your cares we owe, is learnt from hence
When ev'n your pleaſures ſerve for our defence.
Beyond your court flows in th' admitted tide,
Where in new depths the wondering fiſhes glide:
Here in a royal bed the waters ſleep;
When, tir'd at ſea, within this bay they creep.
Here the miſtruſtful fowl no harm ſuſpects,
So ſafe are all things which our king protects.
From your lov'd Thames a bleſſing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought in you;
A queen, near whoſe chaſte womb, ordain'd by fa
The ſouls of kings unborn for bodies wait.
It was your love before made diſcord ceaſe:
Your love is deſtin'd to your country's peace.
Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide
With gold or jewels to adorn your bride.
This to a mighty king preſents rich ore,
While that with incenſe does a god implore.
Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you choo
This muſt receive a crown, or that muſt loſe.
Thus from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,
Are anſwers ſought, and deſtinies foretold:
Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,
And crowns that grow upon the ſacred boughs.

Your ſubjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
Suſpend to both their doubtful love or hate:
Chuſe only, ſir, that ſo they may poſſeſs
With their own peace their children's happineſs.

To the LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE.
Preſented on New-Year's Day, 1662.

MY LORD,

WHILE flattering crouds officiouſly appear
To give themſelves, not you, an happy year;
And by the greatneſs of their preſents prove
How much they hope, but not how well they love;
The Muſes, who your early courtſhip boaſt,
Though now your flames are with their beauty loſt,
Yet watch their time, that, if you have forgot
They were your miſtreſſes, the world may not:
Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove
Their former beauty by your former love;
And now preſent, as ancient ladies do,
That courted long, at length are forc'd to woo.
For ſtill they look on you with ſuch kind eyes,
As thoſe that ſee the church's ſovereign riſe;
From their own order choſe, in whoſe high ſtate,
They think themſelves the ſecond choice of fate.
When our great monarch into exile went,
Wit and religion ſuffer'd baniſhment.
Thus once, when Troy was wrap'd in fire and ſmoke,
The helpleſs gods their burning ſhrines forſook;

They with the vanquiſh'd prince and party go,
And leave their temples empty to the foe.
At length the Muſes ſtand, reſtor'd again
To that great charge which nature did ordain;
And their lov'd Druids ſeem reviv'd by fate,
While you diſpenſe the laws, and guide the ſtate.
The nation's ſoul, our monarch, does diſpenſe,
Through you, to us, his vital influence;
You are the channel, where thoſe ſpirits flow,
And work them higher, as to us they go.
In open proſpect nothing bounds our eye,
Untill the earth ſeems join'd unto the ſky:
So in this hemiſphere our utmoſt view
Is only bounded by our king and you:
Our ſight is limited where you are join'd,
And beyond that no farther heaven can find.
So well your virtues do with his agree,
That, though your orbs of different greatneſs be,
Yet both are for each other's uſe diſpos'd,
His to incloſe, and yours to be inclos'd.
Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an emptineſs had come between.
Well may he then to you his cares impart,
And ſhare his burden where he ſhares his heart.
In you his ſleep ſtill wakes; his pleaſures find
Their ſhare of buſineſs in your laboring mind.
So when the weary ſun his place reſigns,
He leaves his light, and by reflection ſhines.
Juſtice, that ſits and frowns where public laws
Exclude ſoft mercy from a private cauſe,

In

In your tribunal moſt herſelf does pleaſe;
There only ſmiles becauſe ſhe lives at eaſe;
And, like young David, finds her ſtrength the more,
When diſincumber'd from thoſe arms ſhe wore.
Heaven would our royal maſter ſhould exceed
Moſt in that virtue, which we moſt did need;
And his mild father (who too late did find
All mercy vain but what with power was join'd)
His fatal goodneſs left to fitter times,
Not to increaſe, but to abſolve, our crimes:
But when the heir of this vaſt treaſure knew
How large a legacy was left to you
(Too great for any ſubject to retain),
He wiſely ty'd it to the crown again:
Yet, paſſing through your hands, it gathers more,
As ſtreams, through mines, bear tincture of their ore.
While empiric politicians uſe deceit,
Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat;
You boldly ſhew that ſkill which they pretend,
And work by means as noble as your end:
Which ſhould you veil, we might unwind the clue,
As men do nature, till we came to you.
And as the Indies were not found, before
Thoſe rich perfumes, which, from the happy ſhore,
The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
Whoſe guilty ſweetneſs firſt their world betray'd;
So by your counſels we are brought to view
A rich and undiſcover'd world in you.
By you our monarch does that fame aſſure,
Which kings muſt have, or cannot live ſecure:

For proſperous princes gain their ſubjects heart,
Who love that praiſe in which themſelves have part.
By you he fits thoſe ſubjects to obey,
As heaven's eternal monarch does convey
His power unſeen, and man to his deſigns,
By his bright miniſters the ſtars, inclines.
Our ſetting ſun, from his declining ſeat,
Shot beams of kindneſs on you, not of heat:
And, when his love was bounded in a few,
That were unhappy that they might be true,
Made you the favourite of his laſt ſad times,
That is a ſufferer in his ſubjects crimes:
Thus thoſe firſt favours you receiv'd, were ſent,
Like heaven's rewards in earthly puniſhment.
Yet fortune, conſcious of your deſtiny,
Ev'n then took care to lay you ſoftly by;
And wrap'd your fate among her precious things,
Kept freſh to be unfolded with your king's.
Shewn all at once you dazzled ſo our eyes,
As new-born Pallas did the gods ſurprize:
When, ſpringing forth from Jove's new-cloſing wound,
She ſtruck the warlike ſpear into the ground;
Which ſprouting leaves did ſuddenly incloſe,
And peaceful olives ſhaded as they roſe.
How ſtrangely active are the arts of peace,
Whoſe reſtleſs motions leſs than wars do ceaſe!
Peace is not freed from labour but from noiſe;
And war more force, but not more pains employs:
Such is the mighty ſwiftneſs of your mind,
That, like the earth, it leaves our ſenſe behind,

While

While you ſo ſmoothly turn and rowl our ſphere,
That rapid motion does but reſt appear.
For, as in nature's ſwiftneſs, with the throng
Of flying orbs while ours is borne along,
All ſeems at reſt to the deluded eye,
Mov'd by the ſoul of the ſame harmony,
So, carried on by your unwearied care,
We reſt in peace, and yet in motion ſhare.
Let envy then thoſe crimes within you ſee,
From which the happy never muſt be free;
Envy, that does with miſery reſide,
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.
Think it not hard, if at ſo cheap a rate
You can ſecure the conſtancy of fate,
Whoſe kindneſs ſent what does their malice ſeem,
By leſſer ills the greater to redeem.
Nor can we this weak ſhower a tempeſt call,
But drops of heat, that in the ſun-ſhine fall.
You have already wearied fortune ſo,
She cannot farther be your friend or foe;
But ſits all breathleſs, and admires to feel
A fate ſo weighty, that it ſtops her wheel.
In all things elſe above our humble fate,
Your equal mind yet ſwells not into ſtate,
But, like ſome mountain in thoſe happy iſles,
Where in perpetual ſpring young nature ſmiles,
Your greatneſs ſhews: no horror to affright,
But trees for ſhade, and flowers to court the ſight:
Sometimes the hill ſubmits itſelf a while
In ſmall deſcents, which do its height beguile;

And ſometimes mounts, but ſo as billows play,
Whoſe riſe not hinders, but makes ſhort our way.
Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,
Sees rowling tempeſts vainly beat below;
And, like Olympus' top, th' impreſſion wears
Of love and friendſhip writ in former years.
Yet, unimpair'd with labours, or with time,
Your age but ſeems to a new youth to climb.
Thus heavenly bodies do our time beget,
And meaſure change, but ſhare no part of it.
And ſtill it ſhall without a weight increaſe,
Like this new-year, whoſe motions never ceaſe.
For ſince the glorious courſe you have begun
Is led by Charles, as that is by the ſun,
It muſt both weightleſs and immortal prove,
Becauſe the centre of it is above.

SATIRE on the DUTCH.

Written in the Year 1662.

AS needy gallants, in the ſcrivener's hands,
Court the rich knaves that gripe their mortgag'd lands;
The firſt fat buck of all the ſeaſon's ſent,
And keeper takes no fee in compliment;
The dotage of ſome Engliſhmen is ſuch,
To fawn on thoſe, who ruin them, the Dutch.
They ſhall have all, rather than make a war
With thoſe, who of the ſame religion are.
The Straits, the Guiney-trade, the herrings too;
Nay, to keep friendſhip, they ſhall pickle you.

Some are reſolv'd not to find out the cheat,
But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.
What injuries ſoe'er upon us fall,
Yet ſtill the ſame religion anſwers all.
Religion wheedled us to civil war,
Drew Engliſh blood, and Dutchmen's now would ſpare.
Be gull'd no longer; for you'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith! than you.
Intereſt's the god they worſhip in their ſtate,
And we, I take it, have not much of that.
Well monarchies may own religion's name,
But ſtates are atheiſts in their very frame.
They ſhare a ſin; and ſuch proportions fall,
That, like a ſtink, 'tis nothing to them all.
Think on their rapine, falſhood, cruelty,
And that what once they were, they ſtill would be.
To one well-born th' affront is worſe and more,
When he's abus'd and baffled by a boor.
With an ill grace the Dutch their miſchiefs do;
They 've both ill nature and ill manners too.
Well may they boaſt themſelves an ancient nation;
For they were bred ere manners were in faſhion:
And their new commonwealth has ſet them free
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their lubber ſtate mankind beſtride.
Their ſway became them with as ill a mien,
As their own paunches ſwell above their chin.
Yet is their empire no true growth but humour,
And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.

As Cato, fruits of Afric did diſplay;
Let us before our eyes their Indies lay:
All loyal Engliſh will like him conclude;
Let Cæſar live, and Carthage be ſubdued.

To her Royal Highneſs the DUTCHESS of YORK, on the memorable Victory gained by the DUKE over the HOLLANDERS, June the 3d, 1665. and on her Journey afterwards into the North.

MADAM,

WHEN, for our ſakes, your hero you reſign'd
To ſwelling ſeas, and every faithleſs wind;
When you releas'd his courage, and ſet free
A valour fatal to the enemy;
You lodg'd your country's cares within your breaſt
(The manſion where ſoft love ſhould only reſt:
And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,
The nobleſt conqueſt you had gain'd at home.
Ah, what concerns did both your ſouls divide!
Your honour gave us what your love denied:
And 'twas for him much eaſier to ſubdue
Thoſe foes he fought with, than to part from you.
That glorious day, which two ſuch navies ſaw,
As each unmatch'd might to the world give law.
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he ſhould obey,
Held to them both the trident of the ſea:
The winds were huſh'd, the waves in ranks were caſt,
As awfully as when God's people paſt:

Thoſe,

Thoſe, yet uncertain on whoſe ſails to blow,
Theſe, where the wealth of nations ought to flow.
Then with the duke your highneſs rul'd the day:
While all the brave did his command obey,
The fair and pious under you did pray.
How powerful are chaſte vows! the wind and tide
You brib'd to combat on the Engliſh ſide.
Thus to your much-lov'd lord you did convey
An unknown ſuccour, ſent the neareſt way.
New vigour to his wearied arms you brought,
(So Moſes was upheld while Iſrael fought)
While, from afar, we heard the cannon play,
Like diſtant thunder on a ſhiny day.
For abſent friends we were aſham'd to fear,
When we conſider'd what you ventur'd there.
Ships, men, and arms, our country might reſtore;
But ſuch a leader could ſupply no more.
With generous thoughts of conqueſt he did burn,
Yet fought not more to vanquiſh than return.
Fortune and victory he did purſue,
To bring them as his ſlaves to wait on you.
Thus beauty raviſh'd the rewards of fame,
And the fair triumph'd when the brave o'ercame.
Then, as you meant to ſpread another way
By land your conqueſts, far as his by ſea,
Leaving our ſouthern clime, you march'd along
The ſtubborn North, ten thouſand Cupids ſtrong.
Like commons the nobility reſort,
In crowding heaps, to fill your moving court:

To

To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
Like ſome new envoy from the diſtant ſun,
And country beauties by their lovers go,
Bleſſing themſelves, and wondering at the ſhow.
So when the new-born Phœnix firſt is ſeen,
Her feather'd ſubjects all adore their queen,
And while ſhe makes her progreſs through the Eaſt,
From every grove her numerous train's increas'd:
Each Poet of the air her glory ſings,
And round him the pleas'd audience clap their wings.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE

YEAR OF WONDERS,

MDCLXVI.

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

of many rivals, who violently raviſhed and with-held you from him: and certainly you have had your ſhare in ſufferings. But Providence has caſt upon you want of trade, that you might appear bountiful to your country's neceſſities; and the reſt of your afflictions are not more the effects of God's diſpleaſure (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the moſt excellent princes) than occaſions for the manifeſting of your chriſtian and civil virtues. To you therefore this Year of Wonders is juſtly dedicated, becauſe you have made it ſo. You, who are to ſtand a wonder to all years and ages; and who have built yourſelves an immortal monument on your own ruins. You are now a Phœnix in her aſhes, and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem of the ſuffering Deity: but heaven never made ſo much piety and virtue to leave it miſerable. I have heard, indeed, of ſome virtuous perſons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation: Providence is engaged too deeply when the cauſe becomes ſo general; and I cannot imagine it has reſolved the ruin of that people at home, which it has bleſſed abroad with ſuch ſucceſſes. I am therefore to conclude, that your ſufferings are at an end; and that one part of my poem has not been more an hiſtory of your deſtruction, than the other a propheey of your reſtoration. The accompliſhment of which happineſs, as it is the wiſh of all true Engliſhmen, ſo is it by none more paſſionately deſired, than by,

The greateſt of your admirers,
And moſt humble of your ſervants,
JOHN DRYDEN.

An

An ACCOUNT of the enſuing POEM,

In a LETTER to the

Hon. Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

SIR,

I AM ſo many ways obliged to you, and ſo little able to return your favours, that, like thoſe who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleneſs, but you have been ſolicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindneſs. It is not long ſince I gave you the trouble of peruſing a play for me, and now, inſtead of an acknowledgment, I have given you a greater, in the correction of a poem. But ſince you are to bear this perſecution, I will at leaſt give you the encouragement of a martyr; you could never ſuffer in a nobler cauſe. For I have choſen the moſt heroic ſubject, which any poet could deſire: I have taken upon me to deſcribe the motives, the beginning, progreſs, and ſucceſſes, of a moſt juſt and neceſſary war; in it, the care, management, and prudence of our king; the conduct and valour of a royal admiral, and of two incomparable generals; the invincible courage of our captains and ſeamen; and three glorious victories, the reſult of all. After this, I have, in the Fire, the moſt deplorable, but withal the greateſt, argument that can be ima-

gined: the deſtruction being ſo ſwift, ſo ſudden, ſo vaſt and miſerable, as nothing can parallel in ſtory. The former part of this poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not having ſerved my king and country in it. All gentlemen are almoſt obliged to it: and I know no reaſon we ſhould give that advantage to the commonalty of England, to be foremoſt in brave actions, which the nobles of France would never ſuffer in their peaſants. I ſhould not have written this but to a perſon who has been ever forward to appear in all employments whither his honour and generoſity have called him. The latter part of my poem, which deſcribes the Fire, I owe, firſt to the piety and fatherly affection of our monarch to his ſuffering ſubjects; and, in the ſecond place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the city; both which were ſo conſpicuous, that I wanted words to celebrate them as they deſerve. I have called my poem Hiſtorical, not Epic, though both the actions and actors are as much heroic as any poem can contain. But ſince the action is not properly one, nor that accompliſhed in the laſt ſucceſſes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few ſtanzas, which are little more in number than a ſingle Iliad, or the longeſt of the Æneids. For this reaſon (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too ſeverely to the laws of hiſtory) I am apt to agree with thoſe, who rank Lucan, rather among hiſtorians in verſe, than Epic poets: in whoſe room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worſe writer, may more juſtly be admitted. I have choſen to write my

poem

poem in quatrains, or ſtanzas of four in alternate rhyme, becauſe I have ever judged them more noble, and of greater dignity, both for the ſound and number, than any other verſe in uſe amongſt us; in which I am ſure I have your approbation. The learned languages have certainly a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the ſlavery of any rhyme; and were leſs conſtrained in the quantity of every ſyllable, which they might vary with ſpondees or dactyls, beſides ſo many other helps of grammatical figures, for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the cloſe of that one ſyllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the ſenſe of all the reſt. But in this neceſſity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet verſe moſt eaſy, though not ſo proper for this occaſion; for there the work is ſooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet; but in quatrains he is to carry it farther on, and not only ſo, but to bear along in his head the troubleſome ſenſe of four lines together. For thoſe, who write correctly in this kind, muſt needs acknowledge, that the laſt line of the ſtanza is to be conſidered in the compoſition of the firſt. Neither can we give ourſelves the liberty of making any part of a verſe for the ſake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current Engliſh, or uſing the variety of female rhymes; all which our fathers practiſed: and for the female rhymes, they are ſtill in uſe amongſt other nations; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiſcuouſly, with the French alternately; as thoſe who have read the Alarique, the Pu-

Pucelle, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And beſides this, they write in Alexandrins, or verſes of ſix feet; ſuch as amongſt us is the old tranſlation of Homer by Chapman: all which, by lengthning of their chain, makes the ſphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my ſtanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the preface to Gondibert; and therefore I will haſten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will only ſay, I have never yet ſeen the deſcription of any naval fight in the proper terms which are uſed at ſea: and if there be any ſuch in another language, as that of Lucan in the third of his Pharſalia, yet I could not avail myſelf of it in the Engliſh; the terms of art in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of it than any other words. We hear indeed among our poets, of the thundering of guns, the ſmoke, the diſorder, and the ſlaughter; but all theſe are common notions. And certainly, as thoſe who in a logical diſpute keep in general terms, would hide a fallacy; ſo thoſe who do it in any poetical deſcription, would veil their ignorance.

"Deſcriptas ſervare vices operumque colores,
"Cur ego, ſi nequeo ignoroque, Poeta ſalutor?"

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the ſea, yet I have thought it no ſhame to learn: and if I have made ſome few miſtakes, it is only, as you can bear me witneſs, becauſe I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole poem being firſt written, and now

ſent you from a place where I have not ſo much as the converſe of any ſeaman. Yet though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was no more than recompenſed by the pleaſure. I found myſelf ſo warm in celebrating the praiſes of military men, two ſuch eſpecially as the prince and general, that it is no wonder if they inſpired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well ſatisfied, that, as they are incomparably the beſt ſubject I ever had, excepting only the royal family, ſo alſo, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praiſe, and I have exalted them, and made them fruitful; but here—"Omnia ſponte ſua "reddit juſtiſſima tellus." I have had a large, a fair, and a pleaſant field; ſo fertile, that without my cultivating, it has given me two harveſts in a ſummer, and in both oppreſſed the reaper. All other greatneſs in ſubjects is only counterfeit: it will not endure the teſt of danger; the greatneſs of arms is only real: other greatneſs burdens a nation with its weight; this ſupports it with its ſtrength. And as it is the happineſs of the age, ſo it is the peculiar goodneſs of the beſt of kings, that we may praiſe his ſubjects without offending him. Doubtleſs it proceeds from a juſt confidence of his own virtue, which the luſtre of no other can be ſo great as to darken in him; for the good or the valiant are never ſafely praiſed under a bad or a degenerate prince. But to return from this digreſſion to a farther account of

my poem; I muſt crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, ſo much more to expreſs thoſe thoughts with elocution. The compoſition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to uſe a ſchool-diſtinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble ſpaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it ſprings the quarry it hunted after: or, without metaphor, which ſearches over all the memory for the ſpecies or ideas of thoſe things which it deſigns to repreſent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy reſult of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or hiſtorical poem; I judge it chiefly to conſiſt in the delightful imaging of perſons, actions, paſſions, or things. It is not the jerk or ſting of an epigram, nor the ſeeming contradiction of a poor antitheſis (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme), nor the gingle of a more poor Paranomaſia; neither is it ſo much the morality of a grave ſentence, affected by Lucan, but more ſparingly uſed by Virgil; but it is ſome lively and apt deſcription, dreſſed in ſuch colours of ſpeech, that it ſets before your eyes the abſent object, as perfectly, and more delightfully than nature. So then the firſt happineſs of the poet's imagination is properly invention or finding of the thought; the ſecond is fancy, or the variation, deriving or moulding of that thought as the judgment repreſents it proper to

the ſubject; the third is elocution, or the art of cloathing and adorning that thought, ſo found and varied, in apt, ſignificant, and ſounding words: the quickneſs of the imagination is ſeen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expreſſion. For the two firſt of theſe, Ovid is famous amongſt the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary paſſions, or extremely diſcompoſed by one. His words therefore are the leaſt part of his care; for he pictures nature in diſorder, with which the ſtudy and choice of words is inconſiſtent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or diſcourſe, and conſequently of the drama, where all that is ſaid is to be ſuppoſed the effect of ſudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickneſs of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent alluſions, or uſe of tropes, or in fine any thing that ſhews remoteneſs of thought or labour in the writer. On the other ſide, Virgil ſpeaks not ſo often to us in the perſon of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almoſt all things as from himſelf, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to expreſs his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confeſs as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he deſcribes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her paſſions, yet he muſt yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althaea, of Ovid; for, as great an admirer of him as I am, I muſt acknowledge, that if I ſee not more of the

their ſouls than I ſee of Dido's, at leaſt I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched thoſe tender ſtrokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or perſons are to be deſcribed, when any ſuch image is to be ſet before us, how bold, how maſterly are the ſtrokes of Virgil! We ſee the objects he preſents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but ſo we ſee them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them ſo beautiful in themſelves. We ſee the ſoul of the poet, like that univerſal one of which he ſpeaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

"——Totamque infuſa per artus
" Mens agitat molem, & magno ſe corpore miſcet."

We behold him embelliſhing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her ſon Æneas."

" ——— lumenque juventæ
" Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores:
" Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
" Argentum Pariuſve lapis circumdatur auro."

See his Tempeſt, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas: and in his Georgics, which I eſteem the divineſt part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battle of the Bulls, the Labour of the Bees, and thoſe many other excellent images of nature, moſt of which are neither great in themſelves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up: but the words wherewith he deſcribes them are ſo excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was ſaid by Ovid,

" Ma-

"Materiem ſuperabat opus:" the very ſound of his words has often ſomewhat that is connatural to the ſubject; and while we read him, we ſit, as in a play, beholding the ſcenes of what he repreſents. To perform this, he made frequent uſe of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to ſome other ſignification; and this is it which Horace means in his epiſtle to the Piſo's:

"Dixeris egregiè, notum ſi callida verbum
"Reddiderit junctura novum———"

But I am ſenſible I have preſumed too far to entertain you with a rude diſcourſe of that art which you both know ſo well, and put into practice with ſo much happineſs. Yet, before I leave Virgil, I muſt own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my maſter in this poem: I have followed him every where, I know not with what ſucceſs, but I am ſure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the reſt are imitations of him. My expreſſions alſo are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in tranſlation. And this, ſir, I have done with that boldneſs, for which I will ſtand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your firſt peruſal of this poem, you have taken notice of ſome words, which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to ſay refined) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into Engliſh proſe, ſo I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether inelegant in verſe; and, in this, Horace will again defend me.

"Et

" Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, ſ
" Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta——"

The inference is exceeding plain: for if a Rom poet might have liberty to coin a word, ſuppoſi only that it was derived from the Greek, was put i a Latin termination, and that he uſed this liberty l ſeldom, and with modeſty; how much more juſtly m I challenge that privilege to do it with the ſame p requiſites, from the beſt and moſt judicious of La writers! In ſome places, where either the fancy or words were his, or any other's, I have noted it in margin, that I might not ſeem a plagiary; in other have neglected it, to avoid as well tedioufneſs, as affectation of doing it too often. Such deſcriptions images well wrought, which I promiſe not for mi are, as I have ſaid, the adequate delight of hei poeſy; for they beget admiration, which is its pro object; as the images of the burleſque, which is c trary to this, by the ſame reaſon beget laughter; the one ſhews nature beautified, as in the picture o fair woman, which we all admire; the other ſhews deformed, as in that of a lazar, or of a fool with torted face and antique geſtures, at which we can forbear to laugh, becauſe it is a deviation from ture. But though the ſame images ſerve equally the Epic poeſy, and for the hiſtoric and panegy which are branches of it, yet a ſeveral ſort of ſci ture is to be uſed in them. If ſome of them are be like thoſe of Juvenal, " Stantes in curribus Æ

" lia

"liani," heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots, and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, "Spirantia mollius æra:" there is ſomewhat more of ſoftneſs and tenderneſs to be ſhewn in them. You will ſoon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have ſeen a paper of verſes, which I wrote laſt year to her Highneſs the Dutcheſs, have accuſed them of that only thing I could defend in them. They ſaid, I did "humi ſerpere;" that I wanted not only height of fancy, but dignity of words, to ſet it off. I might well anſwer with that of Horace, "Nunc "non erat his locus;" I knew I addreſſed them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the ſoftneſs of expreſſion, and the ſmoothneſs of meaſure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to ſay I have ſucceeded. I deteſt arrogance; but there is ſome difference betwixt that and a juſt defence. But I will not farther bribe your candor, or the reader's. I leave them to ſpeak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

And now, ſir, it is time I ſhould relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the publick to detain you longer. In concluſion, I muſt leave my poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of thoſe, of whom the younger Pliny ſpeaks; "Nec ſunt parum multi, "qui carpere amicos ſuos judicium vocant:" I am rather

you

too ſecure of you on that ſide. Your candor in pard
ing my errors may make you more remiſs in correct
them; if you will not withal conſider that they co
into the world with your approbation, and throw
your hands. I beg from you the greateſt favour y
can confer upon an abſent perſon, ſince I repoſe up
your management what is deareſt to me, my fame a
reputation; and therefore I hope it will ſtir you
to make my poem fairer by many of your blots;
not, you know the ſtory of the gameſter who marr
the rich man's daughter, and when her father den
the portion, chriſtened all the children by his furnai
that if, in concluſion, they muſt beg, they ſhould
ſo by one name, as well as by the other. But ſince
reproach of my faults will light on you, it is but r
ſon I ſhould do you that juſtice to the readers, to
them know, that, if there be any thing tolerable
this poem, they owe the argument to your choice,
writing to your encouragement, the correction to y
judgment, and the care of it to your friendſhip,
which he muſt ever acknowledge himſelf to owe
things, who is,

SIR,

The moſt obedient, and moſt

Faithful of your ſervants,

From Charlton in Wiltſhire,
Nov. 10, 1666.

JOHN DRYDE

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS,

MDCLXVI.

I.

IN thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home and cruel when abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own;
Our king they courted, and our merchants aw'd.

II.

Trade, which like blood ſhould circularly flow,
Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom loſt:
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
And ſeem'd but ſhipwreck'd on ſo baſe a coaſt.

III.

For them alone the heavens had kindly heat;
In eaſtern quarries ripening precious dew:
For them the Idumæan balm did ſweat,
And in hot Ceilon ſpicy foreſts grew.

IV.

The ſun but ſeem'd the labourer of the year;
Each waxing moon ſupply'd her watery ſtore,
To ſwell thoſe tides which from the line did bear
Their brim-full veſſels to the Belgian ſhore.

V. Thus,

V.

Thus, mighty in her ſhips, ſtood Carthage long,
And ſwept the riches of the world from far;
Yet ſtoop'd to Rome, leſs wealthy, but more ſtron
And this may prove our ſecond Punic war.

VI.

What peace can be, where both to one pretend?
(But they more diligent, and we more ſtrong)
Or if a peace, it ſoon muſt have an end;
For they would grow too powerful were it long.

VII.

Behold two nations then, engag'd ſo far,
That each ſeven years the fit muſt ſhake each lar
Where France will ſide to weaken us by war,
Who only can his vaſt deſigns withſtand.

VIII.

See how he feeds th' Iberian with delays,
To render us his timely friendſhip vain:
And while his ſecret ſoul on Flanders preys,
He rocks the cradle of the babe of Spain.

IX.

Such deep deſigns of empire does he lay
O'er them, whoſe cauſe he ſeems to take in hand
And prudently would make them lords at ſea,
To whom with eaſe he can give laws by land.

X.

This ſaw our king; and long within his breaſt
His penſive counſels balanc'd to and fro:
He griev'd the land he freed ſhould be oppreſs'd,
And he leſs for it than uſurpers do.

XI.

XI.

His generous mind the fair ideas drew
Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay;
Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew,
Not to be gather'd but by birds of prey.

XII.

The loſs and gain each fatally were great;
And ſtill his ſubjects call'd aloud for war:
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people ſet,
Each other's poize and counterbalance are.

XIII.

He firſt ſurvey'd the charge with careful eyes,
Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain;
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from limbecs riſe,
It would in richer ſhowers deſcend again.

XIV.

At length reſolv'd t' aſſert the watery ball,
He in himſelf did whole Armadoes bring:
Him aged ſeamen might their maſter call,
And chuſe for general, were he not their king.

XV.

It ſeems as every ſhip their ſovereign knows,
His awful ſummons they ſo ſoon obey;
So hear the ſcaly herd when Proteus blows,
And ſo to paſture follow through the ſea.

XVI.

To ſee this fleet upon the ocean move,
Angels drew wide the curtains of the ſkies;
And heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets riſe.

XVII.

Whether they unctuous exhalations are,
Fir'd by the ſun, or ſeeming ſo alone;
Or each ſome more remote and ſlippery ſtar,
Which loſes footing when to mortals ſhewn.

XVIII.

Or one, that bright companion of the ſun,
Whoſe glorious aſpect ſeal'd our new-born king;
And now, a round of greater years begun,
New influence from his walks of light did bring.

XIX.

Victorious York did firſt with fam'd ſucceſs,
To his known valour make the Dutch give place:
Thus heaven our monarch's fortune did confeſs,
Beginning conqueſt from his royal race.

XX.

But ſince it was decreed, auſpicious king,
In Britain's right that thou ſhouldſt wed the main,
Heaven, as a gage, would caſt ſome precious thing,
And therefore doom'd that Lawſon ſhould be ſlain.

XXI.

Lawſon amongſt the foremoſt met his fate,
Whom ſea-green Sirens from the rocks lament:
Thus as an offering for the Grecian ſtate,
He firſt was kill'd who firſt to battle went.

XXII.

Their chief blown up in air, not waves, expir'd,
To which his pride preſum'd to give the law:
The Dutch confeſs'd heaven preſent, and retir'd,
And all was Britain the wide ocean ſaw.

XXIII.

To neareſt ports their ſhatter'd ſhips repair,
Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd:
So reverently men quit the open air,
When thunder ſpeaks the angry gods abroad.

XXIV.

And now approach'd their fleet from India fraught,
With all the riches of the riſing ſun:
And precious ſand from ſouthern climates brought,
The fatal regions where the war begun.

XXV.

Like hunted caſtors, conſcious of their ſtore,
Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coaſts they bring:
There firſt the North's cold boſom ſpices bore,
And winter brooded on the eaſtern ſpring.

XXVI.

By the rich ſcent we found our perfum'd prey,
Which, flank'd with rocks, did cloſe in covert lie:
And round about their murdering cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

XXVII.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
The Engliſh undertake th' unequal war:
Seven ſhips alone, by which the port is barr'd,
Beſiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

XXVIII.

Theſe fight like huſbands, but like lovers thoſe:
Theſe fain would keep, and thoſe more fain enjoy:
And to ſuch height their frantic paſſion grows,
That what both love, both hazard to deſtroy.

XXIX.

Amidſt whole heaps of ſpices lights a ball,
And now their odours arm'd againſt them fly:
Some preciouſly by ſhatter'd porcelain fall,
And ſome by aromatic ſplinters die.

XXX.

And though by tempeſts of the prize bereft,
In heaven's inclemency ſome eaſe we find:
Our foes we vanquiſh'd by our valour left,
And only yielded to the ſeas and wind.

XXXI.

Nor wholly loſt we ſo deſerv'd a prey;
For ſtorms repenting part of it reſtor'd:
Which, as a tribute from the Baltic ſea,
The Britiſh ocean ſent her mighty lord.

XXXII.

Go mortals now and vex yourſelves in vain
For wealth, which ſo uncertainly muſt come:
When what was brought ſo far, and with ſuch pain,
Was only kept to loſe it nearer home.

XXXIII.

The ſon, who twice three months on th' ocean toſt,
Prepar'd to tell what he had paſs'd before,
Now ſees in Engliſh ſhips the Holland coaſt,
And parents arms, in vain, ſtretch'd from the ſhore.

XXXIV.

This careful huſband had been long away,
Whom his chaſte wife and little children mourn;
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
On which their father promis'd to return.

XXXV.

Such are the proud deſigns of human-kind,
And ſo we ſuffer ſhipwreck every where!
Alas, what port can ſuch a pilot find,
Who in the night of fate muſt blindly ſteer!

XXXVI.

The undiſtinguiſh'd ſeeds of good and ill,
Heaven in his boſom from our knowledge hides:
And draws them in contempt of human ſkill,
Which oft for friends miſtaken foes provides.

XXXVII.

Let Munſter's prelate ever be accurſt,
In whom we ſeek the German faith in vain:
Alas, that he ſhould teach the Engliſh firſt,
That fraud and avarice in the church could reign!

XXXVIII.

Happy, who never truſt a ſtranger's will,
Whoſe friendſhip's in his intereſt underſtood!
Since money given but tempts him to be ill,
When power is too remote to make him good.

XXXIX.

Till now, alone the mighty nations ſtrove;
The reſt, at gaze, without the liſts did ſtand;
And threatening France, plac'd like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

XL.

That eunuch guardian of rich Holland's trade,
Who envies us what he wants power t' enjoy;
Whoſe noiſeful valour does no foe invade,
And weak aſſiſtance will his friends deſtroy.

XLI.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his ſecret hate to ſhew:
Which Charles does with a mind ſo calm receive,
As one that neither ſeeks nor ſhuns his foe.

XLII.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite:
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their ſlave.
But when with one three nations join to fight,
They ſilently confeſs that one more brave.

XLIII.

Lewis had chas'd the Engliſh from his ſhore;
But Charles the French as ſubjects does invite:
Would heaven for each ſome Solomon reſtore,
Who, by their mercy, may decide their right!

XLIV.

Were ſubjects ſo but only by their choice,
And not from birth did forc'd dominion take,
Our prince alone would have the public voice;
And all his neighbours realms would deſerts make.

XLV.

He without fear a dangerous war purſues,
Which without raſhneſs he began before:
As honour made him firſt the danger chuſe,
So ſtill he makes it good on virtue's ſcore.

XLVI.

The doubled charge his ſubjects love ſupplies,
Who in that bounty to themſelves are kind:
So glad Egyptians ſee their Nilus riſe,
And in his plenty their abundance find.

[redacted]

XLVII.

With equal power he does two chiefs create,
  Two such as each seem'd worthiest when alone;
Each able to sustain a nation's fate,
  Since both had found a greater in their own.

XLVIII.

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,
  Yet neither envious of the other's praise,
Their duty, faith, and interest too the same,
  Like mighty partners equally they raise.

XLIX.

The prince long time had courted fortune's love,
  But once possess'd did absolutely reign;
Thus with their Amazons the heroes strove,
  And conquer'd first those beauties they would gain.

L.

The duke beheld, like Scipio, with disdain,
  That Carthage, which he ruin'd, rise once more;
And shook aloft the faces of the main,
  To fright those slaves with what they feel before.

LI.

Together to the watery camp they hake,
  Whom matrons passing to their children show;
Infants first vows for them to heaven are ask,
  And future people bless them as they go.

LII.

With them no riotous pomp, nor Asian train,
  To infect a navy with their gaudy [illegible],
To make slow fights, and victories but vain;
  But war severely like itself appears.

LIII.

Diffuſive of themſelves, where'er they paſs,
They make that warmth in others they expect.
Their valour works like bodies on a glaſs,
And does its image on their men project.

LIV.

Our fleet divides, and ſtraight the Dutch appear,
In number, and a fam'd commander, bold:
The narrow ſeas can ſcarce their navy bear,
Or crowded veſſels can their ſoldiers hold.

LV.

The Duke, leſs numerous, but in courage more,
On wings of all the winds to combat flies:
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,
And bloody croſſes on his flag-ſtaffs riſe.

LVI.

Both furl their ſails, and ſtrip them for the fight;
Their folded ſheets diſmiſs the uſeleſs air:
Th' Elean plains could boaſt no nobler ſight,
When ſtruggling champions did their bodies bare.

LVII.

Borne each by other in a diſtant line,
The ſea-built forts in dreadful order move:
So vaſt the noiſe, as if not fleets did join,
But lands unfix'd, and floating nations ſtrove.

LVIII.

Now paſs'd, on either ſide they nimbly tack;
Both ſtrive to intercept and guide the wind:
And, in its eye, more cloſely they come back,
To finiſh all the deaths they left behind.

LIX.

On high-rais'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whoſe ſhade our humble frigates go:
Such port the elephant bears, and ſo defy'd
By the rhinoceros her unequal foe.

LX.

And as the built, ſo different is the fight;
Their mounting ſhot is on our ſails deſign'd:
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
And through the yielding planks a paſſage find.

LXI.

Our dreaded admiral from far they threat,
Whoſe batter'd rigging their whole war receives:
All bare, like ſome old oak which tempeſts beat,
He ſtands, and ſees below his ſcatter'd leaves.

LXII.

Heroes of old, when wounded, ſhelter ſought;
But he who meets all danger with diſdain,
Ev'n in their face his ſhip to anchor brought,
And ſteeple-high ſtood propt upon the main.

LXIII.

At this exceſs of courage, all amaz'd,
The foremoſt of his foes a while withdraw:
With ſuch reſpect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,
Who on high chairs the god-like fathers ſaw.

LXIV.

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay,
Here Trojan chiefs advanc'd, and there the Greek;
Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings diſplay,
And theirs the nobleſt ſpoils of Britain ſeek.

LXV.

Mean-time his buſy mariners he haſtes,
His ſhatter'd ſails with rigging to reſtore;
And willing pines aſcend his broken maſts,
Whoſe lofty heads riſe higher than before.

LXVI.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,
More fierce th' important quarrel to decide:
Like ſwans, in long array his veſſels ſhow,
Whoſe creſts advancing do the waves divide.

LXVII.

They charge, recharge, and all along the ſea
They drive, and ſquander the huge Belgian fleet.
Berkeley alone, who neareſt danger lay,
Did a like fate with loſt Creüſa meet.

LXVIII.

The night comes on, we eager to purſue
The combat ſtill, and they aſham'd to leave:
Till the laſt ſtreaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful moon-light did our rage deceive.

LXIX.

In th' Engliſh fleet each ſhip reſounds with joy,
And loud applauſe of their great leader's fame;
In fiery dreams the Dutch they ſtill deſtroy,
And ſlumbering ſmile at the imagin'd flame.

LXX.

Not ſo the Holland fleet, who, tir'd and done,
Stretch'd on their decks like weary oxen lie:
Faint ſweats all down their mighty members run;
Vaſt bulks which little ſouls but ill ſupply.

LXXI. In

LXXI.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread:
Or, ſhipwreck'd, labour to ſome diſtant ſhore:
Or in dark churches walk among the dead;
They wake with horror, and dare ſleep no more.

LXXII.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
Till from their main-top joyful news they hear
Of ſhips, which by their mould bring new ſupplies,
And in their colours Belgian lions bear.

LXXIII.

Our watchful general had diſcern'd from far
This mighty ſuccour, which made glad the foe:
He ſigh'd, but like a father of the war,
His face ſpake hope, while deep his ſorrows flow.

LXXIV.

His wounded men he firſt ſends off to ſhore,
Never till now unwilling to obey:
They, not their wounds, but want of ſtrength deplore,
And think them happy who with him can ſtay.

LXXV.

Then to the reſt, Rejoice, ſaid he, to-day;
In you the fortune of Great-Britain lies:
Among ſo brave a people, you are they
Whom heaven has choſe to fight for ſuch a prize.

LXXVI.

If number Engliſh courages could quell,
We ſhould at firſt have ſhunn'd, not met our foes:
Whoſe numerous ſails the fearful only tell:
Courage from hearts and not from numbers grows.

LXXVII.

He ſaid, nor needed more to ſay: with haſte
To their known ſtations chearfully they go;
And all at once, diſdaining to be laſt,
Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

LXXVIII.

Nor did th' encourag'd Belgians long delay,
But bold in others, not themſelves, they ſtood:
So thick, our navy ſcarce could ſteer their way,
But ſeem'd to wander in a moving wood.

LXXIX.

Our little fleet was now engag'd ſo far,
That like the ſword-fiſh in the whale they fought:
The combat only ſeem'd a civil war,
Till through their bowels we our paſſage wrought.

LXXX.

Never had valour, no not ours, before
Done aught like this upon the land or main,
Where not to be o'ercome was to do more
Than all the conqueſts former kings did gain.

LXXXI.

The mighty ghoſts of our great Harries roſe,
And armed Edwards look'd with anxious eyes,
To ſee this fleet among unequal foes,
By which fate promis'd them their Charles ſhould riſe.

LXXXII.

Mean-time the Belgians tack upon our rear,
And raking chaſe-guns through our ſterns they ſend:
Cloſe by their fire-ſhips, like jackals, appear,
Who on their lions for the prey attend.

LXXXIII. Si-

LXXXIII.

Silent in ſmoke of cannon they come on:
Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide:
In theſe the height of pleas'd revenge is ſhewn,
Who burn contented by another's ſide.

LXXXIV.

Sometimes from fighting ſquadrons of each fleet,
Deceiv'd themſelves, or to preſerve ſome friend,
Two grapling Ætnas on the ocean meet,
And Engliſh fires with Belgian flames contend.

LXXXV.

Now at each tack our little fleet grows leſs;
And, like maim'd fowl, ſwim lagging on the main;
Their greater loſs their numbers ſcarce confeſs,
While they loſe cheaper than the Engliſh gain.

LXXXVI.

Have you not ſeen, when whiſtled from the fiſt,
Some falcon ſtoops at what her eye deſign'd,
And with her eagerneſs the quarry miſs'd,
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind?

LXXXVII.

The daſtard crow that to the wood made wing,
And ſees the groves no ſhelter can afford,
With her loud kaws her craven kind does bring,
Who ſafe in numbers cuff the noble bird.

LXXXVIII.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare:
He could not conquer, and diſdain'd to fly;
Paſt hope of ſafety, 'twas his lateſt care,
Like falling Cæſar, decently to die.

LXXXIX. Yet

LXXXIX.

Yet pity did his manly ſpirit move,
To ſee thoſe periſh who ſo well had fought:
And generouſly with his deſpair he ſtrove,
Reſolv'd to live till he their ſafety wrought.

XC.

Let other Muſes write his proſperous fate,
Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings reſtor'd:
But mine ſhall ſing of his eclips'd eſtate,
Which, like the ſun's, more wonders does afford.

XCI.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
On which the foe his fruitleſs force employs:
His weak ones deep into his rear he bore
Remote from guns, as ſick men from the noiſe.

XCII.

His fiery cannon did their paſſage guide,
And following ſmoke obſcur'd them from the foe:
Thus Iſrael, ſafe from the Egyptian's pride,
By flaming pillars and by clouds did go.

XCIII.

Elſewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
But here our courages did theirs ſubdue:
So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat,
Which firſt the Aſian empire overthrew.

XCIV.

The foe approach'd; and one for his bold ſin
Was ſunk; as he that touch'd the ark was ſlain:
The wild waves maſter'd him and ſuck'd him in,
And ſmiling eddies dimpled on the main.

XCV. This

XCV.

This ſeen, the reſt at awful diſtance ſtood:
As if they had been there as ſervants ſet
To ſtay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not purſue but wait on his retreat.

XCVI.

So Libyan huntſmen, on ſome ſandy plain,
From ſhady coverts rouz'd, the lion chace:
The kingly beaſt roars out with loud diſdain,
And ſlowly moves, unknowing to give place.

XCVII.

But if ſome one approach to dare his force,
He ſwings his tail, and ſwiftly turns him round;
With one paw ſeizes on his trembling horſe,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

XCVIII.

Amidſt theſe toils ſucceeds the balmy night;
Now hiſſing waters the quench'd guns reſtore;
And weary waves withdrawing from the fight,
Lie lull'd and panting on the ſilent ſhore.

XCIX.

The moon ſhone clear on the becalmed flood,
Where, while her beams like glittering ſilver play,
Upon the deck our careful general ſtood,
And deeply mus'd on the ſucceeding day.

C.

That happy ſun, ſaid he, will riſe again,
Who twice victorious did our navy ſee:
And I alone muſt view him riſe in vain,
Without one ray of all his ſtar for me.

CI.

Yet like an Engliſh general will I die,
And all the ocean make my ſpacious grave:
Women and cowards on the land may lie;
The ſea's a tomb that's proper for the brave.

CII.

Reſtleſs he paſs'd the remnant of the night,
Till the freſh air proclaim'd the morning nigh:
And burning ſhips, the martyrs of the fight,
With paler fires beheld the eaſtern ſky.

CIII.

But now, his ſtores of ammunition ſpent,
His naked valour is his only guard:
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon ſent,
And ſolitary guns are ſcarcely heard.

CIV.

Thus far had fortune power, he forc'd to ſtay,
Nor longer durſt with virtue be at ſtrife:
This as a ranſom Albemarle did pay,
For all the glories of ſo great a life.

CV.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whoſe waving ſtreamers the glad general know
With full-ſpread ſails his eager navy ſteers,
And every ſhip in ſwift proportion grows.

CVI.

The anxious prince had heard the cannon long,
And from that length of time dire omens drew
Of Engliſh overmatch'd, and Dutch too ſtrong,
Who never fought three days, but to purſue.

CVII. T

CVII.

), as an eagle, who with pious care
'as beating widely on the wing for prey,
er now ſilent eiry does repair,
id finds her callow infants forc'd away:

CVIII.

y with her love, ſhe ſtoops upon the plain,
ie broken air loud whiſtling as ſhe flies:
tops and liſtens, and ſhoots forth again,
id guides her pinions by her young ones cries.

CIX.

ſuch kind paſſion haſtes the prince to fight,
id ſpreads his flying canvaſs to the ſound:
whom no danger were he there could fright,
w abſent every little noiſe can wound.

CX.

a drought the thirſty creatures cry,
d gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain;
firſt the martlet meets it in the ſky,
d with wet wings joys all the feather'd train:

CXI.

ſuch glad hearts did our deſpairing men
ite th' appearance of the prince's fleet;
:ach ambitiouſly would claim the ken,
it with firſt eyes did diſtant ſafety meet.

CXII.

)utch, who came like greedy hinds before,
reap the harveſt their ripe ears did yield,
ook like thoſe, when rolling thunders roar,
l ſheets of lightning blaſt the ſtanding field.

CXIII. Full

CXIII.

Full in the prince's paſſage, hills of ſand,
And dangerous flats in ſecret ambuſh lay,
Where the falſe tides ſkim o'er the cover'd land,
And ſeamen with diſſembled depths betray.

CXIV.

The wily Dutch, who like fall'n angels fear'd
This new Meſſiah's coming, there did wait,
And round the verge their braving veſſels ſteer'd,
To tempt his courage with ſo fair a bait.

CXV.

But he unmov'd contemns their idle threat,
Secure of fame whene'er he pleaſe to fight:
His cold experience tempers all his heat,
And inbred worth doth boaſting valour ſlight.

CXVI.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
And he the ſubſtance not th' appearance choſe:
To reſcue one ſuch friend he took more pride,
Than to deſtroy whole thouſands of ſuch foes.

CXVII.

But when approach'd, in ſtrict embraces bound,
Rupert and Albemarle together grow:
He joys to have his friend in ſafety found,
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

CXVIII.

The chearful ſoldiers, with new ſtores ſupply'd,
Now long to execute their ſpleenful will;
And, in revenge for thoſe three days they try'd,
Wiſh one, like Joſhua's, when the ſun ſtood ſtill.

CXIX. Thus

CXIX.

Thus reinforc'd, againſt the adverſe fleet,
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way:
With the firſt bluſhes of the morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

CXX.

His preſence ſoon blows up the kindling fight,
And his loud guns ſpeak thick like angry men:
It ſeem'd as ſlaughter had been breath'd all night,
And death new pointed his dull dart again.

CXXI.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,
And matchleſs courage, ſince the former fight:
Whoſe navy like a ſtiff-ſtretch'd cord did ſhew,
Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

CXXII.

The wind he ſhares, while half their fleet offends
His open ſide, and high above him ſhows:
Upon the reſt at pleaſure he deſcends,
And doubly harm'd he double harms beſtows.

CXXIII.

Behind the general mends his weary pace,
And ſullenly to his revenge he ſails:
So glides ſome trodden ſerpent on the graſs,
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

CXXIV.

Th' increaſing ſound is borne to either ſhore,
And for their ſtakes the throwing nations fear:
Their paſſions double with the cannons roar,
And with warm wiſhes each man combats there.

CXXV.

Ply'd thick and cloſe as when the fight begun,
Their huge unwieldy navy waſtes away:
So ſicken waining moons too near the ſun,
And blunt their creſcents on the edge of day.

CXXVI.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
Their ſhips like waſted patrimonies ſhow;
Where the thin ſcattering trees admit the light,
And ſhun each other's ſhadows as they grow.

CXXVII.

The warlike prince had ſever'd from the reſt
Two giant ſhips, the pride of all the main;
Which with his one ſo vigorouſly he preſs'd,
And flew ſo home they could not riſe again.

CXXVIII.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,
In vain upon the paſſing winds they call:
The paſſing winds through their torn canvaſe play,
And flagging ſails on heartleſs ſailors fall.

CXXIX.

Their open'd ſides receive a gloomy light,
Dreadful as day let into ſhades below:
Without grim death rides barefac'd in their fight,
And urges entering billows as they flow.

CXXX.

When one dire ſhot, the laſt they could ſupply,
Cloſe by the board the prince's main-maſt bore:
All three now helpleſs by each other lie,
And this offends not, and thoſe fear no more.

CXXXI. So

CXXXI.

So have I ſeen ſome fearful hare maintain
A courſe, till tir'd before the dog ſhe lay:
Who ſtretch'd behind her pants upon the plain,
Paſt power to kill, as ſhe to get away.

CXXXII.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey;
His warm breath blows her flix up as ſhe lies;
She trembling creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beſeeching eyes.

CXXXIII.

The prince unjuſtly does his ſtars accuſe,
Which hinder'd him to puſh his fortune on;
For what they to his courage did refuſe,
By mortal valour never muſt be done.

CXXXIV.

This lucky hour the wiſe Batavian takes,
And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home:
Proud to have ſo got off with equal ſtakes,
Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.

CXXXV.

The general's force as kept alive by fight,
Now not oppos'd no longer can purſue:
Laſting till heaven had done his courage right;
When he had conquer'd he his weakneſs knew.

CXXXVI.

He caſts a frown on the departing foe,
And ſighs to ſee him quit the watery field:
His ſtern fix'd eyes no ſatisfaction ſhow,
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

CXXXVII.

Though as when fiends did miracles avow,
He ſtands confeſs'd ev'n by the boaſtful Dutch:
He only does his conqueſt diſavow,
And thinks too little what they found too much.

CXXXVIII.

Return'd, he with the fleet reſolv'd to ſtay;
No tender thoughts of home his heart divide;
Domeſtic joys and cares he puts away;
For realms are houſholds which the great muſt guide.

CXXXIX.

As thoſe who unripe veins in mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
Till time digeſts the yet imperfect ore,
And know it will be gold another day:

CXL.

So looks our monarch on this early fight,
Th' eſſay and rudiments of great ſucceſs:
Which all-maturing time muſt bring to light,
While he like heaven does each day's labour bleſs.

CXLI.

Heaven ended not the firſt or ſecond day,
Yet each was perfect to the work deſign'd:
God and kings work, when they their work ſurvey,
A paſſive aptneſs in all ſubjects find.

CXLII.

In burden'd veſſels firſt with ſpeedy care,
His plenteous ſtores do ſeaſon'd timber ſend:
Thither the brawny carpenters repair,
And as the ſurgeons of maim'd ſhips attend.

CXLIII.

With cord and canvaſs from rich Hamburgh ſent,
His navy's molted wings he imps once more:
Tall Norway fir, their maſts in battle ſpent,
And Engliſh oak, ſprung leaks and planks, reſtore.

CXLIV.

All hands employ'd the royal work grows warm:
Like labouring bees on a long ſummer's day,
Some ſound the trumpet for the reſt to ſwarm,
And ſome on bells of taſted lilies play.

CXLV.

With glewy wax ſome new foundations lay
Of virgin-combs which from the roof are hung:
Some arm'd within doors upon duty ſtay,
Or tend the ſick, or educate the young.

CXLVI.

So here ſome pick out bullets from the ſides,
Some drive old okum through each ſeam and rift:
Their left hand does the calking iron guide,
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

CXLVII.

With boiling pitch another near at hand,
From friendly Sweden brought, the ſeams inſtops:
Which, well paid o'er, the ſalt ſea waves withſtand,
And ſhakes them from the riſing beak in drops.

CXLVIII.

Some the gall'd ropes with dawby marline bind,
Or ſear-cloth maſts with ſtrong tarpawling coats:
To try new ſhrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one below their eaſe or ſtiffneſs notes.

CXLIX.

Our careful monarch ſtands in perſon by,
His new-caſt cannons firmneſs to explore:
The ſtrength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,
And ball and cartridge ſorts for every bore.

CL.

Each day brings freſh ſupplies of arms and men,
And ſhips which all laſt winter were abroad;
And ſuch as fitted ſince the fight had been,
Or new from ſtocks, were fallen into the road.

CLI.

The goodly London in her gallant trim,
The Phœnix, daughter of the vaniſh'd old,
Like a rich bride does to the ocean ſwim,
And on her ſhadow rides in floating gold.

CLII.

Her flag aloft ſpread ruffling to the wind,
And ſanguine ſtreamers ſeem the flood to fire:
The weaver, charm'd with what his loom deſign'd,
Goes on to ſea, and knows not to retire.

CLIII.

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty ſtrength,
Whoſe low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves;
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
She ſeems a ſea-waſp flying on the waves.

CLIV.

This martial preſent, piouſly deſign'd,
The loyal city give their beſt-lov'd king:
And with a bounty ample as the wind,
Built, fitted, and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

CLV. By

CLV.

By viewing nature, nature's handmaid, art
Makes mighty things from ſmall beginnings grow:
Thus fiſhes firſt to ſhipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.

CLVI.

Some log perhaps upon the waters ſwam,
An uſeleſs drift, which rudely cut within,
And hollow'd firſt a floating trough became,
And croſs ſome rivulet paſſage did begin.

CLVII.

In ſhipping ſuch as this, the Iriſh kern,
And untaught Indian on the ſtream did glide:
Ere ſharp-keel'd boats to ſtem the flood did learn,
Or fin-like oars did ſpread from either ſide.

CLVIII.

Add but a ſail, and Saturn ſo appear'd,
When from loſt empire he to exile went,
And with the golden age to Tyber ſteer'd,
Where coin and commerce firſt he did invent.

CLIX.

Rude as their ſhips was navigation then;
No uſeful compaſs or meridian known;
Coaſting, they kept the land within their ken,
And knew no North but when the Pole-ſtar ſhone.

CLX.

Of all who ſince have us'd the open ſea,
Thas the bold Engliſh none more fame have won:
Beyond the year, and out of heaven's high way,
They make diſcoveries where they ſee no ſun.

CLXI.

But what ſo long in vain, and yet unknown,
By poor mankind's benighted wit is ſought,
Shall in this age to Britain firſt be ſhown,
And hence be to admiring nations taught.

CLXII.

The ebbs of tides and their myſterious flow,
We, as art's elements, ſhall underſtand,
And as by line upon the ocean go,
Whoſe paths ſhall be familiar as the land.

CLXIII.

Inſtructed ſhips ſhall ſail to quick commerce,
By which remoteſt regions are ally'd;
Which makes one city of the univerſe;
Where ſome may gain, and all may be ſupply'd.

CLXIV.

Then we upon our globe's laſt verge ſhall go,
And view the ocean leaning on the ſky:
From thence our rolling neighbours we ſhall know,
And on the lunar world ſecurely pry.

CLXV.

This I foretell from your auſpicious care,
Who great in ſearch of God and nature grow;
Who beſt your wiſe Creator's praiſe declare,
Since beſt to praiſe his works is beſt to know.

CLXVI.

O truly royal! who behold the law
And rule of beings in your maker's mind:
And thence, like limbecs, rich ideas draw,
To fit the level'd uſe of human-kind.

CLXVII.

But firſt the toils of war we muſt endure,
And from th' injurious Dutch redeem the ſeas.
War makes the valiant of his right ſecure,
And gives up fraud to be chaſtis'd with eaſe.

CLXVIII.

Already were the Belgians on our coaſt,
Whoſe fleet more mighty every day became
By late ſucceſs, which they did falſely boaſt,
And now by firſt appearing ſeem'd to claim.

CLXIX.

Deſigning, ſubtle, diligent, and cloſe,
They knew to manage war with wiſe delay:
Yet all thoſe arts their vanity did croſs,
And by their pride their prudence did betray.

CLXX.

Nor ſtaid the Engliſh long; but well ſupply'd,
Appear as numerous as th' inſulting foe:
The combat now by courage muſt be try'd,
And the ſucceſs the braver nation ſhow.

CLXXI.

There was the Plymouth ſquadron now come in,
Which in the Straights laſt winter was abroad;
Which twice on Biſcay's working bay had been,
And on the midland ſea the French had aw'd.

CLXXII.

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,
Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna fleet:
And Holmes, whoſe name ſhall live in epic ſong,
While muſic numbers, or while verſe has feet.

CLXXIII. Holmes

CLXXIII.

Holmes, the Achates of the general's fight;
Who firſt bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea gold:
As once old Cato in the Roman ſight
The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

CLXXIV.

With him went Sprag, as bountiful as brave,
Whom his high courage to command had brought:
Harman, who did the twice-fir'd Harry ſave,
And in his burning ſhip undaunted fought.

CLXXV.

Young Hollis on a Muſe by Mars begot,
Born, Cæſar like, to write and act great deeds:
Impatient to revenge his fatal ſhot,
His right hand doubly to his left ſucceeds.

CLXXVI.

Thouſands were there in darker fame that dwell,
Whoſe deeds ſome nobler poem ſhall adorn:
And though to me unknown, they ſure fought well,
Whom Rupert led, and who were Britiſh born.

CLXXVII.

Of every ſize an hundred fighting ſail:
So vaſt the navy now at anchor rides,
That underneath it the preſs'd waters fail,
And with its weight it ſhoulders off the tides.

CLXXVIII.

Now anchors weigh'd the ſeamen ſhout ſo ſhrill,
That heaven and earth and the wide ocean rings:
A breeze from weſtward waits their ſails to fill,
And reſts in thoſe high beds his downy wings.

CLXXIX.

The wary Dutch this gathering ſtorm foreſaw,
And durſt not bide it on the Engliſh coaſt:
Behind their treacherous ſhallows they withdraw,
And there lay ſnares to catch the Britiſh hoſt.

CLXXX.

So the falſe ſpider, when her nets are ſpread,
Deep ambuſh'd in her ſilent den does lie:
And feels far off the trembling of her thread,
Whoſe filmy cord ſhould bind the ſtruggling fly.

CLXXXI.

Then if at laſt ſhe find him faſt beſet,
She iſſues forth and runs along her loom:
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
And drag the little wretch in triumph home.

CLXXXII.

The Belgians hop'd that, with diſorder'd haſte,
Our deep-cut keels upon the ſands might run:
Or if with caution leiſurely were paſt,
Their numerous groſs might charge us one by one.

CLXXXIII.

But with a fore-wind puſhing them above,
And ſwelling tide that heav'd them from below,
O'er the blind flats our warlike ſquadrons move,
And with ſpread ſails to welcome battle go.

CLXXXIV.

It ſeem'd as there the Britiſh Neptune ſtood,
With all his hoſts of waters at command,
Beneath them to ſubmit th' officious flood;
And with his trident ſhov'd them off the ſand.

CLXXXV.

To the pale foes they ſuddenly draw near,
And ſummon them to unexpected fight:
They ſtart like murderers when ghoſts appear,
And draw their curtains in the dead of night.

CLXXXVI.

Now van to van the foremoſt ſquadrons meet,
The midmoſt battles haſtening up behind:
Who view far off the ſtorm of falling fleet,
And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.

CLXXXVII.

At length the adverſe admirals appear;
The two bold champions of each country's right:
Their eyes deſcribe the liſts as they come near,
And draw the lines of death before they fight.

CLXXXVIII.

The diſtance judg'd for ſhot of every ſize,
The linſtocs touch, the ponderous ball expires:
The vigorous ſeaman every port-hole plies,
And adds his heart to every gun he fires!

CLXXXIX.

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians ſide,
For honour, which they ſeldom fought before:
But now they by their own vain boaſts were ty'd,
And forc'd at leaſt in ſhew to prize it more.

CXC.

But ſharp remembrance on the Engliſh part,
And ſhame of being match'd by ſuch a foe,
Rouze conſcious virtue up in every heart,
And ſeeming to be ſtronger makes them ſo.

CXCI. Nor

CXCI.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet ſuſtain,
Which did two generals' fates, and Cæſar's bear:
Each ſeveral ſhip a victory did gain,
As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

CXCII.

Their batter'd admiral too ſoon withdrew,
Unthank'd by ours for his unfiniſh'd fight:
But he the minds of his Dutch maſters knew,
Who call'd that providence which we call'd flight.

CXCIII.

Never did men more joyfully obey,
Or ſooner underſtood the ſign to fly:
With ſuch alacrity they bore away,
As if, to praiſe them, all the States ſtood by.

CXCIV.

O famous leader of the Belgian fleet,
Thy monument inſcrib'd ſuch praiſe ſhall wear,
As Varro timely flying once did meet,
Becauſe he did not of his Rome deſpair.

CXCV.

Behold that navy, which a while before
Provok'd the tardy Engliſh cloſe to fight;
Now draw their beaten veſſels cloſe to ſhore,
As larks lie dar'd to ſhun the hobbies flight.

CXCVI.

Whoe'er would Engliſh monuments ſurvey,
In other records may our courage know:
But let them hide the ſtory of this day,
Whoſe fame was blemiſh'd by too baſe a foe.

CXCVII. Or

CXCVII.

Or if too buſily they will enquire
Into a victory, which we diſdain;
Then let them know the Belgians did retire
Before the patron ſaint of injur'd Spain.

CXCVIII.

Repenting England this revengeful day
To Philip's manes did an offering bring:
England, which firſt, by leading them aſtray,
Hatch'd up rebellion to deſtroy her king.

CXCIX.

Our fathers bent their baneful induſtry,
To check a monarchy that ſlowly grew;
But did not France or Holland's fate foreſee,
Whoſe riſing power to ſwift dominion flew.

CC.

In fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathleſs deſtiny;
Whoſe dark reſorts ſince prudence cannot know,
In vain it would provide for what ſhall be.

CCI.

But whate'er Engliſh to the bleſs'd ſhall go,
And the fourth Harry or firſt Orange meet;
Find him diſowning of a Bourbon foe,
And him deteſting a Batavian fleet.

CCII.

Now on their coaſts our conquering navy rides,
Waylays their merchants, and their land beſets;
Each day new wealth without their care provides;
They lie aſleep with prizes in their nets.

CCIII.

So cloſe behind ſome promontory lie
The huge leviathans t' attend their prey;
And give no chace, but ſwallow in the frie,
Which through their gaping jaws miſtake the way.

CCIV.

Nor was this all: in ports and roads remote,
Deſtructive fires among whole fleets we ſend;
Triumphant flames upon the water float,
And out-bound ſhips at home their voyage end.

CCV.

Thoſe various ſquadrons variouſly deſign'd,
Each veſſel freighted with a ſeveral load,
Each ſquadron waiting for a ſeveral wind,
All find but one, to burn them in the road.

CCVI.

Some bound for Guiney golden ſand to find,
Bore all the gauds the ſimple natives wear:
Some for the pride of Turkiſh courts deſign'd,
For folded turbants fineſt Holland bear.

CCVII.

Some Engliſh wool vex'd in a Belgian loom,
And into cloth of ſpungy ſoftneſs made,
Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
To ruin with worſe ware our ſtaple trade.

CCVIII.

Our greedy ſeamen rummage every hold,
Smile on the booty of each wealthier cheſt;
And as the prieſts who with their gods make bold,
Take what they like, and ſacrifice the reſt.

CCIX. But

CCIX.

But ah! how inſincere are all our joys!
Which, ſent from heaven, like lightning make n
Their palling taſte the journey's length deſtroys,
Or grief ſent poſt o'ertakes them on the way.

CCX.

Swell'd with our late ſucceſſes on the foe,
Which France and Holland wanted power to
We urge an unſeen fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious eyes with Engliſh loſs

CCXI.

Each element his dread command obeys,
Who makes or ruins with a ſmile or frown;
Who, as by one he did our nation raiſe,
So now he with another pulls us down.

CCXII.

Yet, London, empreſs of the northern clime,
By an high fate thou greatly didſt expire;
Great as the world's, which, at the death of tim
Muſt fall, and riſe a nobler frame by fire.

CCXIII.

As when ſome dire uſurper heaven provides,
To ſcourge his country with a lawleſs ſway;
His birth, perhaps, ſome petty village hides,
And ſets his cradle out of fortune's way.

CCXIV.

Till, fully ripe, his ſwelling fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty miſchiefs on:
His prince, ſurpriz'd at firſt, no ill could doubt,
And wants the power to meet it when 'tis kno

CCXV.

CCXV.

Such was the riſe of this prodigious fire,
Which in mean buildings firſt obſcurely bred,
From thence did ſoon to open ſtreets aſpire,
And ſtraight to palaces and temples ſpread.

CCXVI.

The diligence of trades and noiſeful gain,
And luxury more late, aſleep were laid:
All was the night's; and in her ſilent reign
No ſound the reſt of nature did invade.

CCXVII.

In this deep quiet, from what ſource unknown,
Thoſe ſeeds of fire their fatal birth diſcloſe;
And firſt few ſcattering ſparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our ruin roſe.

CCXVIII.

Then in ſome cloſe-pent room it crept along,
And ſmouldering as it went, in ſilence fed;
Till th' infant monſter, with devouring ſtrong,
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

CCXIX.

Now like ſome rich or mighty murderer,
Too great for priſon, which he breaks with gold;
Who freſher for new miſchiefs does appear,
And dares the world to tax him with the old:

CCXX.

So ſcapes th' inſulting fire his narrow jail,
And makes ſmall outlets into open air:
There the fierce winds his tender force aſſail,
And beat him downward to his firſt repair.

CCXXI.

The winds like crafty courtezans with-held
His flames from burning, but to blow them mor
And every freſh attempt he is repell'd
With faint denials weaker than before.

CCXXII.

And now no longer letted of his prey,
He leaps up at it with enrag'd deſire:
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide ſurvey,
And nods at every houſe his threatening fire.

CCXXIII.

The ghoſts of traitors from the bridge deſcend,
With bold fanatic ſpectres to rejoice:
About the fire into a dance they bend,
And ſing their ſabbath notes with feeble voice.

CCXXIV.

Our guardian angel ſaw them where they ſate
Above the palace of our ſlumbering king:
He ſigh'd, abandoning his charge to fate,
And drooping, oft look'd back upon the wing.

CCXXV.

At length the crackling noiſe and dreadful blaze
Call'd up ſome waking lover to the fight;
And long it was ere he the reſt could raiſe,
Whoſe heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

CCXXVI.

The next to danger, hot purſued by fate,
Half-cloth'd, half-naked, haſtily retire:
And frighted mothers ſtrike their breaſts too late,
For helpleſs infants left amidſt the fire.

CCXXVII. Thei

CCXXVII.

cries ſoon waken all the dwellers near;
murmuring noiſes riſe in every ſtreet:
ore remote run ſtumbling with their fear,
in the dark men juſtle as they meet.

CCXXVIII.

ry bees in little cells repoſe;
if night-robbers lift the well-ſtor'd hive,
mming through their waxen city grows,
out upon each other's wings they drive.

CCXXIX.

reets grow throng'd and buſy as by day:
run for buckets to the hallow'd quire:
ut the pipes, and ſome the engines play;
ſome more bold mount ladders to the fire.

CCXXX.

: for from the Eaſt a Belgian wind
oſtile breath through the dry rafters ſent;
mes impell'd ſoon left their foes behind,
forward with a wanton fury went.

CCXXXI.

of fire ran all along the ſhore,
lighten'd all the river with a blaze:
ken'd tides began again to roar,
wondering fiſh in ſhining waters gaze.

CCXXXII.

her Thames rais'd up his reverend head,
ear'd the fate of Simois would return:
his ooze he ſought his ſedgy bed,
ſhrunk his waters back into his urn.

CCXXXIII.

The fire, mean-time, walks in a broader groſ
To either hand his wings he opens wide:
He wades the ſtreets, and ſtraight he reaches
And plays his longing flames on th' other ſi

CCXXXIV.

At firſt they warm, then ſcorch, and then they
Now with long necks from ſide to ſide they fe
At length grown ſtrong their mother-fire forſake
And a new colony of flames ſucceed.

CCXXXV.

To every nobler portion of the town
The curling billows roll their reſtleſs tide:
In parties now they ſtraggle up and down,
As armies unoppos'd for prey divide.

CCXXXVI.

One mighty ſquadron with a ſide-wind ſped,
Through narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does haſte,
By powerful charms of gold and ſilver led,
The Lombard bankers and the Change to waſte.

CCXXXVII.

Another backward to the Tower would go,
And ſlowly eats his way againſt the wind:
But the main body of the marching foe
Againſt th' imperial palace is deſign'd.

CCXXXVIII.

Now day appears, and with the day the king,
Whoſe early care had robb'd him of his reſt:
Far off the cracks of falling houſes ring,
And ſhrieks of ſubjects pierce his tender breaſt.

CCXXXIX.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of ſmoke
With gloomy pillars cover all the place;
Whoſe little intervals of night are broke
By ſparks, that drive againſt his ſacred face.

CCXL.

More than his guards his ſorrows made him known,
And pious tears which down his cheeks did flower:
The wretched in his grief forgot their own;
So much the pity of a king has power.

CCXLI.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd ſo well,
And what ſo well had merited his love:
For never prince in grace did more excel,
Or royal city more in duty ſtrove.

CCXLII.

Nor with an idle care did he behold:
Subjects may grieve, but monarchs muſt redreſs;
He chears the fearful, and commends the bold,
And makes deſpairers hope for good ſucceſs.

CCXLIII.

Himſelf directs what firſt is to be done,
And orders all the ſuccours which they bring:
The helpful and the good about him run,
And form an army worthy ſuch a king.

CCXLIV.

He ſees the dire contagion ſpread ſo faſt,
That where it ſeizes all relief is vain:
And therefore muſt unwillingly lay waſte
That country, which would elſe the foe maintain.

CCXLV.

The powder blows up all before the fire:
Th' amazed flames ſtand gather'd on a heap;
And from the precipice's brink retire,
Afraid to venture on ſo large a leap.

CCXLVI.

Thus fighting fires a while themſelves conſume,
But ſtraight like Turks forc'd on to win or die,
They firſt lay tender bridges of their fume,
And o'er the breach in unctuous vapours fly.

CCXLVII.

Part ſtay for paſſage, till a guſt of wind
Ships o'er their forces in a ſhining ſheet:
Part creeping under ground their journey blind,
And climbing from below their fellows meet.

CCXLVIII.

Thus to ſome deſert plain, or old wood-ſide,
Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round;
And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,
Or ſweep in clouds above the blaſted ground.

CCXLIX.

No help avails: for, hydra-like, the fire
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way:
And ſcarce the wealthy can one half retire,
Before he ruſhes in to ſhare the prey.

CCL.

The rich grow ſuppliant, and the poor grow proud:
Thoſe offer mighty gain, and theſe aſk more:
So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,
When others ruin may increaſe their ſtore.

CCLI.

As thoſe who live by ſhores with joy behold
Some wealthy veſſel ſplit or ſtranded nigh;
And from the rocks leap down for ſhipwreck'd gold,
And ſeek the tempeſts which the others fly:

CCLII.

So theſe but wait the owners laſt deſpair,
And what's permitted to the flames invade;
Ev'n from their jaws they hungry morſels tear,
And on their backs the ſpoils of Vulcan lade.

CCLIII.

The days were all in this loſt labour ſpent;
And when the weary king gave place to night,
His beams he to his royal brother lent,
And ſo ſhone ſtill in his reflective light.

CCLIV.

Night came, but without darkneſs or repoſe,
A diſmal picture of the general doom;
Where ſouls diſtracted when the trumpet blows,
And half unready with their bodies come.

CCLV.

Thoſe who have homes, when home they do repair,
To a laſt lodging call their wandering friends:
Their ſhort uneaſy ſleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own deſtruction tends.

CCLVI.

Thoſe who have none, ſit round where once it was,
And with full eyes each wonted room require:
Haunting the yet warm aſhes of the place,
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

CCLVII.

Some ſtir up coals and watch the veſtal fire,
Others in vain from ſight of ruin run;
And while through burning labyrinths they retire,
With loathing eyes repeat what they would ſhun.

CCLVIII.

The moſt in fields like herded beaſts lie down,
To dews obnoxious on the graſſy floor;
And while their babes in ſleep their ſorrows drown,
Sad parents watch the remnants of their ſtore.

CCLIX.

While by the motion of the flames they gueſs
What ſtreets are burning now, and what are near,
An infant waking to the paps would preſs,
And meets, inſtead of milk, a falling tear.

CCLX.

No thought can eaſe them but their ſovereign's care,
Whoſe praiſe th' afflicted as their comfort ſing:
Ev'n thoſe, whom want might drive to juſt deſpair,
Think life a bleſſing under ſuch a king.

CCLXI.

Mean-time he ſadly ſuffers in their grief,
Out-weeps an hermit, and out-prays a ſaint:
All the long night he ſtudies their relief,
How they may be ſupply'd, and he may want.

CCLXII.

O God, ſaid he, thou patron of my days,
Guide of my youth in exile and diſtreſs!
Who me unfriended brought'ſt by wondrous ways,
The kingdom of my fathers to poſſeſs:

CCLXIII. Be

CCLXIII.

Be thou my judge, with what unweary'd care
I ſince have labour'd for my people's good;
To bind the bruiſes of a civil war,
And ſtop the iſſues of their waſting blood.

CCLXIV.

Thou who haſt taught me to forgive the ill,
And recompenſe as friends the good miſled;
If mercy be a precept of thy will,
Return that mercy on thy ſervant's head.

CCLXV.

Or if my heedleſs youth has ſtep'd aſtray,
Too ſoon forgetful of thy gracious hand;
On me alone thy juſt diſpleaſure lay,
But take thy judgments from this mourning land.

CCLXVI.

We all have ſinn'd, and thou haſt laid us low,
As humble earth from whence at firſt we came:
Like flying ſhades before the clouds we ſhow,
And ſhrink like parchment in conſuming flame.

CCLXVII.

O let it be enough what thou haſt done;
When ſpotted deaths ran arm'd through every ſtreet,
With poiſon'd darts which not the good could ſhun,
The ſpeedy could out-fly, or valiant meet.

CCLXVIII.

The living few, and frequent funerals then,
Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forſaken place:
And now thoſe few who are return'd again,
Thy ſearching judgments to their dwellings trace.

CCLXXXI.

An hollow cryſtal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipt above;
Of it a broad extinguiſher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove.

CCLXXXII.

The vanquiſh'd fires withdraw from every place,
Or full with feeding ſink into a ſleep:
Each houſhold genius ſhews again his face,
And from the hearths the little lares creep.

CCLXXXIII.

Our king this more than natural change beholds;
With ſober joy his heart and eyes abound:
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

CCLXXXIV.

As when ſharp froſts had long conſtrain'd the earth,
A kindly thaw unlocks it with cold rain;
And firſt the tender blade peeps up to birth,
And ſtraight the green fields laugh with promis'd grain:

CCLXXXV.

By ſuch degrees the ſpreading gladneſs grew
In every heart which fear had froze before:
The ſtanding ſtreets with ſo much joy they view,
That with leſs grief the periſh'd they deplore.

CCLXXXVI.

The father of the people open'd wide
His ſtores, and all the poor with plenty fed:
Thus God's anointed God's own place ſupply'd,
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

CCLXXXVII. This

CCLXXXVII.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,
And in their minds ſo deep did print the ſenſe;
That if their ruins ſadly they regard,
'Tis but with fear the ſight might drive him thence.

CCLXXXVIII.

But ſo may he live long, that town to ſway,
Which by his auſpice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their aſhes by his ſtay,
And not their humble ruins now forſake.

CCLXXXIX.

They have not loſt their loyalty by fire;
Nor is their courage or their wealth ſo low,
That from his wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the pity of a vanquiſh'd foe.

CCXC.

Not with more conſtancy the Jews, of old
By Cyrus from rewarded exile ſent,
Their royal city did in duſt behold,
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

CCXCI.

The utmoſt malice of the ſtars is paſt,
And two dire comets, which have ſcourg'd the town,
In their own plague and fire have breath'd the laſt,
Or dimly in their ſinking ſockets frown.

CCXCII.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
And high-rais'd Jove, from his dark priſon freed,
Thoſe weights took off that on his planet hung,
Will glorioufly the new-laid works ſucceed.

CCXCIII. Me-

CCXCIII.

Methinks already from this chemic flame,
I ſee a city of more precious mold:
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With ſilver pav'd, and all divine with gold.

CCXCIV.

Already labouring with a mighty fate,
She ſhakes the rubbiſh from her mounting brow,
And ſeems to have renew'd her charter's date,
Which heaven will to the death of time allow.

CCXCV.

More great than human now, and more auguſt,
Now deify'd ſhe from her fires does riſe:
Her widening ſtreets on new foundations truſt,
And opening into larger parts ſhe flies.

CCXCVI.

Before ſhe like ſome ſhepherdeſs did ſhow,
Who ſat to bathe her by a river's ſide;
Not anſwering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

CCXCVII.

Now like a maiden queen ſhe will behold,
From her high turrets, hourly ſuitors come:
The Eaſt with incenſe, and the Weſt with gold,
Will ſtand like ſuppliants to receive her doom.

CCXCVIII.

The ſilver Thames, her own domeſtic flood,
Shall bear her veſſels like a ſweeping train;
And often wind, as of his miſtreſs proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

CCXCIX.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
The glory of their towns no more ſhall boaſt,
And Seyne, that would with Belgian rivers join,
Shall find her luſtre ſtain'd, and traffic loſt.

CCC.

The venturous merchant who deſign'd more far,
And touches on our hoſpitable ſhore,
Charm'd with the ſplendor of this northern ſtar,
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

CCCI.

Our powerful navy ſhall no longer meet,
The wealth of France or Holland to invade:
The beauty of this town without a fleet,
From all the world ſhall vindicate her trade.

CCCII.

And while this fam'd emporium we prepare,
The Britiſh ocean ſhall ſuch triumphs boaſt,
That thoſe, who now diſdain our trade to ſhare,
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coaſt.

CCCIII.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,
And the leſs dangerous part is left behind:
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not ſo great to vanquiſh as to find.

CCCIV.

Thus to the eaſtern wealth through ſtorms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more;
A conſtant trade-wind will ſecurely blow,
And gently lay us on the ſpicy ſhore.

AN

ESSAY UPON SATIRE

By Mr DRYDEN, and the Earl of MULGRAVE.

HOW dull, and how inſenſible a beaſt
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the reſt!
Philoſophers and poets vainly ſtrove
In every age the lumpiſh maſs to move:
But thoſe were pedants, when compar'd with theſe,
Who know not only to inſtruct but pleaſe.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Myſterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; ſo that as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiſer too.
Satire has always ſhone among the reſt,
And is the boldeſt way, if not the beſt,
To tell men freely of their fouleſt faults;
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
In ſatire too the wiſe took different ways,
To each deſerving its peculiar praiſe.
Some did all folly with juſt ſharpneſs blame,
Whilſt others laugh'd and ſcorn'd them into ſhame.
But of theſe two, the laſt ſucceeded beſt,
As men aim righteſt when they ſhoot in jeſt.
Yet, if we may preſume to blame our guides,
And cenſure thoſe who cenſure all beſides;

In other things they juſtly are preferr'd:
In this alone methinks the ancients err'd;
Againſt the groſſeſt follies they declaim;
Hard they purſue, but hunt ignoble game.
Nothing is eaſier than ſuch blots to hit,
And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit:
Beſides 'tis labour loſt; for who would preach
Morals to Armſtrong, or dull Aſton teach?
'Tis being devout at play, wiſe at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendſhip to Whitehall.
But with ſharp eyes thoſe nicer faults to find,
Which lie obſcurely in the wiſeſt mind;
That little ſpeck which all the reſt does ſpoil,
To waſh off that would be a noble toil;
Beyond the looſe-writ libels of this age,
Or the forc'd ſcenes of our declining ſtage;
Above all cenſure too, each little wit
Will be ſo glad to ſee the greater hit;
Who judging better, though concern'd the moſt,
Of ſuch correction will have cauſe to boaſt.
In ſuch a ſatire all would ſeek a ſhare,
And every fool will fancy he is there.
Old ſtory-tellers too muſt pine and die,
To ſee their antiquated wit laid by;
Like her, who miſs'd her name in a lampoon,
And griev'd to find herſelf decay'd ſo ſoon.
No common coxcomb muſt be mention'd here:
Not the dull train of dancing ſparks appear;
Nor fluttering officers who never fight;
Of ſuch a wretched rabble who would write?

Much leſs half wits: that's more againſt our rules;
For they are fops, the other are but fools.
Who would not be as ſilly as Dunbar?
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?
The cunning courtier ſhould be ſlighted too,
Who with dull knavery makes ſo much ado;
Till the ſhrewd fool, by thriving too too faſt,
Like Æſop's fox becomes a prey at laſt.
Nor ſhall the royal miſtreſſes be nam'd,
Too ugly, or too eaſy, to be blam'd;
With whom each rhyming fool keeps ſuch a pother,
They are as common that way as the other:
Yet ſauntering Charles, between his beaſtly brace,
Meets with diſſembling ſtill in either place,
Affected humour, or a painted face.
In loyal libels we have often told him,
How one has jilted him, the other ſold him:
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
But who can rail ſo long as he can ſleep?
Was ever prince by two at once miſled,
Falſe, fooliſh, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
Earnely and Ayleſbury, with all that race
Of buſy blockheads, ſhall have here no place;
At council ſet as foils on Dorſet's ſcore,
To make that great falſe jewel ſhine the more;
Who all that while was thought exceeding wiſe,
Only for taking pains and telling lies.
But there's no meddling with ſuch nauſeous men;
Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:

'Tis time to quit their company, and chuſe
Some fitter ſubject for a ſharper Muſe.
First, let's behold the merrieſt man alive
Againſt his careleſs genius vainly ſtrive;
Quit his dear eaſe, ſome deep deſign to lay,
'Gainſt a ſet time, and then forget the day:
Yet he will laugh at his beſt friends, and be
Juſt as good company as Nokes and Lee.
But when he aims at reaſon or at rule,
He turns himſelf the beſt to ridicule.
Let him at buſineſs ne'er ſo earneſt ſit,
Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit;
That ſhadow of a jeſt ſhall be enjoy'd,
Though he left all mankind to be deſtroy'd.
So cat transform'd ſat gravely and demure,
Till mouſe appear'd, and thought himſelf ſecure;
But ſoon the lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did juſt as oddly fly.
Reaching above our nature does no good;
We muſt fall back to our old fleſh and blood;
As by our little Machiavel we find
That nimbleſt creature of the buſy kind,
His limbs are crippled, and his body ſhakes;
Yet his hard mind, which all this buſtle makes,
No pity of its poor companion takes.
What gravity can hold from laughing out,
To ſee him drag his feeble legs about,
Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him ſtill
Through hedges, ditches, and through all that's ill.

'Twere crime in any man but him alone,
To uſe a body ſo, though 'tis one's own:
Yet this falſe comfort never gives him o'er,
That whilſt he creeps his vigorous thoughts can ſoar:
Alas! that ſoaring, to thoſe few that know,
Is but a buſy groveling here below.
So men in rapture think they mount the ſky,
Whilſt on the ground th' intranced wretches lie:
So modern fops have fancy'd they could fly.
As the new earl with parts deſerving praiſe,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;
Yet loſes all ſoft days and ſenſual nights,
Kind nature checks, and kinder fortune ſlights;
Striving againſt his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a buſy man.
And what is that at beſt, but one, whoſe mind
Is made to tire himſelf and all mankind?
For Ireland he would go; faith, let him reign;
For if ſome odd fantaſtic lord would fain
Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do,
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
But is there any other beaſt that lives,
Who his own harm ſo wittingly contrives?
Will any dog, that has his teeth and ſtones,
Refinedly leave his bitches and his bones,
To turn a wheel? and bark to be employ'd,
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
Yet this fond man, to get a ſtateſman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.

Though ſatire nicely writ no humour ſtings
But thoſe who merit praiſe in other things;
Yet we muſt needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for folly Tropos ſake;
Who was too much deſpis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore ſcarce deſerves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
For railing ſmoothly, and for reaſoning wrong.
As boys on holy-days let looſe to play,
Lay waggiſh traps for girls that paſs that way;
Then ſhout to ſee in dirt and deep diſtreſs
Some ſilly cit in her flower'd fooliſh dreſs:
So have I mighty ſatisfaction found,
To ſee his tinſel reaſon on the ground:
To ſee the florid fool deſpis'd, and know it,
By ſome who ſcarce have words enough to ſhow it:
For ſenſe ſits ſilent, and condemns for weaker
The ſinner, nay ſometimes the wittieſt ſpeaker:
But 'tis prodigious ſo much eloquence
Should be acquired by ſuch little ſenſe;
For words and wit did anciently agree,
And Tully was no fool, though this man be:
At bar abuſive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woolſack, fop at council-table.
Theſe are the grievances of ſuch fools as would
Be rather wiſe than honeſt, great than good.
Some other kind of wits muſt be made known,
Whoſe harmleſs errors hurt themſelves alone;
Exceſs of luxury they think can pleaſe,
And lazineſs call loving of their eaſe:

To live diſſolv'd in pleaſures ſtill they feign,
Though their whole life 's but intermitting pain:
So much of ſurfeits, head-aches, claps are ſeen,
We ſcarce perceive the little time between:
Well-meaning men who make this groſs miſtake,
And pleaſure loſe only for pleaſure's ſake;
Each pleaſure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we ſquander life away.

Thus Dorſet, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Marry'd, but wiſer puſs ne'er thought of that:
And firſt he worry'd her with railing rhime,
Like Pembroke's maſtives at his kindeſt time;
Then for one night ſold all his ſlaviſh life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife;
Swell'd by contact of ſuch a fulſom toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill reſtor'd him to his liberty;
Which he would uſe in his old ſneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his briſker times
Had fam'd for dulneſs in malicious rhymes.

Mulgrave had much ado to ſcape the ſnare,
Though learn'd in all thoſe arts that cheat the fair:
For after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the ſtocks;
Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes,
To ſee him catch his tartar for his prize:
Th' impatient town waited the wiſh'd-for change,
And cuckolds ſmil'd in hopes of ſweet revenge;

Till

Till Petworth plot made us with ſorrow ſee,
As his eſtate, his perſon too was free:
Him no ſoft thoughts, no gratitude could move;
To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet failing there he keeps his freedom ſtill,
Forc'd to live happily againſt his will:
'Tis not his fault, if too much wealth and power
Break not his boaſted quiet every hour.
And little Sid. for ſimile renown'd,
Pleaſure has always ſought but never found:
Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
His are ſo bad, ſure he ne'er thinks at all.
The fleſh he lives upon is rank and ſtrong,
His meat and miſtreſſes are kept too long.
But ſure we all miſtake this pious man,
Who mortifies his perſon all he can:
What we uncharitably take for ſin,
Are only rules of this odd capuchin;
For never hermit under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common ſenſe;
And 'tis a miracle we may ſuppoſe,
No naſtineſs offends his ſkilful noſe;
Which from all ſtink can with peculiar art
Extract perfume and eſſence from a f—t:
Expecting ſupper is his great delight;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night:
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping ſits,
Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.
Rocheſter I deſpiſe for want of wit,
Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet;

For while he miſchief means to all mankind,
Himſelf alone the ill effects does find:
And ſo like witches juſtly ſuffers ſhame,
Whoſe harmleſs malice is ſo much the ſame.
Falſe are his words, affected is his wit;
So often he does aim, ſo ſeldom hit;
To every face he cringes while he ſpeaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks:
Mean in each action, lewd in every limb,
Manners themſelves are miſchievous in him:
A proof that chance alone makes every creature,
A very Killigrew without good-nature.
For what a Beſſus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd?
For, there's the folly that's ſtill mixt with fear,
Cowards more blows than any hero bear;
Of fighting ſparks ſome may their pleaſures ſay,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away:
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For every fault does prove his penance ſtill:
Falſely he falls into ſome dangerous nooſe,
And then as meanly labours to get looſe;
A life ſo infamous is better quitting,
Spent in baſe injury and low ſubmitting.
I'd like to have left out his poetry;
Forgot by all almoſt as well as me.
Sometimes he has ſome humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under ſo much naſty rubbiſh laid,
To find it out's the cinderwoman's trade;

Who for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Muſt toil all day in aſhes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deſerve no comments here;
Where one poor thought ſometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dulneſs muſt atone.
How vain a thing is man, and how unwiſe;
Ev'n he, who would himſelf the moſt deſpiſe!
I, who ſo wiſe and humble ſeem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't ſee.
While the world's nonſenſe is ſo ſharply ſhewn,
We pull down others but to raiſe our own;
That we may angels ſeem, we paint them elves,
And are but ſatires to ſet up ourſelves.
I, who have all this while been finding fault,
Ev'n with my maſter, who firſt ſatire taught;
And did by that deſcribe the taſk ſo hard,
It ſeems ſtupendous and above reward;
Now labour with unequal force to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time:
'Tis juſt that I ſhould to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

ABSA-

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

" Si propiùs ſtes,
" Te capiet magis——"

PART I.

TO THE READER.

IT is not my intention to make an apology for my poem: ſome will think it needs no excuſe, and others will receive none. The deſign I am ſure is honeſt: but he who draws his pen for one party, muſt expect to make enemies of the other. For wit and fool are conſequents of Whig and Tory; and every man is a knave or an aſs to the contrary ſide. There is a treaſury of merits in the Fanatic church, as well as in the Popiſh; and a pennyworth to be had of ſaintſhip, honeſty, and poetry, for the lewd, the factious, and the blockheads: but the longeſt chapter in Deuteronomy has not curſes enough for an Anti-Bromingham. My comfort is, their manifeſt prejudice to my cauſe will render their judgment of leſs authority againſt me. Yet if a poem have genius, it will force its own reception in the world. For there is a ſweetneſs in good verſe, which tickles even while it hurts: and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleaſes him againſt his will. The commendation of adverſaries is the greateſt triumph of a writer, becauſe it never comes

comes unleſs extorted. But I can be ſatisfied on more eaſy terms: if I happen to pleaſe the more moderate ſort, I ſhall be ſure of an honeſt party, and, in all probability, of the beſt judges: for the leaſt concerned are commonly the leaſt corrupt. And I confeſs I have laid in for thoſe, by rebating the ſatire, where juſtice would allow it, from carrying too ſharp an edge. They who can criticiſe ſo weakly, as to imagine I have done my worſt, may be convinced at their own coſt that I can write ſeverely, with more eaſe than I can gently. I have but laughed at ſome men's follies, when I could have declaimed againſt their vices: and other men's virtues I have commended, as freely as I have taxed their crimes. And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you ſhould return upon me that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am: but if men are not to be judged by their profeſſions, God forgive you commonwealth's-men for profeſſing ſo plauſibly for the government. You cannot be ſo unconſcionable as to charge me for not ſubſcribing my name; for that would reflect too groſly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a jury to ſecure them. If you like not my poem, the fault may poſſibly be in my writing; though it is hard for an author to judge againſt himſelf. But more probably it is in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent on both ſides will condemn the character of Abſalom, as either too favourably or too hardly drawn. But they are not the violent whom I deſire to pleaſe. The fault on the right hand is to extenuate, palliate, and

indulge;

indulge; and to confeſs freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Beſides the reſpect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues; and David himſelf could not be more tender of the young man's life, than I would be of his reputation. But ſince the moſt excellent natures are always the moſt eaſy, and, as being ſuch, are the ſooneſt perverted by ill counſels, eſpecially when baited with fame and glory; it is no more a wonder that he withſtood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam not to have reſiſted the two devils, the ſerpent and the woman. The concluſion of the ſtory I purpoſely forbore to proſecute, becauſe I could not obtain from myſelf to ſhew Abſalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out but for a picture to the waiſt; and if the draught be ſo far true, it is as much as I deſigned.

Were I the inventor, who am only the hiſtorian, I ſhould certainly conclude the piece, with the reconcilement of Abſalom to David. And who knows but this may come to paſs? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the ſtory: there ſeems yet to be room left for a compoſure; hereafter there may be only for pity. I have not ſo much as an uncharitable wiſh againſt Achitophel; but am content to be accuſed of a good-natured error, and to hope with Origen, that the devil himſelf may at laſt be ſaved. For which reaſon, in this poem, he is neither brought to ſet his houſe in order, nor to diſpoſe of his perſon afterwards as he in wiſdom ſhall think fit. God is infinitely merciful; and his vicegerent is only not ſo, becauſe he is not infinite.

The

The true end of ſatire is the amendment of vices by correction. And he, who writes honeſtly, is no more an enemy to the offender, than the phyſician to the patient, when he preſcribes harſh remedies to an inveterate diſeaſe; for thoſe are only in order to prevent the chirurgeon's work of an *Enſe reſcindendum*, which I wiſh not to my very enemies. To conclude all; if the body politic have any analogy to the natural, in my weak judgment, an act of oblivion were as neceſſary in a hot diſtempered ſtate, as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

IN pious times ere prieſtcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a ſin;
When man on many multiply'd his kind,
Ere one to one was curſedly confin'd;
When nature prompted, and no law deny'd
Promiſcuous uſe of concubine and bride;
Then Iſrael's monarch after heaven's own heart
His vigorous warmth did variouſly impart
To wives and ſlaves; and wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image through the land.
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear;
A ſoil ungrateful to the tiller's care:
Not ſo the reſt; for ſeveral mothers bore
To god-like David ſeveral ſons before.
But ſince like ſlaves his bed they did aſcend,
No true ſucceſſion could their ſeed attend.

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od's pamper'd people, whom [illegible] with [illegible],
o king could govern, nor no God could please;
ods they had try'd of every shape and size,
hat godsmiths could produce, or prieth devise;
hese Adam-wits too fortunately free,
egan to dream they wanted liberty:
nd when no rule, no precedent was found,
f men, by laws less circumscribed and bound;
hey led their wild desires to woods and caves,
nd thought that all but savages were slaves.
hey who, when bad was dead, without a show,
ade foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego,
ho banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
nd with a general shout proclaim'd him king
hose very Jews, who at their very [illegible]
heir humour more than loyalty expres'd,
ow wonder'd why so long they had [illegible]
n idol monarch, which their [illegible]
hought they might ruin him [illegible]
meit him to that golden calf a hate.
t these were random [illegible]
r interest made the factious crowd to [illegible]
e sober part of Israel, free from [illegible],
ell knew the value of a peaceful reign:
nd, looking backward with a wise affright,
w seams of wounds dishonest to the light,
contemplation of whose [illegible],
ey curst the memory of [illegible]
e moderate sort of men [illegible],
lin'd the balance to the better [illegible].

[illegible]

Of all the numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, ſo brave, as Abſalom:
Whether inſpir'd by ſome diviner luſt,
His father got him with a greater guſt:
Or that his conſcious deſtiny made way,
By manly beauty to imperial ſway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and ſtates ally'd to Iſrael's crown;
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And ſeem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did, was done with ſo much eaſe,
In him alone 'twas natural to pleaſe:
His motions all accompany'd with grace;
And paradiſe was open'd in his face.
With ſecret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his ſon renew'd:
To all his wiſhes nothing he deny'd;
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had, for who from faults is free?
His father could not, or he would not ſee.
Some warm exceſſes which the law forbore,
Were conſtrued youth that purg'd by boiling o'er;
And Amnon's murder by a ſpecious name,
Was call'd a juſt revenge for injur'd fame.
Thus prais'd and lov'd, the noble youth remain'd,
While David undiſturb'd in Sion reign'd.
But life can never be ſincerely bleſt:
Heaven puniſhes the bad, and proves the beſt.
The Jews, a headſtrong, moody, murmuring race,
As ever try'd th' extent and ſtretch of grace;

God's

God's pamper'd people, whom debauch'd with eaſe,
No king could govern, nor no God could pleaſe;
Gods they had try'd of every ſhape and ſize,
That godſmiths could produce, or prieſts deviſe:
Theſe Adam-wits too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no precedent was found,
Of men, by laws leſs circumſcrib'd and bound;
They led their wild deſires to woods and caves,
And thought that all but ſavages were ſlaves.
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
Made fooliſh Iſhboſheth the crown forego;
Who baniſh'd David did from Hebron bring,
And with a general ſhout proclaim'd him king:
Thoſe very Jews, who at their very beſt
Their humour more than loyalty expreſt,
Now wonder'd why ſo long they had obey'd
An idol monarch, which their hands had made;
Thought they might ruin him they could create,
Or melt him to that golden calf a ſtate.
But theſe were random bolts: no form'd deſign,
Nor intereſt made the factious crowd to join:
The ſober part of Iſrael, free from ſtain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And, looking backward with a wiſe affright,
Saw ſeams of wounds diſhoneſt to the ſight:
In contemplation of whoſe ugly ſcars,
They curſt the memory of civil wars.
The moderate ſort of men thus qualify'd,
Inclin'd the balance to the better ſide;

And David's mildneſs manag'd it ſo well,
The bad found no occaſion to rebel.
But when to ſin our bias'd nature leans,
The careful devil is ſtill at hand with means;
And providently pimps for ill deſires:
The good old cauſe revived a plot requires.
Plots true or falſe are neceſſary things,
To raiſe up commonwealths, and ruin kings.
Th' inhabitants of old Jeruſalem
Were Jebuſites; the town ſo call'd from them;
And theirs the native right——
But when the choſen people grew more ſtrong,
The rightful cauſe at length became the wrong;
And every loſs the men of Jebus bore,
They ſtill were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they muſt to David's government:
Impoveriſh'd and depriv'd of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they loſt their land;
And what was harder yet to fleſh and blood,
Their gods diſgrac'd, and burnt like common wood.
This ſet the heathen prieſthood in a flame;
For prieſts of all religions are the ſame.
Of whatſoe'er deſcent their godhead be,
Stock, ſtone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his ſervants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewiſh rabbins, though their enemies,
In this conclude them honeſt men and wiſe:
For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
To eſpouſe his cauſe, by whom they eat and drink.

From

From hence began that plot, the nation's curſe,
Bad in itſelf, but repreſented worſe;
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;
With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows deny'd;
Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude;
But ſwallow'd in the maſs, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but daſh'd and brew'd with lies,
To pleaſe the fools, and puzzle all the wiſe.
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' Egyptian rites the Jebuſites embrac'd;
Where gods were recommended by their taſte.
Such ſavoury deities muſt needs be good,
As ſerv'd at once for worſhip and for food.
By force they could not introduce theſe gods;
For ten to one in former days was odds.
So fraud was us'd, the ſacrificer's trade:
Fools are more hard to conquer than perſuade.
Their buſy teachers mingled with the Jews,
And rak'd for converts ev'n the court and ſtews:
Which Hebrew prieſts the more unkindly took,
Becauſe the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant to ſlay
By guns, invented ſince full many a day:
Our author ſwears it not; but who can know
How far the devil and Jebuſites may go?
This plot, which fail'd for want of common ſenſe,
Had yet a deep and dangerous conſequence:
For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The ſtanding lake ſoon floats into a flood,

And every hoſtile humour, which before
Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
So ſeveral factions from this firſt ferment,
Work up to foam and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themſelves thought wiſe,
Oppos'd the power to which they could not riſe.
Some had in courts been great, and thrown from thence,
Like fiends were harden'd in impenitence.
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardon'd rebels kinſmen to the throne,
Were rais'd in power and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
Of theſe the falſe Achitophel was firſt;
A name to all ſucceeding ages curſt:
For cloſe deſigns, and crooked counſels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Reſtleſs, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleas'd, impatient of diſgrace:
A fiery ſoul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went high,
He ſought the ſtorms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would ſteer too nigh the ſands to boaſt his wit.
Great wits are ſure to madneſs near ally'd,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Elſe why ſhould he, with wealth and honour bleſt,
Refuſe his age the needful hours of reſt?

Puniſh a body which he could not pleaſe;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of eaſe?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a ſon;
Got, while his ſoul did huddled notions try;
And born a ſhapeleſs lump, like anarchy.
In friendſhip falſe, implacable in hate;
Reſolv'd to ruin, or to rule the ſtate.
To compaſs this, the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public ſafety ſhook;
And fitted Iſrael for a foreign yoke:
Then, ſeiz'd with fear, yet ſtill affecting fame,
Uſurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So eaſy ſtill it proves in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How ſafe is treaſon, and how ſacred ill,
Where none can ſin againſt the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own?
Yet fame deſerv'd no enemy can grudge;
The ſtateſman we abhor, but praiſe the judge.
In Iſrael's courts ne'er ſat an Abethdin
With more diſcerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbrib'd, unſought, the wretched to redreſs;
Swift of diſpatch, and eaſy of acceſs.
Oh! had he been content to ſerve the crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankneſs of the ſoil been freed
From cockle, that oppreſs'd the noble ſeed;

David for him his tuneful harp had ſtrung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal ſong.
But wild ambition loves to ſlide, not ſtand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to poſſeſs
A lawful fame, and lazy happineſs,
Diſdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to ſhake the tree.
Now, manifeſt of crimes contriv'd long ſince,
He ſtood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cauſe
Againſt the crown, and ſculk'd behind the laws.
The wiſh'd occaſion of the plot he takes;
Some circumſtances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing emiſſaries fills the ears
Of liſtening crowds with jealouſies and fears
Of arbitrary counſels brought to light,
And proves the king himſelf a Jebuſite.
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well,
Were ſtrong with people eaſy to rebel.
For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the ſame track when ſhe the prime renews;
And once in twenty years their ſcribes record,
By natural inſtinct they change their lord.
Achitophel ſtill wants a chief, and none
Was found ſo fit as warlike Abſalom.
Not that he wiſh'd his greatneſs to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate:
But, for he knew his title not allow'd,
Would keep him ſtill depending on the crowd:

That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts with ſtudied arts to pleaſe,
And ſheds his venom in ſuch words as theſe.
  Auſpicious prince, at whoſe nativity
Some royal planet rul'd the ſouthern ſky;
Thy longing country's darling and deſire;
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire:
Their ſecond Moſes, whoſe extended wand
Divides the ſeas, and ſhews the promis'd land:
Whoſe dawning day, in every diſtant age,
Has exercis'd the ſacred prophet's rage:
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's viſion, and the old men's dream!
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confeſs,
And, never ſatisfy'd with ſeeing, bleſs:
Swift unbeſpoken pomps thy ſteps proclaim,
And ſtammering babes are taught to liſp thy name.
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign;
Content inglorioufly to paſs thy days,
Like one of virtue's fools that feed on praiſe;
Till thy freſh glories, which now ſhine ſo bright,
Grow ſtale, and tarniſh with our daily ſight?
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit muſt be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
Heaven has to all allotted, ſoon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate:
Whoſe motions if we watch and guide with ſkill,
For human good depends on human will,

Our fortune rolls as from a ſmooth deſcent,
And from the firſt impreſſion takes the bent:
But if unſeiz'd ſhe glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now ſhe meets you with a glorious prize,
And ſpreads her locks before you as ſhe flies.
Had thus old David, from whoſe loins you ſpring,
Not dar'd when fortune call'd him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might ſtill remain,
And heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his ſucceſsful youth your hopes engage;
But ſhun th' example of declining age:
Behold him ſetting in his weſtern ſkies,
The ſhadows lengthening as the vapours riſe.
He is not now, as when on Jordan's ſand
The joyful people throng'd to ſee him land,
Covering the beach, and blackening all the ſtrand;
But like the prince of angels, from his height
Comes tumbling downward with diminiſh'd light:
Betray'd by one poor plot to public ſcorn:
Our only bleſſing ſince his curſt return:
Thoſe heaps of people which one ſheaf did bind,
Blown off and ſcatter'd by a puff of wind.
What ſtrength can he to your deſigns oppoſe,
Naked of friends and round beſet with foes?
If Pharaoh's doubtful ſuccour he ſhould uſe,
A foreign aid would more incenſe the Jews:
Proud Egypt would diſſembled friendſhip bring;
Foment the war, but not ſupport the king:

Nor

Nor would the royal party e'er unite
With Pharaoh's arms t' aſſiſt the Jebuſite;
Or if they ſhould, their intereſt ſoon would break,
And with ſuch odious aid make David weak.
All ſorts of men by my ſucceſsful arts,
Abhorring kings, eſtrange their alter'd hearts
From David's rule: and 'tis their general cry,
Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.
If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Iſrael hope, and what applauſe
Might ſuch a general gain by ſuch a cauſe?
Not barren praiſe alone, that gaudy flower
Fair only to the ſight, but ſolid power:
And nobler is a limited command,
Given by the love of all your native land,
Than a ſucceſſive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.
What cannot praiſe effect in mighty minds,
When flattery ſooths, and when ambition blinds?
Deſire of power, on earth a vicious weed,
Yet ſprung from high is of celeſtial ſeed:
In God 'tis glory; and when men aſpire,
'Tis but a ſpark too much of heavenly fire.
Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angel's metal in his frame,
Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with praiſe.
Half loath, and half conſenting to the ill,
For royal blood within him ſtruggled ſtill,

He thus reply'd.—And what pretence have I
To take up arms for public liberty?
My father governs with unqueſtion'd right;
The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;
Good, gracious, juſt, obſervant of the laws;
And heaven by wonders has eſpous'd his cauſe.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
Who ſues for juſtice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom juſt revenge did to his wrath expoſe!
Mild, eaſy, humble, ſtudious of our good;
Inclin'd to mercy, and averſe from blood.
If mildneſs ill with ſtubborn Iſrael ſuit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.
What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary ſway?
Let haughty Pharaoh curſe with ſuch a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a ſervile train.
If David's rule Jeruſalem diſpleaſe,
The dog-ſtar heats their brains to this diſeaſe.
Why then ſhould I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel, and run popularly mad?
Were he a tyrant, who by lawleſs might
Oppreſs'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebuſite,
Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
Would curb my ſpirits and reſtrain my hands:
The people might aſſert their liberty;
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wiſhes, and out-runs deſire;

What

What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
And that—But here he paus'd; then, ſighing, ſaid—
Is juſtly deſtin'd for a worthier head.
For when my father from his toils ſhall reſt,
And late augment the number of the bleſt,
His lawful iſſue ſhall the throne aſcend,
Or the collateral line, where that ſhall end.
His brother, though oppreſs'd with vulgar ſpite,
Yet dauntleſs, and ſecure of native right,
Of every royal virtue ſtands poſſeſt;
Still dear to all the braveſt and the beſt.
His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim;
His loyalty the king, the world his fame.
His mercy ev'n th' offending crowd will find;
For ſure he comes of a forgiving kind.
Why ſhould I then repine at heaven's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet oh that fate, propitiouſly inclin'd,
Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind;
To my large ſoul not all her treaſure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean deſcent!
I find, I find my mounting ſpirits bold,
And David's part diſdains my mother's mould.
Why am I ſcanted by a niggard birth?
My ſoul diſclaims the kindred of her earth;
And made for empire whiſpers me within,
Deſire of greatneſs is a god-like ſin.
Him ſtaggering ſo, when hell's dire agent found,
While fainting virtue ſcarce maintain'd her ground,

He

He pours freſh forces in, and thus replies:
Th' eternal God, ſupremely good and wiſe,
Imparts not theſe prodigious gifts in vain:
What wonders are reſerv'd to bleſs your reign!
Againſt your will your arguments have ſhown,
Such virtue 's only given to guide a throne.
Not that your father's mildneſs I contemn;
But manly force becomes the diadem.
'Tis true he grants the people all they crave;
And more perhaps than ſubjects ought to have:
For laviſh grants ſuppoſe a monarch tame,
And more his goodneſs than his wit proclaim.
But when ſhould people ſtrive their bonds to break,
If not when kings are negligent or weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty ſanhedrim ſhall keep him poor;
And every ſhekel, which he can receive,
Shall coſt a limb of his prerogative.
To ply him with new plots ſhall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in ſome expenſive war;
Which when his treaſure can no more ſupply,
He muſt, with the remains of kingſhip, buy
His faithful friends, our jealouſies and fears
Call Jebuſites, and Pharaoh's penſioners;
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
He ſhall be naked left to public ſcorn.
The next ſucceſſor, whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the ſtate;
Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.

His

His right, for ſums of neceſſary gold,
Shall firſt be pawn'd, and afterwards be ſold;
Till time ſhall ever-wanting David draw,
To paſs your doubtful title into law;
If not, the people have a right ſupreme
To make their kings; for kings are made for them.
All empire is no more than power in truſt,
Which, when reſum'd, can be no longer juſt.
Succeſſion, for the general good deſign'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind:
If altering that the people can relieve,
Better one ſuffer than a nation grieve.
The Jews well know their power: ere Saul they choſe,
God was their king, and God they durſt depoſe.
Urge now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right, and fear of future fame;
The public good, that univerſal call,
To which ev'n heaven ſubmitted, anſwers all.
Nor let his love enchant your generous mind;
'Tis nature's trick to propagate her kind.
Our fond begetters, who would never die,
Love but themſelves in their poſterity.
Or let his kindneſs by th' effects be try'd,
Or let him lay his vain pretence aſide.
God ſaid, he lov'd your father; could he bring
A better proof, than to anoint him king?
It ſurely ſhew'd he lov'd the ſhepherd well,
Who gave ſo fair a flock as Iſrael.
Would David have you thought his darling ſon,
What means he then to alienate the crown?

The

The name of godly he may bluſh to bear:
Is't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?
He to his brother gives ſupreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land;
Perhaps th' old harp, on which he thrums his lays,
Or ſome dull Hebrew ballad in your praiſe.
Then the next heir, a prince ſevere and wiſe,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
Sees through the thin diſguiſes of your arts,
And marks your progreſs in the people's hearts;
Though now his mighty ſoul its grief contains:
He meditates revenge who leaſt complains:
And like a lion, ſlumbering in the way,
Or ſleep diſſembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearleſs foes within his diſtance draws,
Conſtrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
Till at the laſt, his time for fury found,
He ſhoots with ſudden vengeance from the ground;
The proſtrate vulgar paſſes o'er and ſpares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
Your caſe no tame expedients will afford:
Reſolve on death, or conqueſt by the ſword,
Which for no leſs a ſtake than life you draw;
And ſelf-defence is nature's eldeſt law.
Leave the warm people no conſidering time:
For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
Avail yourſelf of what occaſion gives,
But try your title while your father lives:
And that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the king's defence;

Whoſe

Whoſe ſacred life each minute would expoſe
To plots, from ſeeming friends, and ſecret foes.
And who can ſound the depth of David's ſoul?
Perhaps his fear his kindneſs may controul.
He fears his brother, though he loves his ſon,
For plighted vows too late to be undone.
If ſo, by force he wiſhes to be gain'd:
Like women's lechery to ſeem conſtrain'd.
Doubt not: but, when he moſt affects the frown,
Commit a pleaſing rape upon the crown.
Secure his perſon to ſecure your cauſe:
(They who poſſeſs the prince poſſeſs the laws.)
He ſaid; and this advice above the reſt,
With Abſalom's mild nature ſuited beſt;
Unblam'd of life, ambition ſet aſide,
Not ſtain'd with cruelty, nor puft with pride.
How happy had he been, if deſtiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not ſo high!
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
And bleſt all other countries but his own.
But charming greatneſs ſince ſo few refuſe,
'Tis juſter to lament him than accuſe.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandiſhments to gain the public love:
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly proſecute the plot.
To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Iſraelites:
Whoſe differing parties he could wiſely join,
For ſeveral ends, to ſerve the ſame deſign.

The

The beſt, and of the princes ſome were ſuch,
Who thought the power of monarchy too much;
Miſtaken men, and patriots in their hearts;
Not wicked, but ſeduc'd by impious arts.
By theſe the ſprings of property were bent,
And wound ſo high, they crack'd the government.
The next for intereſt ſought to embroil the ſtate,
To ſell their duty at a dearer rate;
And make their Jewiſh markets of the throne;
Pretending public good to ſerve their own.
Others thought kings an uſeleſs heavy load,
Who coſt too much, and did too little good.
Theſe were for laying honeſt David by,
On principles of pure good huſbandry.
With them join'd all th' haranguers of the throng,
That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
Who follow next a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the king;
The Solymæan rout; well vers'd of old,
In godly faction, and in treaſon bold;
Cowring and quaking at a conqueror's ſword,
But lofty to a lawful prince reſtor'd;
Saw with diſdain an Ethnic plot begun,
And ſcorn'd by Jebuſites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed theſe; who pull'd before
From th' ark, which in the judges days they bore,
Reſum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry,
Purſued their old belov'd theocracy:
Where ſanhedrim and prieſt enſlav'd the nation,
And juſtify'd their ſpoils by inſpiration:

For

For who ſo fit to reign as Aaron's race,
If once dominion they could found in grace?
Theſe led the pack; though not of ſureſt ſcent,
Yet deepeſt-mouth'd againſt the government.
A numerous hoſt of dreaming ſaints ſucceed,
Of the true old enthuſiaſtic breed:
'Gainſt form and order they their power employ,
Nothing to build, and all things to deſtroy.
But far more numerous was the herd of ſuch,
Who think too little, and who talk too much,
Theſe out of mere inſtinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their fathers God and property;
And by the ſame blind benefit of fate,
The devil and the Jebuſite did hate:
Born to be ſav'd ev'n in their own deſpite,
Becauſe they could not help believing right.
Such were the tools: but a whole Hydra more
Remains of ſprouting heads too long to ſcore.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the firſt rank of theſe did Zimri ſtand:
A man ſo various, that he ſeem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by ſtarts, and nothing long;
But, in the courſe of one revolving moon,
Was chemiſt, fidler, ſtateſman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Beſides ten thouſand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Bleſt madman, who could every hour employ,
With ſomething new to wiſh, or to enjoy!

Rail-

Railing and praiſing were his uſual themes;
And both, to ſhew his judgment, in extremes:
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In ſquandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but deſert.
Beggar'd by fools, whom ſtill he found too late;
He had his jeſt, and they had his eſtate.
He laugh'd himſelf from court; then ſought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For ſpite of him the weight of buſineſs fell
On Abſalom, and wiſe Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

Titles and names 'twere tedious to rehearſe
Of lords, below the dignity of verſe.
Wits, warriors, commonwealths-men, were the beſt:
Kind huſbands, and mere nobles, all the reſt.
And therefore, in the name of dulneſs, be
The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb free:
And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
Who made new porrige for the paſchal lamb.
Let friendſhip's holy band ſome names aſſure;
Some their own worth, and ſome let ſcorn ſecure.
Nor ſhall the raſcal rabble here have place,
Whom kings no title gave, and God no grace:
Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could ſtatutes draw
To mean rebellion, and make treaſon law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worſe,
The wretch who heaven's anointed dar'd to curſe;

Shimei,

Shimei, whoſe youth did early promiſe bring
Of zeal to God and hatred to his king;
Did wiſely from expenſive ſins refrain,
And never broke the ſabbath but for gain:
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curſe unleſs againſt the government.
Thus heaping wealth, by the moſt ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray;
The city, to reward his pious hate
Againſt his maſter, choſe him magiſtrate.
His hand a vaſe of juſtice did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
During his office treaſon was no crime;
The ſons of Belial had a glorious time:
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himſelf.
When two or three were gathered to declaim
Againſt the monarch of Jeruſalem,
Shimei was always in the midſt of them:
And if they curs'd the king when he was by,
Would rather curſe than break good company.
If any durſt his factious friends accuſe,
He pack'd a jury of diſſenting Jews;
Whoſe fellow-feeling in the godly cauſe
Would free the ſuffering ſaint from human laws.
For laws are only made to puniſh thoſe
Who ſerve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leiſure time he had from power,
Becauſe 'tis ſin to miſemploy an hour:

His buſineſs was, by writing to perſuade,
That kings were uſeleſs and a clog to trade:
And that his noble ſtyle he might refine,
No Rechabite more ſhun'd the fumes of wine.
Chaſte were his cellars, and his ſhrieval board
The groſsneſs of a city feaſt abhorr'd:
His cooks with long diſuſe their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
Such frugal virtue malice may accuſe;
But ſure 'twas neceſſary to the Jews:
For towns, once burnt, ſuch magiſtrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
With ſpiritual food he fed his ſervants well,
But free from fleſh that made the Jews rebel:
And Moſes' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of faſting in the mount.
To ſpeak the reſt, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well-breath'd witneſs of the plot.
Yet, Corah, thou ſhalt from oblivion paſs;
Erect thyſelf, thou monumental braſs,
High as the ſerpent of thy metal made,
While nations ſtand ſecure beneath thy ſhade.
What though his birth were baſe, yet comets riſe
From earthly vapours ere they ſhine in ſkies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's iſſue, as by prince's ſon.
This arch-atteſtor for the public good
By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
Who ever aſk'd the witneſs's high race,
Whoſe oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?

Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harſh and loud,
Sure ſigns he neither choleric was, nor proud:
His long chin prov'd his wit; his ſaint-like grace
A church vermillion, and a Moſes' face.
His memory, miraculouſly great,
Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never ſuch deviſe.
Some future truths are mingled in his book;
But where the witneſs fail'd, the prophet ſpoke:
Some things like viſionary flight appear;
The ſpirit caught him up the Lord knows where;
And gave him his rabbinical degree,
Unknown to foreign univerſity.
His judgment yet his memory did excel;
Which piec'd his wondrous evidence ſo well,
And ſuited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under jebuſitic crimes.
Let Iſrael's foes ſuſpect his heavenly call,
And raſhly judge his writ apocryphal;
Our laws for ſuch affronts have forfeits made:
He takes his life, who takes away his trade.
Were I myſelf in witneſs Corah's place,
The wretch who did me ſuch a dire diſgrace,
Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an appendix of my plot.
His zeal to heaven made him his prince deſpiſe,
And load his perſon with indignities.

But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
Indulging latitude to deeds and words:
And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
In terms as coarſe as Samuel us'd to Saul.
What others in his evidence did join,
The beſt that could be had for love or coin,
In Corah's own predicament will fall:
For Witneſs is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of every ſort,
Deluded Abſalom forſakes the court:
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
And fir'd with near poſſeſſion of a crown.
Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with ſurprize,
And on his goodly perſon feed their eyes.
His joy conceal'd he ſets himſelf to ſhow;
On each ſide bowing popularly low:
His looks, his geſtures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar eaſe repeats their names.
Thus form'd by nature, furniſh'd out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their ſecret hearts.
Then with a kind compaſſionating look,
And ſighs, beſpeaking pity ere he ſpoke,
Few words he ſaid; but eaſy thoſe and fit,
More ſlow than Hybla-drops, and far more ſweet.

I mourn, my countrymen, your loſt eſtate;
Though far unable to prevent your fate:
Behold a baniſh'd man for your dear cauſe
Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws!
Yet oh! that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from empire, and no more a ſon!

Now all your liberties a ſpoil are made;
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
And Jebuſites your ſacred rites invade.
My father, whom with reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into eaſe, is careleſs of his fame;
And, brib'd with petty ſums of foreign gold,
Is grown in Bathſheba's embraces old;
Exalts his enemies, his friends deſtroys;
And all his power againſt himſelf employs.
He gives, and let him give, my right away:
But why ſhould he his own and yours betray?
He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears, with that he wip'd his eyes,
'Tis all the aid my preſent power ſupplies:
No court-informer can theſe arms accuſe;
Theſe arms may ſons againſt their fathers uſe:
And 'tis my wiſh, the next ſucceſſor's reign
May make no other Iſraelite complain.

Youth, beauty, graceful action, ſeldom fail;
But common intereſt always will prevail:
And pity never ceaſes to be ſhown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd, that ſtill believe their kings oppreſs,
With lifted hands their young Meſſiah bleſs:
Who now begins his progreſs to ordain
With chariots, horſemen, and a numerous train:
From eaſt to weſt his glories he diſplays,
And, like the ſun, the promis'd land ſurveys.

Fame runs before him as the morning ſtar,
And ſhouts of joy ſalute him from afar:
Each houſe receives him as a guardian god,
And conſecrates the place of his abode.
But hoſpitable treats did moſt commend
Wiſe Iſſachar, his wealthy weſtern friend.
This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
And ſeem'd but pomp, did other ends diſguiſe;
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To ſound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The people's hearts, diſtinguiſh friends from foes;
And try their ſtrength before they came to blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a ſmooth pretence
Of ſpecious love, and duty to their prince.
Religion, and redreſs of grievances,
Two names that always cheat, and always pleaſe,
Are often urg'd; and good king David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
Thus in a pageant ſhew a plot is made;
And peace itſelf is war in maſquerade.
Oh fooliſh Iſrael! never warn'd by ill!
Still the ſame bait, and circumvented ſtill!
Did ever men forſake their preſent eaſe,
In midſt of health imagine a diſeaſe;
Take pains contingent miſchiefs to foreſee,
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
What ſhall we think? Can people give away,
Both for themſelves and ſons, their native ſway?
Then they are left defenceleſs to the ſword
Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord:

And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unqueſtion'd can thoſe laws deſtroy.
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and juſt,
And kings are only officers in truſt,
Then this reſuming covenant was declar'd
When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd.
If thoſe who gave the ſcepter could not tie
By their own deed their own poſterity,
How then could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heavenly juſtice damn us all,
Who ne'er conſented to our father's fall?
Then kings are ſlaves to thoſe whom they command,
And tenants to their people's pleaſure ſtand.
Add, that the power for property allow'd
Is miſchievouſly ſeated in the crowd:
For who can be ſecure of private right,
If ſovereign ſway may be diſſolv'd by might?
Nor is the people's judgment always true:
The moſt may err as groſsly as the few?
And faultleſs kings run down by common cry,
For vice, oppreſſion, and for tyranny.
What ſtandard is there in a fickle rout,
Which, flowing to the mark, runs faſter out?
Nor only crowds but ſanhedrims may be
Infected with this public lunacy,
And ſhare the madneſs of rebellious times,
To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
If they may give and take whene'er they pleaſe,
Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,

But government itſelf at length muſt fall
To nature's ſtate, where all have right to all.
Yet, grant our lords the people kings can make,
What prudent men a ſettled throne would ſhake?
For whatſoe'er their ſufferings were before,
That change they covet makes them ſuffer more.
All other errors but diſturb a ſtate;
But innovation is the blow of fate.
If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
To patch their flaws, and buttreſs up the wall,
Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
For all beyond it is to touch the ark.
To change foundations, caſt the frame anew,
Is work for rebels, who baſe ends purſue;
At once divine and human laws controul,
And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
The tampering world is ſubject to this curſe,
To phyſic their diſeaſe into a worſe.

Now what relief can righteous David bring?
How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
Friends he has few, ſo high the madneſs grows;
Who dare be ſuch muſt be the people's foes.
Yet ſome there were, ev'n in the worſt of days;
Some let me name, and naming is to praiſe.

In this ſhort file Barzillai firſt appears;
Barzillai, crown'd with honour and with years.
Long ſince, the riſing rebels he withſtood
In regions waſte beyond the Jordan's flood:
Unfortunately brave to buoy the ſtate;
But ſinking underneath his maſter's fate:

In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd;
For him he ſuffer'd, and with him return'd.
The court he practis'd, not the courtier's art:
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart.
Which well the nobleſt objects knew to chooſe,
The fighting warrior, and recording Muſe.
His bed could once a fruitful iſſue boaſt;
Now more than half a father's name is loſt.
His eldeſt hope, with every grace adorn'd,
By me, ſo heaven will have it, always mourn'd,
And always honour'd, ſnatch'd in manhood's prime
B' unequal fates, and providence's crime:
Yet not before the goal of honour won,
All parts fulfill'd of ſubject and of ſon:
Swift was the race, but ſhort the time to run.
Oh narrow circle, but of power divine,
Scanted in ſpace, but perfect in thy line!
By ſea, by land, thy matchleſs worth was known,
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
Thy force infus'd the fainting Tyrians prop'd:
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune ſtop'd.
Oh ancient honour! Oh unconquer'd hand,
Whom foes unpuniſh'd never could withſtand!
But Iſrael was unworthy of his name:
Short is the date of all immoderate fame.
It looks as heaven our ruin had deſign'd,
And durſt not truſt thy fortune and thy mind.
Now, free from earth, thy diſencumber'd ſoul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and ſtarry pole:

From

From thence thy kindred legions mayſt thou b
To aid the guardian angel of thy king.
Here ſtop, my Muſe, here ceaſe thy painful fli
No pinions can purſue immortal height:
Tell good Barzillai thou canſt ſing no more,
And tell thy ſoul ſhe ſhould have fled before:
Or fled ſhe with his life, and left this verſe
To hang on her departed patron's hearſe?
Now take thy ſteepy flight from heaven, and ſee
If thou canſt find on earth another he:
Another he would be too hard to find;
See then whom thou canſt ſee not far behind.
Zadoc the prieſt, whom, ſhunning power and plac
His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace.
With him the Sagan of Jeruſalem,
Of hoſpitable ſoul, and noble ſtem;
Him of the weſtern dome, whoſe weighty ſenſe
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The prophets ſons, by ſuch example led,
To learning and to loyalty were bred:
For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To theſe ſucceed the pillars of the laws;
Who beſt can plead, and beſt can judge a cauſe.
Next them a train of loyal peers aſcend;
Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muſes' friend,
Himſelf a Muſe: in ſanhedrims debate
True to his prince, but not a ſlave of ſtate;
Whom David's love with honours did adorn,
That from his diſobedient ſon were torn.

Jotl

Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant thought;
Endued by nature, and by learning taught,
To move aſſemblies, who but only try'd
The worſe a-while, then choſe the better ſide:
Nor choſe alone, but turn'd the balance too;
So much the weight of one brave man can do.
Huſhai, the friend of David in diſtreſs;
In public ſtorms of manly ſtedfaſtneſs:
By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,
And join'd experience to his native truth.
His frugal care ſupply'd the wanting throne;
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis eaſy conduct when exchequers flow;
But hard the taſk to manage well the low:
For ſovereign power is too depreſs'd or high,
When kings are forc'd to ſell, or crowds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muſe,
For Amiel: who can Amiel's praiſe refuſe?
Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without title great:
The ſanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
Their reaſon guided, and their paſſion cool'd:
So dextrous was he in the crown's defence,
So form'd to ſpeak a loyal nation's ſenſe,
That, as their band was Iſrael's tribes in ſmall,
So fit was he to repreſent them all.
Now raſher charioteers the ſeat aſcend,
Whoſe looſe careers his ſteady ſkill commend:
They, like th' unequal ruler of the day,
Miſguide the ſeaſons, and miſtake the way;

Whil

While he withdrawn at their mad labours ſmiles,
And ſafe enjoys the ſabbath of his toils.
  Theſe were the chief, a ſmall but faithful band
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to ſtand,
And tempt th' united fury of the land,
With grief they view'd ſuch powerful engines bent,
To batter down the lawful government.
A numerous faction, with pretended frights,
In ſanhedrims to plume the regal rights;
The true ſucceſſor from the court remov'd;
The plot, by hireling witneſſes, improv'd.
Theſe ills they ſaw, and, as their duty bound,
They ſhew'd the king the danger of the wound;
That no conceſſions from the throne would pleaſe,
But lenitives fomented the diſeaſe:
That Abſalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down:
That falſe Achitophel's pernicious hate
Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and ſtate:
The council violent, the rabble worſe:
That Shimei taught Jeruſalem to curſe.
  With all theſe loads of injuries oppreſt,
And long revolving in his careful breaſt
Th' event of things, at laſt his patience tir'd,
Thus, from his royal throne, by heaven inſpir'd,
The god-like David ſpoke; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their maſter hear.
  Thus long have I, by native mercy ſway'd,
My wrongs diſſembled, my revenge delay'd:

So

So willing to forgive th' offending age;
So much the father did the king aſſuage.
But now ſo far my clemency they ſlight,
Th' offenders queſtion my forgiving right,
That one was made for many, they contend;
But 'tis to rule; for that 's a monarch's end.
They call my tenderneſs of blood, my fear;
Though manly tempers can the longeſt bear.
Yet, ſince they will divert my native courſe,
'Tis time to ſhew I am not good by force.
Thoſe heap'd affronts that haughty ſubjects bring,
Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
Kings are the public pillars of the ſtate,
Born to ſuſtain and prop the nation's weight:
If my young Samſon will pretend a call
To ſhake the column, let him ſhare the fall:
But oh, that yet he would repent and live!
How eaſy 'tis for parents to forgive!
With how few tears a pardon might be won
From nature, pleading for a darling ſon!
Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care,
Rais'd up to all the height his frame could bear!
Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
He would have given his ſoul another turn:
Gull'd with a patriot's name, whoſe modern ſenſe
Is one that would by law ſupplant his prince;
The people's brave, the politician's tool;
Never was patriot yet, but was a fool.
Whence comes it, that religion and the laws
Should more be Abſalom's than David's cauſe?

His old inſtructor ere he loſt his place,
Was never thought indued with ſo much grace.
Good heavens, how faction can a patriot paint!
My rebel ever proves my people's ſaint.
Would they impoſe an heir upon the throne,
Let ſanhedrims be taught to give their own.
A king's at leaſt a part of government:
And mine as requiſite as their conſent:
Without my leave a future king to chuſe,
Infers a right the preſent to depoſe.
True, they petition me t' approve their choice:
But Eſau's hands ſuit ill with Jacob's voice.
My pious ſubjects for my ſafety pray;
Which to ſecure, they take my power away.
From plots and treaſons heaven preſerve my years,
But ſave me moſt from my petitioners.
Unſatiate as the barren womb or grave;
God cannot grant ſo much as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous eye
To guard the ſmall remains of royalty?
The law ſhall ſtill direct my peaceful ſway,
And the ſame law teach rebels to obey:
Votes ſhall no more eſtabliſh'd power controul,
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
No groundleſs clamours ſhall my friends remove,
Nor crowds have power to puniſh ere they prove;
For Gods and god-like kings their care expreſs,
Still to defend their ſervants in diſtreſs.
Oh, that my power to ſaving were confin'd!
Why am I forc'd, like heaven, againſt my mind,
To make examples of another kind?

Muſ

Muſt I at length the ſword of juſtice draw?
Oh curſt effects of neceſſary law!
How ill my fear they by my mercy ſcan!
Beware the fury of a patient man.
Law they require, let law then ſhew her face;
They could not be content to look on grace,
Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
To tempt the terror of her front and die.
By their own arts 'tis righteouſly decreed,
Thoſe dire artificers of death ſhall bleed.
Againſt themſelves their witneſſes will ſwear,
Till, viper-like, their mother plot they tear;
And ſuck for nutriment that bloody gore,
Which was their principle of life before.
Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight:
Thus on my foes, my foes ſhall do me right.
Nor doubt th' event: for factious crowds engage,
In their firſt onſet, all their brutal rage.
Then let them take an unreſiſted courſe:
Retire, and traverſe, and delude their force:
But when they ſtand all breathleſs, urge the fight,
And riſe upon them with redoubled might:
For lawful power is ſtill ſuperior found;
When long driven back, at length it ſtands the ground.
He ſaid: Th' Almighty nodding gave conſent;
And peals of thunder ſhook the firmament.
Henceforth a ſeries of new time began,
The mighty years in long proceſſion ran:
Once more the god-like David was reſtor'd,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

PART II.

" — Si quis tamen hæc quoque, ſi quis
" Captus amore leget —"

TO THE READER.

IN the year 1680 Mr Dryden undertook the poem of Abſalom and Achitophel, upon the deſire of king Charles the ſecond. The performance was applauded by every one; and ſeveral perſons preſſing him to write a ſecond part, he, upon declining it himſelf, ſpoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it; and that part beginning with

" Next theſe, a troop of buſy ſpirits preſs,"

and ending with

" To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee."

containing near two hundred verſes, were entirely Mr. Dryden's compoſition, beſides ſome touches in other places.—The preceding lines, upwards of three hundred in number, were written by Mr. Tate. The poem is here printed compleat.

ABSA-

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

SINCE men like beaſts each other's prey were made,
Since trade began, and prieſthood grew a trade,
Since realms were form'd, none ſure ſo curſt as thoſe
That madly their own happineſs oppoſe;
There heaven itſelf, and god-like kings, in vain
Shower down the manna of a gentle reign;
While pamper'd crowds to mad ſedition run,
And monarchs by indulgence are undone.
Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy faction aw'd the wanting throne.
For now their ſovereign's orders to contemn
Was held the charter of Jeruſalem,
His rights t' invade, his tributes to refuſe,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews;
As if from heavenly call this licence fell,
And Jacob's ſeed were choſen to rebel!
Achitophel with triumph ſees his crimes
Thus ſuited to the madneſs of the times;
And Abſalom, to make his hopes ſucceed,
Of flattering charms no longer ſtands in need;
While, fond of change, though ne'er ſo dearly bought,
Our tribes outſtrip the youth's ambitious thought;
His ſwifteſt hopes with ſwifter homage meet,
And crowd their ſervile necks beneath his feet.
Thus to his aid while preſſing tides repair,
He mounts and ſpreads his ſtreamers in the air.
The charms of empire might his youth miſlead,
But what can our beſotted Iſrael plead?

Sway'd by a monarch, whoſe ſerene command
Seems half the bleſſing of our promis'd land.
Whoſe only grievance is exceſs of eaſe;
Freedom our pain, and plenty our diſeaſe!
Yet as all folly would lay claim to ſenſe,
And wickedneſs ne'er wanted a pretence,
With arguments they'd make their treaſon good,
And righteous David's ſelf with ſlanders load:
That arts of foreign ſway he did affect,
And guilty Jebuſites from law protect,
Whoſe very chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay we have ſeen their ſacrificers bleed!
Accuſers' infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of ſenſe they did contain,
But ſoon they launch'd into th' unfathom'd tide,
And in the depths they knew diſdain'd to ride.
For probable diſcoveries to diſpenſe,
Was thought below a penſion'd evidence;
Mere truth was dull, nor ſuited with the port
Of pamper'd Corah when advanc'd to court.
No leſs than wonders now they will impoſe,
And projects void of grace or ſenſe diſcloſe.
Such was the change on pious Michal brought,
Michal that ne'er was cruel ev'n in thought,
The beſt of queens, and moſt obedient wife,
Impeach'd of curſt deſigns on David's life!
His life, the theme of her eternal prayer,
'Tis ſcarce ſo much his guardian angels care.
Not ſummer morns ſuch mildneſs can diſcloſe,
The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon roſe.

Neglecting each vain pomp of majeſty,
Tranſported Michal feeds her thoughts on high.
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits heaven ſometimes to bleſs the world below.
Where, cheriſh'd by her bounty's plenteous ſpring,
Reviving widows ſmile, and orphans ſing.
Oh! when rebellious Iſrael's crimes at height,
Are threaten'd with her Lord's approaching fate,
The piety of Michal then remain
In heaven's remembrance, and prolong his reign!
Leſs deſolation did the peſt purſue,
That from Dan's limits to Beerſheba flew,
Leſs fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
And leſs Jeruſalem's avenging fire.
With gentler terror theſe our ſtate o'er-ran,
Than ſince our evidencing days began!
On every cheek a pale confuſion ſat,
Continued fear beyond the worſt of fate!
Truſt was no more, art, ſcience, uſeleſs made,
All occupations loſt but Corah's trade.
Mean while a guard on modeſt Corah wait,
If not for ſafety, needful yet for ſtate.
Well might he deem each peer and prince his ſlave,
And lord it o'er the tribes which he could ſave:
Ev'n vice in him was virtue—what ſad fate
But for his honeſty had ſeiz'd our ſtate!
And with what tyranny had we been curſt,
Had Corah never prov'd a villain firſt!
T' have told his knowledge of th' intrigue in groſs,
Had been, alas, to our deponent's loſs;

The travel'd Levite had th' experience got,
To huſband well, and make the beſt of's plot;
And therefore, like an evidence of ſkill,
With wiſe reſerves ſecur'd his penſion ſtill;
Not quite of future power himſelf bereft,
But limbos large for unbelievers left.
And now his writ ſuch reverence had got,
'Twas worſe than plotting to ſuſpect his plot.
Some were ſo well convinc'd, they made no doubt
Themſelves to help the founder'd ſwearers out.
Some had their ſenſe impos'd-on by their fear,
But more for intereſt ſake believe and ſwear:
Ev'n to that height with ſome the frenzy grew,
They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.
Yet, than all theſe a viler crew remain,
Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;
Not urg'd by fear, nor through miſguided ſenſe,
Blind zeal and ſtarving need had ſome pretence,
But for the good old cauſe that did excite
Th' original rebels wiles, revenge, and ſpight.
Theſe raiſe the plot to have the ſcandal thrown
Upon the bright ſucceſſor of the crown,
Whoſe virtue with ſuch wrongs they had purſued,
As ſeem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.
Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,
The cheated crowd applaud and ſhare their guilt.
Such practices as theſe, too groſs to lie
Long unobſerv'd by each diſcerning eye,
The more judicious Iſraelites unſpell'd,
Though ſtill the charm the giddy rabble held,

Ev'n Abſalom amidſt the dazzling beams
Of empire, and ambition's flattering dreams,
Perceives the plot, too foul to be excus'd,
To aid deſigns, no leſs pernicious, us'd.
And, filial ſenſe yet ſtriving in his breaſt,
Thus to Achitophel his doubts expreſt.

Why are my thoughts upon a crown employ'd,
Which once obtain'd can be but half enjoy'd?
Not ſo when virtue did my arms require,
And to my father's wars I flew intire.
My regal power how will my foes reſent,
When I myſelf have ſcarce my own conſent!
Give me a ſon's unblemiſh'd truth again,
Or quench the ſparks of duty that remain.
How ſlight to force a throne that legions guard
The taſk to me; to prove unjuſt, how hard!
And if th' imagin'd guilt thus wound my thought,
What will it when the tragic ſcene is wrought?
Dire war muſt firſt be conjur'd from below,
The realm we'd rule we firſt muſt overthrow;
And when the civil furies are on wing
That blind and undiſtinguiſh'd ſlaughters fling,
Who knows what impious chance may reach the king?
Oh! rather let me periſh in the ſtrife,
Than have my crown the price of David's life!
Or, if the tempeſt of the war he ſtand,
In peace, ſome vile officious villain's hand
His ſoul's anointed temple may invade,
Or, preſt by clamorous crowds, myſelf be made

His murtherer; rebellious crowds, whoſe guilt
Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be ſpilt.
Which if my filial tenderneſs oppoſe,
Since to the empire by their arms I roſe,
Thoſe very arms on me ſhall be employ'd,
A new uſurper crown'd, and I deſtroy'd:
The ſame pretence of public good will hold,
And new Achitophels be found as bold
To urge the needful change, perhaps the old.
He ſaid. The ſtateſman with a ſmile replies,
A ſmile that did his riſing ſpleen diſguiſe,
My thoughts preſum'd our labours at an end,
And are we ſtill with conſcience to contend?
Whoſe want in kings, as needful is allow'd,
As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd.
Far in the doubtful paſſage you are gone,
And only can be ſafe by preſſing on.
The crown's true heir, a prince ſevere and wiſe,
Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes;
Your perſon's charms, your more prevailing arts,
And mark'd your progreſs in the people's hearts,
Whoſe patience is th' effect of ſtinted power,
But treaſures vengeance for the fatal hour,
And if remote the peril he can bring,
Your preſent danger's greater from the king.
Let not a parent's name deceive your ſenſe,
Nor truſt the father in a jealous prince!
Your trivial faults if he could ſo reſent,
To doom you little leſs than baniſhment,

What

What rage muſt your preſumption ſince inſpire!
Againſt his orders you return from Tyre.
Nor only ſo, but with a pomp more high,
And open court of popularity,
The factious tribes—And this reproof from thee?
The prince replies, O ſtateſman's winding ſkill!
They firſt condemn, that firſt advis'd the ill!
Illuſtrious youth, return'd Achitophel,
Miſconſtrue not the words that mean you well.
The courſe you ſteer I worthy blame conclude,
But 'tis becauſe you leave it unpurſued.
A monarch's crown with fate ſurrounded lies,
Who reach, lay hold on death that miſs the prize.
Did you for this expoſe yourſelf to ſhow,
And to the crowd bow popularly low!
For this your glorious progreſs next ordain,
With chariots, horſemen, and a numerous train.
With fame before you like the morning ſtar,
And ſhouts of joy ſaluting from afar?
Oh from the heights you 've reach'd but take a view,
Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!
And muſt I here my ſhipwreck'd arts bemoan?
Have I for this ſo oft made Iſrael groan?
Your ſingle intereſt with the nation weigh'd,
And turn'd the ſcale where your deſires were laid!
Ev'n when at helm a courſe ſo dangerous mov'd
To land your hopes as my removal prov'd.
I not diſpute, the royal youth replies,
The known perfection of your policies,
Nor in Achitophel yet grudge or blame,
The privilege that ſtateſmen ever claim;

Who private intereſt never yet purſued,
But ſtill pretended 'twas for others' good:
What politician yet e'er ſcap'd his fate,
Who ſaving his own neck not ſav'd the ſtate?
From hence on every humorous wind that veer'd,
With ſhifted ſails a ſeveral courſe you ſteer'd.
What from a ſway did David e'er purſue,
That ſeem'd like abſolute, but ſprung from you?
Who at your inſtance quaſh'd each penal law,
That kept diſſenting factious Jews in awe;
And who ſuſpends fixt laws, may abrogate,
That done, form new, and ſo enſlave the ſtate.
Ev'n property, whoſe champion now you ſtand,
And ſeem for this the idol of the land,
Did ne'er ſuſtain ſuch violence before,
As when your counſel ſhut the royal ſtore;
Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
But ſecret kept till your own banks ſecur'd.
Recount with this the triple covenant broke,
And Iſrael fitted for a foreign yoke;
Nor here your counſels fatal progreſs ſtaid,
But ſent our levied powers to Pharaoh's aid.
Hence Tyre and Iſrael, low in ruins laid,
And Egypt, once their ſcorn, their common terror made.
Ev'n yet of ſuch a ſeaſon can we dream,
When royal rights you made your darling theme.
For power unlimited could reaſons draw,
And place prerogative above the law;
Which on your fall from office grew unjuſt,
The laws made king, the king a ſlave in truſt:

Whom

Whom with ſtate-craft, to intereſt only true,
You now accuſe of ills contriv'd by you.
To this hell's agent—Royal youth, fix here,
Let intereſt be the ſtar by which you ſteer,
Hence to repoſe your truſt in me was wiſe,
Whoſe intereſt moſt in your advancement lies.
A tye ſo firm as always will avail,
When friendſhip, nature, and religion, fail;
On our's the ſafety of the crowd depends,
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends,
Whom I will cauſe ſo far our guilt to ſhare,
Till they are made our champions by their fear.
What oppoſition can your rival bring,
While ſanhedrims are jealous of the king?
His ſtrength as yet in David's friendſhip lies,
And what can David's ſelf without ſupplies?
Who with excluſive bills muſt now diſpenſe,
Debar the heir, or ſtarve in his defence,
Conditions which our elders never will quit,
And David's juſtice never can admit.
Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
To your ambition next he clears the way;
For if ſucceſſion once to nought they bring,
Their next advance removes the preſent king:
Perſiſting elſe his ſenates to diſſolve,
In equal hazard ſhall his reign involve.
Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's power ſo much alarms,
Shall riſe without their prince t'oppoſe his arms;
Nor boots it on what cauſe at firſt they join,
Their troops once up, are tools for our deſign.

A a

At leaſt ſuch ſubtle covenants ſhall be made,
Till peace itſelf is war in maſquerade.
Aſſociations of myſterious ſenſe,
Againſt, but ſeeming for, the king's defence:
Ev'n on their courts of juſtice fetters draw,
And from our agents muzzle up their law.
By which a conqueſt if we fail to make,
'Tis a drawn game at worſt, and we ſecure our ſtake.
He ſaid, and for the dire ſucceſs depends
On various ſects, by common guilt made friends.
Whoſe heads, though ne'er ſo differing in their creed,
I' th' point of treaſon yet were well agreed.
'Mongſt theſe, extorting Iſhban firſt appears,
Purſued by' a meager troop of bankrupt heirs.
Bleſt times when Iſhban, he whoſe occupation
So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation!
Iſhban of conſcience ſuited to his trade,
As good a ſaint as uſurer ever made.
Yet Mammon has not ſo engroſt him quite,
But Belial lays as large a claim of ſpight;
Who, for thoſe pardons from his prince he draws,
Returns reproaches, and cries up the cauſe.
That year in which the city he did ſway,
He left rebellion in a hopeful way.
Yet his ambition once was found ſo bold,
To offer talents of extorted gold;
Could David's wants have ſo been brib'd, to ſhame
And ſcandalize our peerage with his name;
For which, his dear ſedition he'd forſwear,
And ev'n turn loyal to be made a peer.

Next him, let railing Rabſheka have place,
So full of zeal he has no need of grace;
A ſaint that can both fleſh and ſpirit uſe,
Alike haunt conventicles and the ſtews:
Of whom the queſtion difficult appears,
If moſt i' th' preachers or the bawds arrears.
What caution could appear too much in him
That keeps the treaſure of Jeruſalem!
Let David's brother but approach the town,
Double our guards, he cries, we are undone.
Proteſting that he dares not ſleep in 's bed
Leſt he ſhould riſe next morn without his head.
" Next theſe, a troop of buſy ſpirits preſs,
Of little fortunes, and of conſcience leſs;
With them the tribe, whoſe luxury had drain'd
Their banks, in former ſequeſtrations gain'd;
Who rich and great by paſt rebellions grew,
And long to fiſh the troubled ſtreams anew.
Some future hopes, ſome preſent payment draws,
To ſell their conſcience and eſpouſe the cauſe.
Such ſtipends thoſe vile hirelings beſt befit,
Prieſts without grace, and poets without wit.
Shall that falſe Hebronite eſcape our curſe,
Judas that keeps the rebels penſion-purſe;
Judas that pays the treaſon-writer's fee,
Judas that well deſerves his nameſake's tree;
Who at Jeruſalem's own gates erects
His college for a nurſery of ſects.
Young prophets with an early care ſecures,
And with the dung of his own arts manures.

Who

What have the men of Hebron here to do?
What part in Iſrael's promis'd land have you!
Here Phaleg the lay-Hebronite is come,
'Cauſe like the reſt he could not live at home;
Who from his own poſſeſſions could not drain
An omer even of Hebronitiſh grain,
Here ſtruts it like a patriot, and talks high
Of injur'd ſubjects, alter'd property:
An emblem of that buzzing inſect juſt,
That mounts the wheel, and thinks ſhe raiſes duſt.
Can dry bones live? or ſkeletons produce
The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice?
Slim Phaleg could, and at the table fed,
Return'd the grateful product to the bed.
A waiting-man to traveling nobles choſe,
He his own laws would ſaucily impoſe,
'Till baſtinadoed back again he went,
To learn thoſe manners he to teach was ſent.
Chaſtiz'd he ought to have retreated home,
But he reads politicks to Abſalom.
For never Hebronite, though kick'd and ſcorn'd,
To his own country willingly return'd.
—But, leaving famiſh'd Phaleg to be fed,
And to talk treaſon for his daily bread,
Let Hebron, nay let hell produce a man
So made for miſchief as Ben-Jochanan,
A Jew of humble parentage was he,
By trade a Levite, though of low degree:
His pride no higher than the deſk aſpir'd,
But for the drudgery of prieſts was hir'd

To

To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
And pick up ſingle ſhekels from the grave.
Marry'd at laſt, but finding charge come faſter,
He could not live by God, but chang'd his maſter:
Inſpir'd by want, was made a factious tool,
They got a villain, and we loſt a fool.
Still violent, whatever cauſe he took,
But moſt againſt the party he forſook.
For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in conſcience to be double knaves.
So this proſe-prophet took moſt monſtrous pains,
To let his maſters ſee he earn'd his gains.
But, as the devil owes all his imps a ſhame,
He choſe th' apoſtate for his proper theme;
With little pains he made the picture true,
And from reflexion took the rogue he drew.
A wondrous work, to prove the Jewiſh nation
In every age a murmuring generation;
To trace them from their infancy of ſinning,
And ſhew them factious from their firſt beginning.
To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
Much to the credit of the choſen flock;
A ſtrong authority, which muſt convince,
That ſaints own no allegiance to their prince.
As 'tis a leading-card to make a whore,
To prove her mother had turn'd up before.
But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bleſs
The ſon that ſhew'd his father's nakedneſs?
Such thanks the preſent church thy pen will give,
Which proves rebellion was ſo primitive.

Muſt ancient failings be examples made?
Then murtherers from Cain may learn their trade.
As thou the heathen and the ſaint haſt drawn,
Methinks th' apoſtate was the better man:
And thy hot father, waving my reſpect,
Not of a mother-church, but of a ſect.
And ſuch he needs muſt be of thy inditing,
This comes of drinking aſſes milk and writing,
If Balack ſhould be call'd to leave his place,
As profit is the loudeſt call of grace,
His temple, diſpoſſeſs'd of one, would be
Repleniſh'd with ſeven devils more by thee.
Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
And ſhew rebellion bare, without a gown;
Poor ſlaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
Who rhyme below ev'n David's Pſalms tranſlated,
Some in my ſpeedy pace I muſt out-run,
As lame Mephibоſheth the wiſard's ſon:
To make quick way, I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten Uzza as I would the pox;
And haſten Og and Doeg to rehearſe,
Two fools that crutch their feeble ſenſe on verſe;
Who by my Muſe to all ſucceeding times,
Shall live in ſpight of their own doggrel rhymes.
Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made ſtill a blundering kind of melody;
Spurr'd boldly on, and daſh'd through thick and thin,
Through ſenſe and nonſenſe, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And in one word, heroically mad:

He

He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
But fagotted his notions as they fell,
And if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well,
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a ſatyr,
For ſtill there goes ſome thinking to ill-nature:
He needs no more than birds and beaſts to think,
All his occaſions are to eat and drink.
If he call rogue and raſcal from a garret,
He means you no more miſchief than a parrot:
The words for friend and foe alike were made,
To fetter them in verſe is all his trade.
For almonds he 'll cry whore to his own mother:
And call young Abſalom king David's brother.
Let him be gallows-free by my conſent,
And nothing ſuffer ſince he nothing meant;
Hanging ſuppoſes human ſoul and reaſon,
This animal 's below committing treaſon:
Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel?
That 's a preferment for Achitophel.
The woman that committed buggery,
Was rightly ſentenc'd by the law to die;
But 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led
The dog that never heard the ſtatute read.
Railing in other men may be a crime,
But ought to paſs for mere inſtinct in him:
Inſtinct he follows and no farther knows,
For to write verſe with him is to tranſproſe.
'Twere pity treaſon at his door to lay,
Who makes heaven's gate a lock to its own key:

Let

Let him rail on, let his invective Muſe
Have four and twenty letters to abuſe,
Which, if he jumbles to one line of ſenſe,
Indict him of a capital offence.
In fire-works give him leave to vent his ſpight,
Thoſe are the only ſerpents he can write;
The height of his ambition is, we know,
But to be maſter of a puppet-ſhow,
On that one ſtage his works may yet appear,
And a month's harveſt keeps him all the year.
Now ſtop your noſes, readers, all and ſome,
For here's a tun of midnight-work to come,
Og from a treaſon-tavern rowling home.
Round as a globe, and liquor'd every chink,
Goodly and great he ſails behind his link;
With all this bulk there's nothing loſt in Og,
For every inch that is not fool is rogue:
A monſtrous maſs of foul corrupted matter,
As all the devils had ſpew'd to make the batter,
When wine has given him courage to blaſpheme,
He curſes God, but God before curſt him;
And, if man could have reaſon, none has more,
That made his paunch ſo rich, and him ſo poor.
With wealth he was not truſted, for heaven knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
To what would he on quail and pheaſant ſwell,
That ev'n on tripe and carrion could rebel?
But tho' heaven made him poor, with reverence ſpeaking,
He never was a poet of God's making;

The

The midwife laid her hand on his thick ſkull,
With this prophetic bleſſing—Be thou dull;
Drink, ſwear and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk, do anything but write:
Thou art of laſting make, like thoughtleſs men,
A ſtrong nativity—but for the pen!
Eat opium, mingle arſenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayſt live, avoiding pen and ink,
I ſee, I ſee, 'tis counſel given in vain,
For treaſon botcht in rhyme will be thy bane,
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck:
Why ſhould thy metre good king David blaſt?
A pſalm of his will ſurely be thy laſt.
Dar'ſt thou preſume in verſe to meet thy foes,
Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in proſe?
Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'er-tops thy talent in thy very trade;
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are ſo coarſe,
A poet is, though he's the poet's horſe.
A double nooſe thou on thy neck doſt pull
For writing treaſon, and for writing dull;
To die for faction is a common evil,
But to be hang'd for nonſenſe is the devil:
Hadſt thou the glories of thy king expreſt,
Thy praiſes had been ſatyr at the beſt;
But thou in clumſy verſe, unlickt, unpointed,
Haſt ſhamefully defy'd the Lord's anointed:
I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?

But of king David's foes be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Abſalom!
And for my foes may this their bleſſing be,
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee!"
  Achitophel each rank, degree, and age,
For various ends neglects not to engage;
The wiſe and rich for purſe and counſel brought,
The fools and beggars for their number ſought:
Who yet not only on the town depends,
For ev'n in court the faction had its friends;
Theſe thought the places they poſſeſt too ſmall,
And in their hearts wiſh'd court and king to fall:
Whoſe names the Muſe diſdaining, holds i'th' dark,
Thruſt in the villain herd without a mark;
With paraſites and libel-ſpawning imps,
Intriguing fops, dull jeſters, and worſe pimps.
Diſdain the raſcal rabble to purſue,
Their ſet cabals are yet a viler crew;
See where involv'd in common ſmoak they ſit;
Some for our mirth, ſome for our ſatyr fit:
Theſe gloomy, thoughtful, and on miſchief bent,
While thoſe for mere good fellowſhip frequent
Th' appointed club, can let ſedition paſs,
Senſe, nonſenſe, any thing t' employ the glaſs;
And who believe in their dull honeſt hearts,
The reſt talk treaſon but to ſhew their parts;
Who ne'er had wit or will for miſchief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a ſet.
  But in the ſacred annals of our plot,
Induſtrious Arod never be forgot:

The labours of this midnight-magiſtrate,
May vie with Corah's to preſerve the ſtate.
In ſearch of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
On war's moſt powerful dangerous weapon, gold.
And laſt, to take from Jebuſites all odds,
Their altars pillag'd, ſtole their very gods;
Oft would he cry, when treaſure he ſurpriz'd,
'Tis Baaliſh gold in David's coin diſguis'd.
Which to his houſe with richer reliques came,
While lumber idols only fed the flame:
For our wiſe rabble ne'er took pains t'enquire,
What 'twas he burnt, ſo 't made a rouſing fire.
With which our elder was enricht no more
Than falſe Gehazi with the Syrian's ſtore;
So poor, that when our chuſing-tribes were met,
Ev'n for his ſtinking votes he ran in debt;
For meat the wicked, and as authors think,
The ſaints he chous'd for his electing drink;
Thus every ſhift and ſubtle method paſt,
And all to be no Zaken at the laſt.

Now, rais'd on Tyre's ſad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
Soar'd high, his legions threatning far and wide;
As when a battering ſtorm engender'd high,
By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the ſky,
Is gaz'd upon by every trembling ſwain,
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;
For blooming plants, and flowers new opening, theſe,
For lambs yean'd lately, and far-labouring bees:
To guard his ſtock each to the gods does call,
Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall:

Ev'n ſo the doubtful nations watch his arms,
With terror each expecting his alarms.
Where, Judah, where was now thy lion's roar?
Thou only couldſt the captive lands reſtore:
But thou, with inbred broils and faction preſt,
From Egypt need'ſt a guardian with the reſt.
Thy prince from ſanhedrims no truſt allow'd,
Too much the repreſenters of the crowd,
Who for their own defence give no ſupply,
But what the crown's prerogatives muſt buy:
As if their monarch's rights to violate
More needful were, than to preſerve the ſtate!
From preſent dangers they divert their care,
And all their fears are of the royal heir;
Whom now the reigning malice of his foes,
Unjudg'd would ſentence, and ere crown depoſe.
Religion the pretence, but their decree
To bar his reign, whate'er his faith ſhall be!
By ſanhedrims and clamorous crowds thus preſt,
What paſſions rent the righteous David's breaſt!
Who knows not how t' oppoſe or to comply,
Unjuſt to grant and dangerous to deny!
How near in this dark juncture Iſrael's fate,
Whoſe peace one ſole expedient could create,
Which yet th' extreameſt virtue did require,
Ev'n of that prince whoſe downfal they conſpire!
His abſence David does with tears adviſe
T' appeaſe their rage. Undaunted he complies;
Thus he who prodigal of blood and eaſe,
A royal life expos'd to winds and ſeas,

At once contending with the waves and fire,
And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
Inglorious now forſakes his native ſand,
And like an exile quits the promis'd land!
Our monarch ſcarce from preſſing tears refrains,
And painfully his royal ſtate maintains,
Who now embracing on th' extreameſt ſhore
Almoſt revokes what he enjoin'd before:
Concludes at laſt more truſt to be allow'd
To ſtorms and ſeas than to the raging crowd!
Forbear, raſh Muſe, the parting ſcene to draw,
With ſilence charm'd as deep as their's that ſaw!
Not only our attending nobles weep,
But hardy ſailors ſwell with tears the deep!
The tide reſtrain'd her courſe, and more amaz'd,
The twin-ſtars on the royal brothers gaz'd:
While this ſole fear—
Does trouble to our ſuffering hero bring,
Leſt next the popular rage oppreſs the king!
Thus parting, each for th' other's danger griev'd,
The ſhore the king, and ſeas the prince receiv'd.
Go, injur'd hero, while propitious gales,
Soft as thy conſort's breath, inſpire thy ſails;
Well may ſhe truſt her beauties on a flood,
Where thy triumphant fleets ſo oft have rode!
Safe on thy breaſt reclin'd her reſt be deep,
Rock'd like a Nereid by the waves aſleep;
While happieſt dreams her fancy entertain,
And to Elyſian fields convert the main!

Go, injur'd hero, while the ſhores of Tyre
At thy approach ſo ſilent ſhall admire,
Who on thy thunder ſtill their thoughts employ,
And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.
On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
Admir'd by every nation but their own;
Yet while our factious Jews his worth deny,
Their aking conſcience gives their tongue the lie.
Ev'n in the worſt of men the nobleſt parts
Confeſs him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
Whom to his king the beſt reſpects commend
Of ſubject, ſoldier, kinſman, prince, and friend;
All ſacred names of moſt divine eſteem,
And to perfection all ſuſtain'd by him,
Wiſe, juſt, and conſtant, courtly without art,
Swift to diſcern and to reward deſert;
No hour of his in fruitleſs eaſe deſtroy'd,
But on the nobleſt ſubjects ſtill employ'd:
Whoſe ſteady ſoul ne'er learnt to ſeparate
Between his monarch's intereſt and the ſtate,
But heaps thoſe bleſſings on the royal head,
Which he well knows muſt be on ſubjects ſhed.
On what pretence could then the vulgar rage
Againſt his worth and native rights engage?
Religious fears their argument are made,
Religious fears his ſacred rights invade!
Of future ſuperſtition they complain,
And jebuſitic worſhip in his reign:
With ſuch alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
With dangers fright which not themſelves believe.

Since

Since nothing can our ſacred rites remove,
Whate'er the faith of the ſucceſſor prove:
Our Jews their ark ſhall undiſturb'd retain,
At leaſt while their religion is their gain,
Who know by old experience Baal's commands
Not only claim'd their conſcience but their lands;
They grudge God's tithes, how therefore ſhall they yield
An idol full poſſeſſion of the field?
Grant ſuch a prince enthron'd, we muſt confeſs
The people's ſufferings than that monarch's leſs,
Who muſt to hard conditions ſtill be bound,
And for his quiet with the crowd compound;
Or ſhould his thoughts to tyranny incline,
Where are the means to compaſs the deſign?
Our crown's revenues are too ſhort a ſtore,
And jealous ſanhedrims would give no more.
As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid,
Not ſo has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade,
Nor ever with ſuch meaſures can comply,
As ſhock the common rules of policy;
None dread like him the growth of Iſrael's king,
And he alone ſufficient aids can bring;
Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law,
That on our ſtubborn tribes his yoke could draw,
At ſuch profound expence he has not ſtood,
Nor dy'd for this his hands ſo deep in blood;
Would ne'er through wrong and right his progreſs take,
Grudge his own reſt, and keep the world awake,
To fix a lawleſs prince on Judah's throne,
Firſt to invade our rights, and then his own;

His dear-gain'd conqueſts cheaply to deſpoil,
And reap the harveſt of his crimes and toil.
We grant his wealth vaſt as our ocean's ſand,
And curſe its fatal influence on our land,
Which our brib'd Jews ſo numerouſly partake,
That ev'n an hoſt his penſioners would make;
From theſe deceivers our diviſions ſpring,
Our weakneſs, and the growth of Egypt's king;
Theſe with pretended friendſhip to the ſtate,
Our crowd's ſuſpicion of their prince create,
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the ſpecious cry,
To guard their ſacred rights and property;
To ruin, thus the choſen flock are ſold,
While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold;
Seduc'd by theſe we groundleſsly complain,
And loath the manna of a gentle reign:
Thus our forefathers crooked paths are trod,
We truſt our prince no more than they their God.
But all in vain our reaſoning prophets preach,
To thoſe whom ſad experience ne'er could teach,
Who can commence new broils in bleeding ſcars,
And freſh remembrance of inteſtine wars;
When the ſame houſhold mortal foes did yield,
And brothers ſtain'd with brothers blood the field;
When ſons curſt ſteel the fathers gore did ſtain,
And mothers mourn'd for ſons by fathers ſlain!
When thick as Egypt's locuſts on the ſand,
Our tribes lay ſlaughter'd through the promis'd land,
Whoſe few ſurvivors with worſe fate remain,
To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign:

Which

Which ſcene of woes, unknowing, we renew,
And madly, ev'n thoſe ills we fear, purſue;
While Pharaoh laughs at our domeſtic broils,
And ſafely crowds his tents with nations ſpoils.
Yet our fierce ſanhedrim in reſtleſs rage,
Againſt our abſent hero ſtill engage,
And chiefly urge, ſuch did their frenzy prove,
The only ſuit their prince forbids to move,
Which till obtain'd they ceaſe affairs of ſtate,
And real dangers wave for groundleſs hate.
Long David's patience waits relief to bring,
With all th' indulgence of a lawful king,
Expecting till the troubled waves would ceaſe,
But found the raging billows ſtill increaſe.
The crowd, whoſe inſolence forbearance ſwells,
While he forgives too far, almoſt rebels.
At laſt his deep reſentments ſilence broke,
Th' imperial palace ſhook, while thus he ſpoke,
Then Juſtice wake, and Rigor take her time,
For lo! our mercy is become our crime.
While halting Puniſhment her ſtroke delays,
Our ſovereign right, heaven's ſacred truſt, decays!
For whoſe ſupport ev'n ſubjects intereſt calls,
Woe to that kingdom where the monarch falls!
That prince who yields the leaſt of regal ſway,
So far his people's freedom does betray.
Right lives by law, and law ſubſiſts by power;
Diſarm the ſhepherd, wolves the flock devour.
Hard lot of empire o'er a ſtubborn race,
Which heaven itſelf in vain has try'd with grace!

When

When will our reaſon's long-charm'd eyes unclose,
And Iſrael judge between her friends and foes?
When ſhall we ſee expir'd deceivers ſway,
And credit what our God and monarchs ſay?
Diſſembled patriots, brib'd with Egypt's gold,
Ev'n ſanhedrims in blind obedience hold;
Thoſe patriots falſhood in their actions ſee,
And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree;
If aught for which ſo loudly they declaim,
Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim;
Our ſenates in due methods they had led,
T' avoid thoſe miſchiefs which they ſeem'd to dread;
But firſt ere yet they propt the ſinking ſtate,
T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private hate;
Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they preſt,
But barbarouſly deſtroy'd the nation's reſt!
O! whither will ungovern'd ſenates drive,
And to what bounds licentious votes arrive?
When their injuſtice we are preſs'd to ſhare,
The monarch urg'd t' exclude the lawful heir;
Are princes thus diſtinguiſh'd from the crowd,
And this the privilege of royal blood?
But grant we ſhould confirm the wrongs they preſs,
His ſufferings yet were than the people's leſs;
Condemn'd for life the murdering ſword to wield,
And on their heirs entail a bloody field:
Thus madly their own freedom they betray,
And for th' oppreſſion which they fear make way;
Succeſſion fix'd by heaven, the kingdom's bar,
Which once diſſolv'd, admits the flood of war;

Waſte

Waſte, rapine, ſpoil, without, th' aſſault begin,
And our mad tribes ſupplant the fence within.
Since then their good they will not underſtand,
'Tis time to take the monarch's power in hand;
Authority and force to join with ſkill,
And ſave the lunatics againſt their will.
The ſame rough means that ſwage the crowd, appeaſe
Our ſenates raging with the crowd's diſeaſe.
Henceforth unbiaſs'd meaſures let them draw
From no falſe gloſs, but genuine text of law;
Nor urge thoſe crimes upon religion's ſcore,
Themſelves ſo much in Jebuſites abhor.
Whom laws convict, and only they, ſhall bleed,
Nor phariſees by phariſees be freed.
Impartial juſtice from our throne ſhall ſhower,
All ſhall have right, and we our ſovereign power.
He ſaid, th' attendants heard with awful joy,
And glad preſages their fix'd thoughts employ;
From Hebron now the ſuffering heir return'd,
A realm that long with civil diſcord mourn'd;
Till his approach, like ſome arriving God,
Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode;
The deluge check'd that to Judea ſpread,
And ſtopp'd ſedition at the fountain's head.
Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
And, chas'd from Iſrael, Iſrael's peace contrives.
The field confeſs'd his power in arms before,
And ſeas proclaim'd his triumphs to the ſhore;
As nobly has his ſway in Hebron ſhown,
How fit t' inherit godlike David's throne.

Through

Through Sion's ſtreets his glad arrival 's ſpread,
And conſcious faction ſhrinks her ſnaky head;
His train their ſufferings think o'erpaid, to ſee
The crowd's applauſe with virtue once agree.
Succeſs charms all, but zeal for worth diſtreſt
A virtue proper to the brave and beſt;
'Mongſt whom was Jothran, Jothran always bent
To ſerve the crown, and loyal by deſcent,
Whoſe conſtancy ſo firm, and conduct juſt,
Deſerv'd at once two royal maſters truſt;
Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withſtood
On ſeas, and gather'd laurels from the flood;
Of learning yet, no portion was deny'd,
Friend to the Muſes and the Muſes' pride.
Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,
Of ſteady ſoul when public ſtorms were high;
Whoſe conduct, while the Moor fierce onſets made,
Secur'd at once our honour and our trade.
Shch were the chiefs who moſt his ſufferings mourn'd,
And view'd with ſilent joy the prince return'd;
While thoſe that ſought his abſence to betray,
Preſs firſt their nauſeous falſe reſpects to pay;
Him ſtill th' officious hypocrites moleſt,
And with malicious duty break his reſt.
While real tranſports thus his friends employ,
And foes are loud in their diſſembled joy,
His triumphs ſo reſounded far and near,
Miſs'd not his young ambitious rival's ear;
And as when joyful hunters clamourous train
Some ſlumbering lion wakes in Moab's plain,

Who oft had forc'd the bold aſſailants yield,
And ſcatter'd his purſuers through the field,
Diſdaining, furls his mane and tears the ground,
His eyes enflaming all the deſart round,
With roar of ſeas directs his chaſers way,
Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray;
Such rage ſtorm'd now in Abſalom's fierce breaſt,
Such indignation his fir'd eyes confeſt;
Where now was the inſtructor of his pride?
Slept the old pilot in ſo rough a tide?
Whoſe wiles had from the happy ſhore betray'd,
And thus on ſhelves the credulous youth convey'd;
In deep revolving thoughts he weighs his ſtate,
Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle fate,
At leaſt, if his ſtorm'd bark muſt go adrift,
To baulk his charge, and for himſelf to ſhift,
In which his dextrous wit had oft been ſhown,
And in the wreck of kingdoms ſav'd his own;
But now with more than common danger preſt,
Of various reſolutions ſtands poſſeſt,
Perceives the crowd's unſtable zeal decay,
Leſt their recanting chief the cauſe betray,
Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,
And for his pardon with their heads compound.
Him therefore, ere his fortune ſlip her time,
The ſtateſman plots t' engage in ſome bold crime
Paſt pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
Or threat with open arms the royal head,
Or other daring method, and unjuſt,
That may confirm him in the people's truſt.

But

But failing thus t' enſnare him, nor ſecure
How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by as paſt his date,
And try ſome new pretender's luckier fate;
Whoſe hopes with equal toil he would purſue,
Nor cares what claimer 's crown'd, except the true.
Wake, Abſalom, approaching ruin ſhun,
And ſee, O ſee, for whom thou art undone!
How are thy honours and thy fame betray'd,
The property of deſperate villains made?
Loſt power and conſcious fears their crimes create,
And guilt in them was little leſs than fate;
But why ſhouldſt thou, from every grievance free,
Forſake thy vineyards for their ſtormy ſea?
For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow,
Love dreſs'd thy bowers, and laureis ſought thy brow,
Preferment, wealth, and power, thy vaſſals were,
And of a monarch all things but the care.
Oh ſhould our crimes again that curſe draw down,
And rebel-arms once more attempt the crown,
Sure ruin waits unhappy Abſalom,
Alike by conqueſt or defeat undone;
Who could relentleſs ſee ſuch youth and charms,
Expire with wretched fate in impious arms?
A prince ſo form'd with earth's and heaven's applauſe,
To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cauſe:
Or grant him victor, ſtill his hopes muſt fail,
Who conquering would not for himſelf prevail;
The faction whom he truſts for future ſway,
Him and the public would alike betray;

Amongſt

Amongſt themſelves divide the captive ſtate,
And found their hydra-empire in his fate!
Thus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
The pity'd youth, with ſcepters in his ſight,
So have their cruel politics decreed,
Muſt, by that crew that made him guilty, bleed!
For could their pride brook any prince's ſway,
Whom but mild David would they chuſe t' obey?
Who once at ſuch a gentle reign repine,
The fall of monarchy itſelf deſign;
From hate to that their reformations ſpring,
And David not their grievance, but the king.
Seiz'd now with panic fear the faction lies,
Leſt this clear truth ſtrike Abſalom's charm'd eyes,
Leſt he perceive, from long enchantment free,
What all beſide the flatter'd youth muſt ſee.
But whate'er doubts his troubled boſom ſwell,
Fair carriage ſtill became Achitophel.
Who now an envious feſtival enſtals,
And to ſurvey their ſtrength the faction calls,
Which fraud, religious worſhip too muſt gild;
But oh how weakly does ſedition build?
For lo! the royal mandate iſſues forth,
Daſhing at once their treaſon, zeal, and mirth!
So have I ſeen diſaſtrous chance invade,
Where careful emmets had their forage laid,
Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
Had ſeiz'd, engender'd by ſome careleſs ſwain;
Or ſwelling Neptune lawleſs inroads made,
And to their cell of ſtore his flood convey'd;

The

The commonwealth broke up, diſtracted go,
And in wild haſte their loaded mates o'erthrow;
Ev'n ſo our ſcatter'd gueſts confus'dly meet,
With boil'd, bak'd, roaſt, all juſtling in the ſtreet;
Dejecting all, and ruefully diſmay'd,
For ſhekel without treat or treaſon paid.

Sedition's dark eclipſe now fainter ſhows,
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
Of force the clouds of envy to diſperſe,
In kind conjunction of aſſiſting ſtars.
Here, labouring Muſe, thoſe glorious chiefs relate,
That turn'd the doubtful ſcale of David's fate;
The reſt of that illuſtrious band rehearſe,
Immortaliz'd in laurel'd Aſaph's verſe:
Hard taſk! yet will not I thy flight recal,
View heaven, and then enjoy thy glorious fall.

Firſt write Bezaliel, whoſe illuſtrious name
Foreſtalls our praiſe, and gives his poet fame.
The Kenites rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land;
Which for its generous natives yet could be
Held worthy ſuch a preſident as he!
Bezaliel with each grace and virtue fraught,
Serene his looks; ſerene his life and thought;
On whom ſo largely nature heap'd her ſtore,
There ſcarce remain'd for arts to give him more!
To aid the crown and ſtate his greateſt zeal,
His ſecond care that ſervice to conceal;
Of dues obſervant, firm to every truſt,
And to the needy always more than juſt.

Who truth from ſpecious falſhood can divide,
Has all the gownſmens ſkill without their pride;
Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour won,
Sees all his glories copy'd in his ſon,
Whoſe forward fame ſhould every Muſe engage:
Whoſe youth boaſts ſkill deny'd to others' age.
Men, manners, language, books of nobleſt kind,
Already are the conqueſt of his mind.
Whoſe loyalty before its date was prime;
Nor waited the dull courſe of rolling time:
The monſter faction early he diſmay'd,
And David's cauſe long ſince confeſs'd his aid.
Brave Abdael o'er the prophet's ſchool was plac'd;
Abdael with all his father's virtue grac'd;
A hero, who, while ſtars look'd wondering down,
Without one Hebrew's blood reſtor'd the crown.
That praiſe was his; what therefore did remain
For following chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That crown reſtor'd; and in this rank of fame,
Brave Abdael with the firſt a place muſt claim.
Proceed, illuſtrious, happy chief! proceed,
Foreſeize the garlands for thy brow decreed,
While th' inſpir'd tribe attend with nobleſt ſtrain
To regiſter the glories thou ſhalt gain:
For ſure the dew ſhall Gilboah's hills forſake,
And Jordan mix his ſtream with Sodom's lake;
Or ſeas retir'd their ſecret ſtores diſcloſe,
And to the ſun their ſcaly brood expoſe,
Or ſwell'd above the clifts their billows raiſe,
Before the Muſes leave their patron's praiſe.

Eliab our next labour does invite,
And hard the taſk to do Eliab right:
Long with the royal wanderer he rov'd,
And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd!
Such ancient ſervice and deſert ſo large,
Well claim'd the royal houſhold for his charge,
His age with only one mild heireſs bleſt,
In all the bloom of ſmiling nature dreſt,
And bleſt again to ſee his flower ally'd
To David's ſtock, and made young Othniel's bride!
The bright reſtorer of his father's youth,
Devoted to a ſon's and ſubject's truth:
Reſolv'd to bear that prize of duty home,
So bravely fought, while fought by Abſalom.
Ah prince! th' illuſtrious planet of thy birth,
And thy more powerful virtue guard thy worth;
That no Achitophel thy ruin boaſt;
Iſrael too much in one ſuch wreck has loſt.
Ev'n envy muſt conſent to Helon's worth,
Whoſe ſoul, though Egypt glories in his birth,
Could for our captive-ark its zeal retain,
And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp diſdain:
To ſlight his gods was ſmall; with nobler pride,
He all th' allurements of his court defy'd.
Whom profit nor example could betray,
But Iſrael's friend, and true to David's ſway.
What acts of favour in his province fall,
On merit he confers, and freely all.
Our liſt of nobles next let Amri grace,
Whoſe merits claim'd the Abethdin's high place;

Who

Who with a loyalty that did excel,
Brought all th' endowments of Achitophel.
Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
But Iſrael's ſanctions into practice drew;
Our laws, that did a boundleſs ocean ſeem,
Were coaſted all, and fathom'd all by him.
No rabbin ſpeaks like him their myſtic ſenſe,
So juſt, and with ſuch charms of eloquence:
To whom the double bleſſing does belong,
With Moſes' inſpiration, Aaron's tongue.
Than Sheva none more loyal zeal have ſhown,
Wakeful as Judah's lion for the crown,
Who for that cauſe ſtill combats in his age,
For which his youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious prieſts the cant revive;
In vain ſeditious ſcribes with libel ſtrive
T' enflame the crowd; while he with watchful eye
Obſerves, and ſhoots their treaſons as they fly:
Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect;
He undeceives more faſt than they infect.
So Moſes, when the peſt on legions prey'd,
Advanc'd his ſignal, and the plague was ſtay'd.
Once more, my fainting Muſe, thy pinions try,
And ſtrength's exhauſted ſtore let love ſupply.
What tribute, Aſaph, ſhall we render thee?
We 'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own tree!
Thy laurel grove no envy's flaſh can blaſt;
The ſong of Aſaph ſhall for ever laſt.
With wonder late poſterity ſhall dwell
On Abſalom and falſe Achitophel:

Thy ſtrains ſhall be our ſlumbering prophets dream,
And when our Sion virgins ſing their theme;
Our jubilees ſhall with thy verſe be grac'd,
The ſong of Aſaph ſhall for ever laſt.

How fierce his ſatyr loos'd; reſtrain'd, how tame;
How tender of th' offending young man's fame!
How well his worth, and brave adventures ſtil'd;
Juſt to his virtues, to his error mild.
No page of thine, that fears the ſtricteſt view,
But teems with juſt reproof, or praiſe as due;
Not Eden could a fairer proſpect yield,
All paradiſe without one barren field:
Whoſe wit the cenſure of his foes has paſt,
The ſong of Aſaph ſhall for ever laſt.

What praiſe for ſuch rich ſtrains ſhall we allow?
What juſt rewards the grateful crown beſtow?
While bees in flowers rejoice, and flowers in dew,
While ſtars and fountains to their courſe are true;
While Judah's throne and Sion's rock ſtand faſt,
The ſong of Aſaph and the fame ſhall laſt.

Still Hebron's honour'd happy ſoil retains
Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains;
Who now ſails off with winds nor wiſhes ſlack,
To bring his ſufferings' bright companion back.
But ere ſuch tranſport can our ſenſe employ,
A bitter grief muſt poiſon half our joy;
Nor can our coaſts reſtor'd thoſe bleſſings ſee
Without a bribe to envious deſtiny!
Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
Where by inglorious chance the valiant dy'd!

Giv

Give not inſulting Aſkalon to know,
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe!
No ſailor with the news ſwell Egypt's pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant dy'd!
Weep, Arnon! Jordan, weep thy fountains dry,
While Sion's rock diſſolves for a ſupply.
Calm were the elements, night's ſilence deep,
The waves ſcarce murmuring, and the winds aſleep;
Yet fate for ruin takes ſo ſtill an hour,
And treacherous ſands the princely bark devour;
Then death unworthy ſeiz'd a generous race,
To virtue's ſcandal, and the ſtars diſgrace!
Oh! had th' indulgent powers vouchſaf'd to yield,
Inſtead of faithleſs ſhelves, a liſted field:
A liſted field of Heaven's and David's foes,
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppoſe,
Each life had on his ſlaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely, and unconquering thus expir'd:
But deſtiny is now their only foe,
And dying ev'n o'er that they triumph too;
With loud laſt breaths their maſter's ſcape applaud,
Of whom kind force could ſcarce the fates defraud;
Who for ſuch followers loſt, O matchleſs mind!
At his own ſafety now almoſt repin'd!
Say, royal Sir, by all your fame in arms,
Your praiſe in peace, and by Urania's charms;
If all your ſufferings paſt ſo nearly preſt,
Or pierc'd with half ſo painful grief your breaſt?
Thus ſome diviner Muſe her hero forms,
Not ſooth'd with ſoft delights, but toſt in ſtorms.

Nor ſtretch'd on roſes in the myrtle grove,
Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights with love
But far remov'd in thundering camps is found,
His ſlumbers ſhort, his bed the herbleſs ground:
In taſks of danger always ſeen the firſt,
Feeds from the hedge, and ſlakes with ice his thirſt.
Long muſt his patience ſtrive with fortune's rage,
And long oppoſing gods themſelves engage,
Muſt ſee his country flame, his friends deſtroy'd,
Before the promis'd empire be enjoy'd:
Such toil of fate muſt build a man of fame,
And ſuch, to Iſrael's crown, the god-like David came.
What ſudden beams diſpel the clouds ſo faſt,
Whoſe drenching rains laid all our vineyards waſte!
The ſpring ſo far behind her courſe delay'd,
On th' inſtant is in all her bloom array'd;
The winds breathe low, the element ſerene;
Yet mark what motion in the waves is ſeen!
Thronging and buſy as Hyblæan ſwarms,
Or ſtraggled ſoldiers ſummon'd to their arms.
See where the princely bark in looſeſt pride,
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!
High on her deck the royal lovers ſtand,
Our crimes to pardon ere they touch'd our land.
Welcome to Iſrael and to David's breaſt!
Here all your toils, here all your ſufferings reſt.
This year did Ziloah rule Jeruſalem,
And boldly all ſedition's Syrtes ſtem,
Howe'er incumber'd with a viler pair
Than Ziph or Shimei to aſſiſt the chair;

Yet

Yet Ziloah's loyal labours ſo pevail'd
That faction at the next election fail'd,
When ev'n the common cry did juſtice ſound,
And merit by the multitude was crown'd:
With David then was Iſrael's peace reſtor'd,
Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd their lord.

KEY to ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

Abdael,	—	General Monk, Duke of Albemarle.
Abethdin,	—	The name given, thro' this poem, to a Lord-Chancellor in general.
Abſalom,	—	Duke of Monmouth.
Achitophel,	—	The Earl of Shafteſbury.
Adriel,	—	Earl of Mulgrave.
Agag,	—	Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.
Amiel,	—	Mr. Seymour, Speaker of the Houſe of Commons.
Amri,	—	Sir Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchelſea, and Lord-Chancellor.
Aunabel,	—	Ducheſs of Monmouth.
Arod,	—	Sir William Waller.
Aſaph,	—	A Character drawn by Tate for Dryden, in the ſecond Part of this Poem.
Balaam,	—	Earl of Huntingdon.
Balaak,	—	Barnet.
Barzillai,	—	Duke of Ormond.
Bathſheba,	—	Ducheſs of Portſmouth.

Benaiah,	—	General Sackville.
Ben Jochanan,		Rev. Mr Samuel Johnſon.
Bezaliel,	—	Duke of Beaufort.
Caleb,	—	Lord Grey.
Corah,	—	Dr. Oates.
David,	—	Charles II.
Doeg,	—	Elkanah Settle.
Egypt,	—	France.
Eliab,	—	Sir Hen. Bennet, E. of Arlingt
Ethnic-Plot,	—	The Popiſh-Plot.
Gath,	—	The Land of Exile, more pa cularly Bruſſels, where K Charles II. long reſided.
Hebron,	—	Scotland.
Hebrew Prieſts,		The Church of England Clerg
Helon,	—	Earl of Feverſham.
Huſhai,	—	Hyde, Earl of Rocheſter.
Jebuſites,	—	Papiſts.
Jeruſalem,	—	London.
Jews,	—	Engliſh.
Jonas,	—	Sir William Jones.
Jordan,	—	Dover.
Jotham,	—	Marquis of Halifax.
Jothran,	—	Lord Dartmouth.
Iſhboſheth,	—	Richard Cromwell.
Iſrael,	—	England.
Iſſachar,	—	Thomas Thynne, Eſq.
Judas,	—	Mr. Ferguſon, a canting Teach
Ijhban,	—	Sir Robert Clayton.
Mephiboſheth,	—	Pordage.

Michal,	—	Queen Catharine.
Nadab,	—	Lord Howard of Eſcriek.
Og,	—	Shadwell.
Phaleg,	—	Forbes.
Pharaoh,	—	King of France.
Rabſheka,	—	Sir Thomas Player.
Sagan of Jeruſalem,		Dr. Compton, Biſhop of London.
Sanhedrim,	—	Parliament.
Saul,	—	Oliver Cromwell.
Shimei,	—	Sheriff Bethel.
Sheva,	—	Sir Roger Leſtrange.
Solymean Rout,		London Rebels.
Tyre,	—	Holland.
Uzza,	—	Jack Hall.
Zadoc,	—	Sancroft, Archbiſhop of Canterbury.
Zaken,	—	A Member of the Houſe of Commons.
Zimri,	—	Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.
Ziloah,	—	Sir John Moor.

THE

THE MEDAL.

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.

EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS.

FOR to whom can I dedicate this poem, with ſo much juſtice as to you? It is the repreſentation of your own hero: it is the picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize ſo much in little. None of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landſcape of your Tower, nor the riſing ſun; nor the Anno Domini of your new ſovereign's coronation. This muſt needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party: eſpecially to thoſe who have not been ſo happy as to purchaſe the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it: all his kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder ſo inhanced, that many a poor Polander, who would be glad to worſhip the image, is not able to go to the coſt of him: but muſt be content to ſee him here. I muſt confeſs I am no great artiſt; but ſign-poſt painting will ſerve the turn to remember a friend by; eſpecially when better is not to be had. Yet, for your comfort, the lineaments are true; and though he ſat not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have conſulted hiſtory; as the Italian painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they

they have not ſeen the man, they can help their imagination by a ſtatue of him, and find out the colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have ſpared one ſide of your Medal: the head would be ſeen to more advantage if it were placed on a ſpike of the Tower, a little nearer to the ſun; which would then break out to better purpoſe.

You tell us in your preface to the No-proteſtant Plot, that you ſhall be forced hereafter to leave off your modeſty: I ſuppoſe you mean that little which is left you; for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practiſed ſuch a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an eſtabliſhed government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in thumb-rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his bones to preſerve you againſt monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the public good, but a due veneration for the perſon of the king. But all men who can ſee an inch before them, may eaſily detect thoſe groſs fallacies. That it is neceſſary for men in your circumſtances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raiſe a faction. But I would aſk you one civil queſtion, what right has any man among you, or any aſſociation of men, to come nearer to you, who, out of parliament, cannot be conſidered in a public capacity, to meet as you daily do in factious clubs, to vilify the government in your diſcourſes, and to libel it in all your writings? Who made you judges in Iſrael? Or how is it conſiſtent with your zeal for the pub-

public welfare, to promote ſedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to ſerve the king according to the laws, allow you the licenſe of traducing the executive power with which you own he is inveſted? You complain that his majeſty has loſt the love and confidence of his people; and, by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies to make him loſe them. All good ſubjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the patriots you would ſeem, you would not at this rate incenſe the multitude to aſſume it; for no ſober man can fear it, either from the king's diſpoſition or his practice; or even, where you would odiouſly lay it, from his miniſters. Give us leave to enjoy the government and benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we deſire to tranſmit to our poſterity. You are not the truſtees of the public liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a crowd, much leſs have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs; or to arraign what you do not like; which in effect is every thing that is done by the king and council. Can you imagine that any reaſonable man will believe you reſpect the perſon of his majeſty, when it is apparent that your ſeditious pamphlets are ſtuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, it is eaſy to be evinced from a thouſand paſſages, which I only forbear to quote, becauſe I deſire they ſhould die and be forgotten. I have peruſed many of your papers; and to ſhew you that I have, the third part of your No-proteſtant Plot is much of it ſtolen from your dead author's pamphlet,

let, called the Growth of Popery; as manifeſtly as Milton's Defence of the Engliſh People is from Buchanan De jure regni apud Scotos: or your firſt Covenant and new Aſſociation from the holy league of the French Guiſards. Any one who reads Davila, may trace your practices all along. There were the ſame pretences for reformation and loyalty, the ſame aſperſions of the king, and the ſame grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the hiſtorian's word, who ſays it was reported, that Poltrot a Hugonot murdered Francis duke of Guiſe, by the inſtigations of Theodore Beza, or that it was a Hugonot miniſter, otherwiſe called a Preſbyterian, for our church abhors ſo deviliſh a tenet, who firſt writ a treatiſe of the lawfulneſs of depoſing and murdering kings of a different perſuaſion in religion: but I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin, and principles of Buchanan, that they ſet the people above the magiſtrate; which, if I miſtake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries your loyalty no farther than your liking. When a vote of the houſe of commons goes on your ſide, you are as ready to obſerve it as if it were paſſed into a law; but when you are pinched with any former and yet unrepealed act of parliament, you declare that in ſome caſes you will not be obliged by it. The paſſage is in the ſame third part of the No-proteſtant Plot; and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended aſſociation, you neither wholly juſtify nor condemn; but as the papiſts, when they are unoppoſed, fly out into all the pageantries of worſhip; but in times of war,

wh

when they are hard preſſed by arguments, lie cloſe intrenched behind the Council of Trent: ſo now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination; but whenſoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintained and juſtified to purpoſe. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the ſword: it is the proper time to ſay any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time, you would fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this aſſociation, and that in the time of queen Elizabeth. But there is this ſmall difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly oppoſite to the other: one with the queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it; the other without either the conſent or knowledge of the king, againſt whoſe authority it is manifeſtly deſigned. Therefore you do well to have recourſe to your laſt evaſion, that it was contrived by your enemies, and ſhuffled into the papers that were ſeized; which yet you ſee the nation is not ſo eaſy to believe as your own jury; but the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgate who would acquit a malefactor.

I have one only favour to deſire of you at parting, that when you think of anſwering this poem, you would employ the ſame pens againſt it, who have combated with ſo much ſucceſs againſt Abſalom and Achitophel: for then you may aſſure yourſelves of a clear victory, without the leaſt reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a cuſtom, do it without wit: by this method you will gain a conſiderable point, which

it

is wholly to wave the anſwer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they ſhould be treaſon. Fall ſeverely on the miſcarriages of government; for if ſcandal be not allowed, you are no freeborn ſubjects. If God has not bleſſed you with the talent of rhyming, make uſe of my poor ſtock and welcome: let your verſes run upon my feet: and for the utmoſt refuge of notorious blockheads, reduced to the laſt extremity of ſenſe, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter deſpair of your own ſatyr, make me ſatyrize myſelf. Some of you have been driven to this bay already; but, above all the reſt, commend me to the non-conformiſt parſon, who writ the Whip and Key. I am afraid it is not read ſo much as the piece deſerves, becauſe the bookſeller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You ſee I am charitable enough to do him a kindneſs, that it may be publiſhed as well as printed; and that ſo much ſkill in Hebrew derivations may not lie for waſte-paper in the ſhop. Yet I half ſuſpect he went no farther for his learning, than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which is printed at the end of ſome Engliſh bibles. If Achitophel ſignify the brother of a fool, the author of that poem will paſs with his readers for the next of kin. And perhaps it is the relation that makes the kindneſs. Whatever the verſes are, buy them up, I beſeech you, out of pity; for I hear the conventicle is ſhut up, and the brother of Achitophel out of ſervice.

Now footmen you know have the generoſity to make a purſe for a member of their ſociety, who has had his

livery

livery pulled over his ears: and even proteſtant ſocks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A diſſenter in poetry from ſenſe and Engliſh will make as good a proteſtant rhymer, as a diſſenter from the church of England a proteſtant parſon. Beſides, if you encourage a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his ſtyle a little above the vulgar epithets of prophane, and ſawcy Jack, and atheiſtic ſcribler, with which he treats me, when the fit of enthuſiaſm is ſtrong upon him: by which well-mannered and charitable expreſſions I was certain of his ſect before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man? He has damned me in your cauſe from Geneſis to the Revelations: and has half the texts of both the Teſtaments againſt me, if you will be ſo civil to yourſelves as to take him for your interpreter; and not to take them for Iriſh witneſſes. After all, perhaps, you will tell me, that you retained him only for the opening of your cauſe, and that your main lawyer is yet behind. Now if it ſo happen he meet with no more reply than his predeceſſors, you may either conclude that I truſt to the goodneſs of my cauſe, or fear my adverſary, or diſdain him, or what you pleaſe; for the ſhort of it is, it is indifferent to your humble ſervant, whatever your party ſays or thinks of him.

THE

THE MEDAL.

OF all our antic ſights and pageantry,
Which Engliſh ideots run in crowds to ſee,
The Poliſh Medal bears the prize alone:
A monſter, more the favourite of the town
Than either fairs or theatres have ſhown.
Never did art ſo well with nature ſtrive;
Nor ever idol ſeem'd ſo much alive:
So like the man; ſo golden to the ſight,
So baſe within, ſo counterfeit and light.
One ſide is fill'd with title and with face;
And, leſt the king ſhould want a regal place,
On the reverſe, a tower the town ſurveys;
O'er which our mounting ſun his beams diſplays.
The word, pronounc'd aloud by ſhrieval voice,
Lætamur, which, in Poliſh, is rejoice.
The day, month, year, to the great act are join'd:
And a new canting holiday deſign'd.
Five days he ſat, for every caſt and look;
Four more than God to finiſh Adam took.
But who can tell what eſſence angels are,
Or how long heaven was making Lucifer?
Oh, could the ſtile that copy'd every grace,
And plough'd ſuch furrows for an eunuch face,
Could it have form'd his ever-changing will,
The various piece had tir'd the graver's ſkill!
A martial hero firſt, with early care,
Blown, like a pigmy by the winds, to war.

A beardleſs chief, a rebel, ere a man:
So young his hatred to his prince began.
Next this, how wildly will ambition ſteer!
A vermin wriggling in th' uſurper's ear.
Bartering his venal wit for ſums of gold,
He caſt himſelf into the ſaint-like mould;
Groan'd, ſigh'd, and pray'd, while godlineſs was
The lowdeſt bagpipe of the ſqueaking train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
His open lewdneſs he could ne'er diſguiſe.
There ſplit the ſaint; for hypocritic zeal
Allows no ſins but thoſe it can conceal.
Whoring to ſcandal gives too large a ſcope:
Saints muſt not trade; but they may interlope.
Th' ungodly principle was all the ſame;
But a groſs cheat betrays his partner's game.
Beſides, their pace was formal, grave, and ſlack;
His nimble wit outran the heavy pack.
Yet ſtill he found his fortune at a ſtay;
Whole droves of blockheads choaking up his way
They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
Villain and wit exact a double price.
Power was his aim: but, thrown from that pretenc
The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence;
And malice reconcil'd him to his prince.
Him, in the anguiſh of his ſoul he ſerv'd;
Rewarded faſter ſtill than he deſerv'd.
Behold him now exalted into truſt;
His counſel 's oft convenient, ſeldom juſt.

Ev'n in the moſt ſincere advice he gave
He had a grudging ſtill to be a knave.
The frauds he learn'd in his fanatic years
Made him uneaſy in his lawful gears.
At beſt as little honeſt as he could,
And like white witches miſchievouſly good.
To his firſt bias longingly he leans;
And rather would be great by wicked means.
Thus fram'd for ill, he loos'd our triple hold;
Advice unſafe, precipitous, and bold.
From hence thoſe tears! that Ilium of our woe!
Who helps a powerful friend, fore-arms a foe.
What wonder if the waves prevail ſo far
When he cut down the banks that made the bar?
Seas follow but their nature to invade;
But he by art our native ſtrength betray'd.
So Samſon to his foe his force confeſt;
And to be ſhorn, lay ſlumbering on her breaſt.
But when this fatal counſel, found too late,
Expos'd its author to the public hate;
When his juſt ſovereign, by no impious way
Could be ſeduc'd to arbitrary ſway;
Forſaken of that hope he ſhifts his ſail,
Drives down the current with a popular gale;
And ſhews the fiend confeſs'd without a veil.
He preaches to the crowd, that power is lent,
But not convey'd to kingly government;
That claims ſucceſſive bear no binding force,
That coronation oaths are things of courſe;

Maintains the multitude can never err;
And ſets the people in the papal chair.
The reaſon 's obvious; intereſt never lies;
The moſt have ſtill their intereſt in their eyes;
The power is always theirs, and power is ever wiſe.
Almighty crowd, thou ſhorteneſt all diſpute,
Power is thy eſſence; wit thy attribute!
Nor faith nor reaſon make thee at a ſtay,
Thou leap'ſt o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindaric way
Athens no doubt did righteouſly decide,
When Phocion and when Socrates were try'd:
As righteouſly they did thoſe dooms repent;
Still they were wiſe whatever way they went,
Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run;
To kill the father, and recal the ſon.
Some think the fools were moſt as times went then,
But now the world 's o'erſtock'd with prudent men.
The common cry is ev'n religion's teſt,
The Turk's is at Conſtantinople beſt;
Idols in India; popery at Rome;
And our own worſhip only true at home.
And true, but for the time 'tis hard to know
How long we pleaſe it ſhall continue ſo.
This ſide to-day, and that to-morrow burns;
So all are God-a'mighties in their turns.
A tempting doctrine, plauſible, and new;
What fools our fathers were, if this be true!
Who, to deſtroy the ſeeds of civil war,
Inherent right in monarchs did declare:

And that a lawful power might never ceaſe,
Secur'd ſucceſſion to ſecure our peace.
Thus property and ſovereign ſway at laſt
In equal balances were juſtly caſt:
But this new Jehu ſpurs the hot-mouth'd horſe;
Inſtructs the beaſt to know his native force;
To take the bit between his teeth, and fly
To the next headlong ſteep of anarchy.
Too happy England, if our good we knew,
Would we poſſeſs the freedom we purſue!
The laviſh government can give no more;
Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.
God try'd us once; our rebel-fathers fought,
He glutted them with all the power they ſought:
Till, maſter'd by their own uſurping brave,
The free-born ſubject ſunk into a ſlave.
We loath our manna, and we long for quails;
Ah, what is man when his own wiſh prevails!
How raſh, how ſwift to plunge himſelf in ill!
Proud of his power, and boundleſs in his will!
That kings can do no wrong, we muſt believe;
None can they do, and muſt they all receive?
Help, heaven! or ſadly we ſhall ſee an hour,
When neither wrong nor right are in their power!
Already they have loſt their beſt defence,
The benefit of laws which they diſpenſe.
No juſtice to their righteous cauſe allow'd;
But baffled by an arbitrary crowd.
And medals grav'd their conqueſt to record,
The ſtamp and coin of their adopted lord.

The man who laugh'd but once, to ſee an aſs
Mumbling to make the croſs-grain'd thiſtles paſs;
Might laugh again to ſee a jury chew
The prickles of unpalatable law.
The witneſſes, that leech-like liv'd on blood,
Sucking for them was med'cinally good;
But, when they faſten'd on their feſter'd ſore,
Then juſtice and religion they forſwore;
Their maiden oaths debauch'd into a whore.
Thus men are rais'd by factions, and decry'd;
And rogue and ſaint diſtinguiſh'd by their ſide.
They rack ev'n ſcripture to confeſs their cauſe,
And plead a call to preach in ſpite of laws.
But that's no news to the poor injur'd page,
It has been us'd as ill in every age;
And is conſtrain'd with patience all to take,
For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
Happy who can this talking-trumpet ſeize;
They make it ſpeak whatever ſenſe they pleaſe!
'Twas fram'd at firſt our oracle t' enquire;
But ſince our ſects in prophecy grow higher,
The text inſpires not them, but they the text inſpire.

London, thou great emporium of our iſle,
O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile!
How ſhall I praiſe or curſe to thy deſert?
Or ſeparate thy ſound from thy corrupted part?
I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will ſtand:
Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land;
Yet monſters from thy large increaſe we find,
Engender'd on the ſlime thou leav'ſt behind.

Se-

Sedition has not wholly ſeiz'd on thee,
Thy nobler parts are from infection free.
Of Iſrael's tribe thou haſt a numerous band,
But ſtill the Canaanite is in the land.
Thy military chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy diſinchanted burghers few.
The head is loyal which thy heart commands,
But what 's a head with two ſuch gouty hands?
The wiſe and wealthy love the ſureſt way,
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But wiſdom is to ſloth too great a ſlave;
None are ſo buſy as the fool and knave.
Thoſe let me curſe; what vengeance will they urge,
Whoſe ordures neither plague nor fire can purge?
Nor ſharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry heaven, nor a forgiving king!
In goſpel-phraſe their chapmen they betray;
Their ſhops are dens, the buyer is their prey.
The knack of trades is living on the ſpoil;
They boaſt ev'n when each other they beguile.
Cuſtoms to ſteal is ſuch a trivial thing,
That 'tis their charter to defraud their king.
All hands unite of every jarring ſect;
They cheat the country firſt, and then infect.
They for God's cauſe their monarchs dare dethrone,
And they 'll be ſure to make his cauſe their own.
Whether the plotting jeſuit lay'd the plan
Of murdering kings, or the French puritan,
Our ſacrilegious ſects their guides outgo,
And kings and kingly power would murder too.

What means their traiterous combination leſs,
Too plain t' evade, too ſhameful to confeſs.
But treaſon is not own'd when 'tis deſcry'd;
Succeſsful crimes alone are juſtify'd.
The men who no conſpiracy would find
Who doubts? but had it taken, they had join'd,
Join'd in a mutual covenant of defence;
At firſt without, at laſt againſt, their prince.
If ſovereign right by ſovereign power they ſcan,
The ſame bold maxim holds in God and man:
God were not ſafe, his thunder could they ſhun;
He ſhould be forc'd to crown another ſon.
Thus, when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,
The rich poſſeſſion was the murderer's own.
In vain to ſophiſtry they have recourſe:
By proving their's no plot, they prove 'tis worſe;
Unmaſk'd rebellion, and audacious force:
Which though not actual, yet all eyes may ſee
'Tis working in th' immediate power to be;
For from pretended grievances they riſe,
Firſt to diſlike, and after to deſpiſe.
Then cyclop-like in human fleſh to deal,
Chop up a miniſter at every meal:
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the king;
But clip his regal rights within the ring.
From thence t' aſſume the power of peace and war;
And caſe him by degrees of public care.
Yet, to conſult his dignity and fame,
He ſhould have leave to exerciſe the name;
And hold the cards while commons play'd the game.

For

For what can power give more than food and drink,
To live at eaſe, and not be bound to think?
Theſe are the cooler methods of their crime,
But their hot zealots think 'tis loſs of time;
On utmoſt bounds of loyalty they ſtand,
And grin and whet like a Croatian band;
That waits impatient for the laſt command.
Thus outlaws open villainy maintain,
They ſteal not, but in ſquadrons ſcour the plain:
And if their power the paſſengers ſubdue,
The moſt have right, the wrong is in the few.
Such impious axioms fooliſhly they ſhow,
For in ſome ſoils republics will not grow:
Our temperate iſle will no extremes ſuſtain,
Of popular ſway or arbitrary reign:
But ſlides between them both into the beſt,
Secure in freedom, in a monarch bleſt,
And though the climate vex'd with various winds,
Works through our yielding bodies on our minds,
The wholeſome tempeſt purges what it breeds,
To recommend the calmneſs that ſucceeds.

But thou, the pander of the people's hearts,
O crooked ſoul, and ſerpentine in arts,
Whoſe blandiſhments a loyal land have whor'd,
And broke the bonds ſhe plighted to her lord;
What curſes on thy blaſted name will fall!
Which age to age their legacy ſhall call;
For all muſt curſe the woes that muſt deſcend on all.
Religion thou haſt none: thy Mercury
Has paſs'd through every ſect, or theirs through thee.

But

But what thou giv'ſt, that venom ſtill remains;
And the pox'd nation feels thee in their brains.
What elſe inſpires the tongues and ſwells the breaſts
Of all thy bellowing renegado prieſts,
That preach up thee for God; diſpenſe thy laws;
And with the ſtum ferment their fainting cauſe?
Freſh fumes of madneſs raiſe; and toil and ſweat
To make the formidable cripple great.
Yet ſhould thy crimes ſucceed, ſhould lawleſs power
Compaſs thoſe ends thy greedy hopes devour,
Thy canting friends thy mortal foes would be,
Thy God and theirs will never long agree;
For thine, if thou haſt any, muſt be one
That lets the world and human-kind alone:
A jolly god, that paſſes hours too well
To promiſe heaven, or threaten us with hell.
That unconcern'd can at rebellion ſit,
And wink at crimes he did himſelf commit.
A tyrant theirs; the heaven their prieſthood paints
A conventicle of gloomy ſullen ſaints;
A heaven like Bedlam, ſlovenly and ſad;
Fore-doom'd for ſouls, with falſe religion, mad.
Without a viſion poets can foreſhow
What all but fools by common ſenſe may know:
If true ſucceſſion from our iſle ſhould fail,
And crowds profane with impious arms prevail,
Not thou, nor thoſe thy factious arts engage,
Shall reap that harveſt of rebellious rage,
With which thou flattereſt thy decrepit age.

The

The ſwelling poiſon of the ſeveral ſects,
Which, wanting vent, the nation's health infects,
Shall burſt its bag; and fighting out their way
The various venoms on each other prey.
The preſbyter puff'd up with ſpiritual pride,
Shall on the necks of the lewd nobles ride:
His brethren damn, the civil power defy;
And parcel out republic prelacy.
But ſhort ſhall be his reign: his rigid yoke
And tyrant power will puny ſects provoke;
And frogs and toads, and all the tadpole train,
Will croak to heaven for help, from this devouring crane.
The cut-throat ſword and clamorous gown ſhall jar,
In ſharing their ill-gotten ſpoils of war:
Chiefs ſhall be grudg'd the part which they pretend;
Lords envy lords, and friends with every friend
About their impious merit ſhall contend,
The ſurly commons ſhall reſpect deny,
And juſtle peerage out with property.
Their general either ſhall his truſt betray,
And force the crowd to arbitrary ſway;
Or they, ſuſpecting his ambitious aim,
In hate of kings ſhall caſt anew the frame;
And thruſt out Collatine that bore their name.
Thus inborn broils the factions would engage,
Or wars of exil'd heirs, or foreign rage,
Till halting vengeance overtook our age:
And our wild labours wearied into reſt,
Reclin'd us on a rightful monarch's breaſt.

" —— Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis
" Et *dici potuiſſe*, & non potuiſſe refelli."

TAR

TARQUIN AND TULLIA.

IN times when princes cancel'd nature's law,
And declarations which themſelves did draw;
When children us'd their parents to dethrone,
And gnaw their way, like vipers, to the crown;
Tarquin, a ſavage, proud, ambitious prince,
Prompt to expel, yet thoughtleſs of defence,
The envied ſceptre did from Tullius ſnatch,
The Roman king, and father by the match.
To form his party, hiſtories report,
A ſanctuary was open'd in his court,
Where glad offenders ſafely might reſort.
Great was the crowd, and wondrous the ſucceſs,
For thoſe were fruitful times of wickedneſs;
And all, that liv'd obnoxious to the laws,
Flock'd to prince Tarquin, and embrac'd his cauſe.
'Mongſt theſe a pagan prieſt for refuge fled;
A prophet deep in godly faction read;
A ſycophant, that knew the modiſh way
To cant and plot, to flatter and betray,
To whine and ſin, to ſcribble and recant,
A ſhameleſs author, and a luſtful ſaint.
To ſerve all times he could diſtinctions coin,
And with great eaſe flat contradictions join:
A traitor now, once loyal in extreme,
And then obedience was his only theme:
He ſung in temples the moſt paſſive lays,
And wearied monarchs with repeated praiſe;

But manag'd aukwardly that lawful part;
To vent foul lies and treaſon was his art,
And pointed libels at crown'd heads to dart.
This prieſt, and others learned to defame,
Firſt murder injur'd Tullius in his name;
With blackeſt calumnies their ſovereign load,
A poiſon'd brother, and dark league abroad;
A ſon unjuſtly top'd upon the throne,
Which yet was prov'd undoubtedly his own;
Though, as the law was there, 'twas his behoof,
Who diſpoſſeſs'd the heir, to bring the proof.
This helliſh charge they back'd with diſmal frights,
The loſs of property and ſacred rights,
And freedom, words which all falſe patriots uſe,
As ſureſt names the Romans to abuſe.
Jealous of kings, and always malecontent,
Forward in change, yet certain to repent.
Whilſt thus the plotters needful fears create,
Tarquin with open force invades the ſtate.
Lewd nobles join him with their feeble might,
And atheiſt fools for dear religion fight.
The prieſts their boaſted principles diſown,
And level their harangues againſt the throne.
Vain promiſes the people's minds allure,
Slight were their ills, but deſperate the cure.
'Tis hard for kings to ſteer an equal courſe,
And they who baniſh one, oft gain a worſe.
Thoſe heavenly bodies we admire above,
Do every day irregularly move;

Yet

Yet Tullius, tis decreed, muſt loſe the crown,
For faults, that were his council's, not his own.
He now in vain commands ev'n thoſe he pay'd,
By darling troops deſerted and betray'd,
By creatures which his generous warmth had made.
Of theſe a captain of the guards was worſt,
Whoſe memory to this day ſtands accurſt.
This rogue, advanc'd to military truſt
By his own whoredom, and his ſiſter's luſt,
Forſook his maſter, after dreadful vows,
And plotted to betray him to his foes;
The kindeſt maſter to the vileſt ſlave,
As free to give, as he was ſure to crave.
His haughty female, who, as books declare,
Did always toſs wide noſtrils in the air,
Was to the younger Tullia governeſs,
And did attend her, when, in borrow'd dreſs,
She fled by night from Tullius in diſtreſs.
This wretch, by letters, did invite his foes,
And us'd all arts her father to depoſe;
A father, always generouſly bent,
So kind, that ev'n her wiſhes he'd prevent.
'Twas now high time for Tullius to retreat,
When ev'n his daughter haſten'd his defeat;
When faith and duty vaniſh'd, and no more
The name of father and of king he bore:
A king, whoſe right his foes could ne'er diſpute;
So mild, that mercy was his attribute;
Affable, kind, and eaſy of acceſs;
Swift to relieve, unwilling to oppreſs;

Ri

thout taxes, yet in payment juſt;
t, that he hardly could diſtruſt;
re ſoul from labours ne'er did ceaſe,
n war, and vigilant in peace;
with traffick to enrich the land;
o protect, and ſkilful to command;
ınd ſplendid, yet without exceſs;
relieve, unwilling to diſtreſs;
how godlike muſt his nature be,
ınly fault was too much piety!
ıg remov'd, th' aſſembled ſtates thought fit
ırquin in the vacant throne ſhould ſit;
m regent in their ſenate-houſe,
h an empty name endow'd his ſpouſe,
ır Tullia, who, ſome authors feign,
er her father's corpſe a rumbling wain:
more guilty numerous wains did drive
ı her father and her king alive;
remembrance of his haſten'd fall,
to inſtitute a weekly ball.
y glutton grew in bulk and chin,
ın rapine, and enjoy'd her ſin;
cury ſhe did weak reaſon force,
'd good-nature, and cram'd down remorſe;
n ſhe drank cold tea in liberal ſups,
ɔing dame was maudling in her cups.
al Tarquin never did relent,
d to melt, too wicked to repent;
deeds, more mercileſs in will,
ſt with natural delight in ill.

From

From a wife guardian he receiv'd his doom
To walk the Change, and not to govern Rome.
He ſwore his native honours to diſown,
And did by perjury aſcend the throne.
Oh! had that oath his ſwelling pride repreſt,
Rome had been then with peace and plenty bleſt.
But Tarquin, guided by deſtructive fate,
The country waſted, and embroil'd the ſtate,
Tranſported to their foes the Roman pelf,
And by their ruin hop'd to ſave himſelf.
Innumerable woes oppreſs'd the land,
When it ſubmitted to his curs'd command.
So juſt was heaven, that 'twas hard to tell,
Whether its guilt or loſſes did excell.
Men that renounc'd their God for dearer trade,
Were then the guardians of religion made.
Rebels were ſainted, foreigners did reign,
Outlaws return'd, preferment to obtain,
With frogs, and toads, and all their croaking train
No native knew their features nor their birth,
They ſeem'd the greaſy offspring of the earth.
The trade was ſunk, the fleet and army ſpent;
Devouring taxes ſwallow'd leſſer rent;
Taxes impos'd by no authority;
Each lewd collection was a robbery.
Bold ſelf-creating men did ſtatutes draw,
Skill'd to eſtabliſh villainy by law;
Fanatic drivers, whoſe unjuſt careers
Produc'd new ills exceeding former fears.

Thy hoary noddle warns thee to return,
The treaſon of old age in Wales to mourn;
Nor think the city-poor will loſs ſuſtain,
Thy place may well be vacant in this reign.
I ſhould admit the booted prelate now
But he is even for lampoon too low:
The ſcum and outcaſt of a royal race;
The nation's grievance, and the gown's diſgrace.
None ſo unlearn'd did ere at London ſit;
This driveler does the ſacred chair beſh—t.
I need not brand the ſpiritual parricide,
Nor draw the weapon dangling by his ſide:
Th' aſtoniſh'd world remembers that offence,
And knows he ſtole the daughter of his prince.
'Tis time enough, in ſome ſucceeding age,
To bring this mitred captain on the ſtage.
Theſe are the leaders in apoſtacy,
The wild reformers of the liturgy,
And the blind guides of poor elective majeſty;
A thing which commonwealth's-men did deviſe,
Till plots were ripe, to catch the people's eyes.
Their king 's a monſter, in a quagmire born,
Of all the native brutes the grief and ſcorn;
With a big ſnout, caſt in a crooked mould,
Which runs with glanders and an inborn cold.
His ſubſtance is of clammy ſnot and phlegm;
Sleep is his eſſence, and his life a dream.
To Capreæ this Tiberius does retire,
To quench with catamite his feeble fire.

Dear catamite! who rules alone the ſtate,
While monarch dozes on his unpropt height,
Silent, yet thoughtleſs, and ſecure of fate.
Could you but ſee the fulſome hero led
By loathing vaſſals to his noble bed!
In flannen robes the coughing ghoſt does walk,
And his mouth moates like cleaner breech of hawk.
Corruption, ſpringing from his canker'd breaſt,
Furs up the channel, and diſturbs his reſt.
With head propt up the bolſter'd engine lies;
If pillow ſlip aſide, the monarch dies.

RELIGIO LAICI:

OR, A LAYMAN'S FAITH.

AN EPISTLE.

THE PREFACE.

A Poem with ſo bold a title, and a name prefixed from which the handling of ſo ſerious a ſubject would not be expected, may reaſonably oblige the author to ſay ſomewhat in defence, both of himſelf and of his undertaking. In the firſt place, if it be objected to me, that, being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myſelf with ſpeculations, which belong to the profeſſion of divinity; I could anſwer, that perhaps laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the moſt incompetent judges of ſacred things; but, in the due ſenſe of my own weakneſs and want of learning, I plead not this: I pretend not to make myſelf a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confeſſion of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark, but wait on it with the reverence that becomes me at a diſtance. In the next place I will ingenuouſly confeſs, that the helps I have uſed in this ſmall treatiſe, were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the church of England; ſo that the weapons with which I combat irreligion, are already conſecrated; though I ſuppoſe they may be taken down

as lawfully as the ſword of Goliah was by David, when they are to be employed for the common cauſe againſt the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to intitle them to any of my errors, which yet I hope are only thoſe of charity to mankind; and ſuch as my own charity has cauſed me to commit, that of others may more eaſily excuſe. Being naturally inclined to ſcepticiſm in philoſophy, I have no reaſon to impoſe my opinions in a ſubject which is above it; but, whatever they are, I ſubmit them with all reverence to my mother church, accounting them no further mine, than as they are authoriſed, or at leaſt uncondemned, by her. And, indeed, to ſecure myſelf on this ſide, I have uſed the neceſſary precaution of ſhewing this paper before it was publiſhed to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the ſervice of the church and ſtate; and whoſe writings have highly deſerved of both. He was pleaſed to approve the body of the diſcourſe, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaiſance: it is true he had too good a taſte to like it all; and amongſt ſome other faults recommended to my ſecond view, what I have written perhaps too boldly on St. Athanaſius, which he adviſed me wholly to omit. I am ſenſible enough that I had done more prudently to have followed his opinion: but then I could not have ſatisfied myſelf that I had done honeſtly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought, that heathens who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Chriſt, were yet in a poſſibility of ſalvation. Neither will it enter eaſily

into my belief, that before the coming of our Saviour the whole world, excepting only the Jewiſh nation, ſhould lie under the inevitable neceſſity of everlaſting puniſhment, for want of that revelation, which was confined to ſo ſmall a ſpot of ground as that of Paleſtine. Among the ſons of Noah we read of one only who was accurſed; and if a bleſſing in the ripeneſs of time was reſerved for Japhet (of whoſe progeny we are), it ſeems unaccountable to me, why ſo many generations of the ſame offſpring, as preceded our Saviour in the fleſh, ſhould be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their poſterity ſhould be entitled to the hopes of ſalvation: as if a bill of excluſion had paſſed only on the fathers, which debarred not the ſons from their ſucceſſion. Or that ſo many ages had been delivered over to hell, and ſo many reſerved for heaven, and that the devil had the firſt choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think, that the revealed religion which was taught by Noah to all his ſons, might continue for ſome ages in the whole poſterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Sem, is manifeſt; but when the progenies of Cham and Japhet ſwarmed into colonies, and thoſe colonies were ſubdivided into many others: in proceſs of time their deſcendants loſt by little and little the primitive and purer rites of divine worſhip, retaining only the notion of one deity; to which ſucceeding generations added others: for men took their degrees in thoſe ages from conquerors to gods. Revelation being thus eclipſed to almoſt all mankind, the light of nature as the next in

dignity was ſubſtituted; and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the rule of the heathens, and by which they are hereafter to be judged. If my ſuppoſition be true, then the conſequence which I have aſſumed in my poem may be alſo true; namely, that Deiſm, or the principles of natural worſhip, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed religion in the poſterity of Noah: and that our modern philoſophers, nay and ſome of our philoſophiſing divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our ſouls, when they have maintained that, by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one ſupreme agent or intellectual being, which we call God: that praiſe and prayer are his due worſhip; and the reſt of thoſe deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our diſcourſe, I mean as ſimply conſidered, and without the benefit of divine illumination. So that we have not lifted up ourſelves to God, by the weak pinions of our reaſon, but he has been pleaſed to deſcend to us; and what Socrates ſaid of him, what Plato writ, and the reſt of the heathen philoſophers of ſeveral nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the ſun of it was ſet in the race of Noah. That there is ſomething above us, ſome principle of motion, our reaſon can apprehend, though it cannot diſcover what it is by its own virtue. And indeed it is very improbable, that we, who by the ſtrength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any Being, not ſo much as of our own, ſhould be able to find out by them, that ſupreme nature, which we cannot

other-

otherwiſe define than by ſaying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a ſubject for our narrow underſtanding. They who would prove religion by reaſon, do but weaken the cauſe which they endeavour to ſupport: it is to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig; it is to deſign a tower like that of Babel, which if it were poſſible, as it is not, to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confuſion of the workmen. For every man is building a ſeveral way; impotently conceited of his own model and his own materials: reaſon is always ſtriving, and always at a loſs; and of neceſſity it muſt ſo come to paſs, while it is exerciſed about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at laſt to know God by his own methods; at leaſt, ſo much of him as he is pleaſed to reveal to us in the ſacred ſcriptures: to apprehend them to be the word of God, is all our reaſon has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the ſeal of heaven impreſſed upon our human underſtanding.

And now for what concerns the holy biſhop Athanaſius, the preface of whoſe creed ſeems inconſiſtent with my opinion; which is, that heathens may poſſibly be ſaved: in the firſt place I deſire it may be conſidered that it is the preface only, not the creed itſelf, which, till I am better informed, is of too hard a digeſtion for my charity. It is not that I am ignorant how many ſeveral texts of ſcripture ſeemingly ſupport that cauſe; but neither am I ignorant how all thoſe texts may receive a kinder and more mollified interpretation.

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Every man who is read in church hiſtory, knows that belief was drawn up after a long conteſtation with Arius, concerning the divinity of our bleſſed Saviour, and his being one ſubſtance with the father; and that thus compiled it was ſent abroad among the chriſtian churches, as a kind of teſt, which whoſoever took was looked on as an orthodox believer. It is manifeſt from hence, that the heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it; for it's buſineſs was not to diſtinguiſh betwixt Pagans and Chriſtians, but betwixt Heretics and true Believers. This, well conſidered, takes off the heavy weight of cenſure, which I would willingly avoid from ſo venerable a man; for if this propoſition, 'whoſoever will be ſaved,' be reſtrained only to thoſe to whom it was intended, and for whom it was compoſed, I mean the Chriſtians; then the anathema reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Chriſt, and were nothing intereſted in that diſpute. After all, I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the creed, and as far from caviling at the continuation of it in the liturgy of the church, where on the days appointed it is publicly read: for I ſuppoſe there is the ſame reaſon for it now, in oppoſition to the Socinians, as there was then againſt the Arians; the one being a Hereſy, which ſeems to have been refined out of the other; and with how much more plauſibility of reaſon it combats our religion, with ſo much more caution it ought to be avoided: therefore the prudence of our church is to be commended, which has interpoſed her authority for the recom-

recommendation of this creed. Yet to ſuch as are grounded in the true belief, thoſe explanatory creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanaſius, might perhaps be ſpared; for what is ſupernatural, will always be a myſtery in ſpight of expoſition; and for my own part, the plain apoſtles creed is moſt ſuitable to my weak underſtanding, as the ſimpleſt diet is the moſt eaſy of digeſtion.

I have dwelt longer on this ſubject than I intended, and longer than perhaps I ought; for having laid down, as my foundation, that the ſcripture is a rule; that in all things needful to ſalvation it is clear, ſufficient, and ordained by God Almighty for that purpoſe, I have left myſelf no right to interpret obſcure places, ſuch as concern the poſſibility of eternal happineſs to heathens: becauſe whatſoever is obſcure is concluded not neceſſary to be known.

But, by aſſerting the ſcripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myſelf two ſorts of enemies: the papiſts indeed, more directly, becauſe they have kept the ſcripture from us what they could; and have reſerved to themſelves a right of interpreting what they have delivered under the pretence of infallibility: and the fanatics more collaterally, becauſe they have aſſumed what amounts to an infallibility, in the private ſpirit: and have detorted thoſe texts of ſcripture which are not neceſſary to ſalvation, to the damnable uſes of ſedition, diſturbance and deſtruction of the civil government. To begin with the papiſts, and to ſpeak freely, I think them the leſs dangerous, at leaſt

leaſt in appearance, to our preſent ſtate; for not only the penal laws are in force againſt them, and their number is contemptible; but alſo their peers and commons are excluded from parliament, and conſequently thoſe laws in no probability of being repealed. A general and uninterrupted plot of their clergy, ever ſince the Reformation, I ſuppoſe all proteſtants believe; for it is not reaſonable to think but that ſo many of their orders, as were outed from their fat poſſeſſions, would endeavour a re-entrance againſt thoſe whom they account heretics. As for the late deſign, Mr. Coleman's letters, for aught I know, are the beſt evidence; and what they diſcover, without wire-drawing their ſenſe, or malicious gloſſes, all men of reaſon conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this required of me, I muſt believe it as well as I am able, in ſpight of the witneſſes, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of parliament; for I ſuppoſe the fanatics will not allow the private ſpirit in this caſe. Here the infallibility is at leaſt in one part of the government; and our underſtandings as well as our wills are repreſented. But to return to the Roman catholics, how can we be ſecure from the practice of jeſuited papiſts in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as ſome of them would impoſe upon us, but almoſt the whole body of them are of opinion, that their infallible maſter has a right over kings, not only in ſpirituals but temporals. Not to name Mariana, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santare, Simancha, and at leaſt twenty others of foreign countries; we can produce of our own nation, Cam-

Campian, and Doleman or Parſons, beſides many are named whom I have not read, who all of them atteſt this doctrine, that the pope can depoſe and give away the right of any ſovereign prince, "ſi vel paulumde flexeret," if he ſhall never ſo little warp: but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from ſubjects; and they may and ought to drive him like another Nebuchadnezzar, "ex hominum "Chriſtianorum dominatu," from exerciſing dominion over chriſtians; and to this they are bound by virtue of divine precept, and by all the ties of conſcience, under no leſs penalty than damnation. If they anſwer me, as a learned prieſt has lately written, that this doctrine of the jeſuits is not "de fide;" and that conſequently they are not obliged by it, they muſt pardon me, if I think they have ſaid nothing to the purpoſe; for it is a maxim in their church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they pleaſe; but more ſafely the moſt received and moſt authorized. And their champion Bellarmine has told the world, in his apology, that the king of England is a vaſſal to the pope, "ratione directi Domini," and that he holds in villanage of his Roman landlord. Which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentic witneſſes, that king John was depoſed by the ſame plea, and Philip Auguſtus admitted tenant. And which makes the more for Bellarmine, the French king was again ejected when our king ſubmitted to the church, and the crown was received under the ſordid condition of a vaſſalage.

It is not ſufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning papiſts, of which I doubt not there are many, to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late king, and to declare their innocency in this plot: I will grant their behaviour in the firſt, to have been as loyal and as brave as they deſire; and will be willing to hold them excuſed as to the ſecond, I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for it is a madneſs to be ſober alone, while the nation continues drunk: but that ſaying of their father Creſ. is ſtill running in my head, that they may be diſpenſed with in their obedience to an heretic prince, while the neceſſity of the times ſhall oblige them to it: for that, as another of them tells us, is only the effect of chriſtian prudence; but when once they ſhall get power to ſhake him off, an heretic is no lawful king, and conſequently to riſe againſt him is no rebellion. I ſhould be glad, therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our church; namely, that they would join in a public act of diſowning and deteſting thoſe jeſuitic principles; and ſubſcribe to all doctrines which deny the pope's authority of depoſing kings, and releaſing ſubjects from their oath of allegiance: to which I ſhould think they might eaſily be induced, if it be true that this preſent pope has condemned the doctrine of king-killing, a theſis of the jeſuits maintained, amongſt others, "ex cathedra," as they call it, or in open conſiſtory.

Leaving them therefore in ſo fair a way, if they pleaſe themſelves, of ſatisfying all reaſonable men of their ſincerity and good meaning to the gover-

vernment, I ſhall make bold to conſider that other extreme in our religion, I mean the fanatics, or ſchiſmatics, of the Engliſh church. Since the Bible has been tranſlated into our tongue, they have uſed it ſo, as if their buſineſs was not to be ſaved but to be damned by its contents. If we conſider only them, better had it been for the Engliſh nation, that it had ſtill remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at leaſt in the honeſt Latin of St. Jerome, than that ſeveral texts in it ſhould have been prevaricated to the deſtruction of that government, which put it into ſo ungrateful hands.

How many hereſies the firſt tranſlation of Tindal produced in few years, let my lord Herbert's hiſtory of Henry the Eighth inform you; inſomuch, that for the groſs errors in it, and the great miſchiefs it occaſioned, a ſentence paſſed on the firſt edition of the Bible, too ſhameful almoſt to be repeated. After the ſhort reign of Edward the Sixth, who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun, every one knows that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whoſe conſciences would not diſpenſe with popery, were forced, for fear of perſecution, to change climates: from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinons and imperious diſcipline of Calvin, to graft upon our reformation. Which, though they cunningly concealed at firſt, as well knowing how nauſeouſly that drug would go down in a lawful monarchy, which was preſcribed for a rebellious common-

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wealth, yet they always kept it in reſerve; and w never wanting to themſelves either in court or par ment, when either they had any proſpect of a numer party of fanatic members of the one, or the encoura ment of any favourite in the other, whoſe covetouſ was gaping at the patrimony of the church. They v will conſult the works of our venerable Hooker, or account of his life, or more particularly the letter w ten to him on this ſubject, by George Cranmer, n ſee by what gradations they proceeded; from the diſ of cap and ſurplice, the very next ſtep was admoniti to the parliament againſt the whole government ec ſiaſtical: then came out volumes in Engliſh and La in defence of their tenets: and immediately practi were ſet on foot to erect their diſcipline without aut rity. Thoſe not ſucceeding, ſatire and railing was next: and Martin Mar-prelate, the Marvel of th times, was the firſt preſbyterian ſcribler, who ſanctif libels and ſcurrility to the uſe of the good old cat Which was done, ſays my author, upon this accou that, their ſerious treatiſes having been fully anſwe and refuted, they might compaſs by railing what th had loſt by reaſoning; and, when their cauſe was ſu in court and parliament, they might at leaſt hedge i ſtake amongſt the rabble: for to their ignorance things are wit which are abuſive; but if church a ſtate were made the theme, then the doctoral degree wit was to be taken at Billingſgate: even the m ſaintlike of the party, though they durſt not excuſe th contempt and vilifying of the government, yet w

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pleaſed, and grinned at it with a pious ſmile; and called it a judgment of God againſt the hierarchy. Thus ſectaries, we may ſee, were born with teeth, foul-mouthed and ſcurrilous from their infancy: and if ſpiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of ſuperiors, and ſlander, had been the marks of orthodox belief; the preſbytery and the reſt of our ſchiſmatics, which are their ſpawn, were always the moſt viſible church in the chriſtian world.

It is true, the government was too ſtrong at that time for a rebellion; but to ſhew what proficiency they had made in Calvin's ſchool, even then their mouths watered at it: for two of their gifted brotherhood, Hacket and Coppinger, as the ſtory tells us, got up into a peaſe-cart and harangued the people, to diſpoſe them to an inſurrection, and to eſtabliſh their diſcipline by force: ſo that however it comes about, that now they celebrate queen Elizabeth's birth-night, as that of their ſaint and patroneſs; yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms againſt her; and in all probability they wanted but a fanatic lord mayor and two ſheriffs of their party, to have compaſſed it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them, towards the end of his preface, breaks out into this prophetic ſpeech. "There 'is in every one of theſe conſiderations moſt juſt cauſe 'to fear, leſt our haſtineſs to embrace a thing of ſo pe-'rilous conſequence, meaning the preſbyterian diſci-'pline, ſhould cauſe poſterity to feel thoſe evils, which 'as yet are more eaſy for us to prevent, than they 'would be for them to remedy."

How fatally this Caſſandra has foretold, we kno well by ſad experience: the ſeeds were ſown i time of queen Elizabeth, the bloody harveſt ripe the reign of king Charles the Martyr: and becau the ſheaves could not be carried off without ſhe ſome of the looſe grains, another crop is too l follow; nay, I fear it is unavoidable if the convent be permitted ſtill to ſcatter.

A man may be ſuffered to quote an adverſary t religion, when he ſpeaks truth: and it is the obſ tion of Maimbourg, in his Hiſtory of Calviniſm, wherever that diſcipline was planted and embraced bellion, civil war, and miſery, attended it. And indeed ſhould it happen otherwiſe? Reformatio church and ſtate has always been the ground of ot viſions in England. While we were papiſts, our father rid us, by pretending authority out of the tures to depoſe princes; when we ſhook off his a rity, the ſectaries furniſhed themſelves with the weapons; and out of the ſame magazine, the E ſo that the ſcriptures, which are in themſelves the g eſt ſecurity of governors, as commanding expreſs dience to them, are now turned to their deſtruc and never, ſince the Reformation, has there wan text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. A is to be noted by the way, that the doctrines of l killing and depoſing, which have been taken up by the worſt party of the papiſts, the moſt fron flatterers of the pope's authority, have been eſpo defended, and are ſtill maintained by the whole bo

nonconformiſts and republicans. It is but dubbing themſelves the people of God, which it is the intereſt of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own intereſt to believe; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or another will turn up for their purpoſe: if they are under perſecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election; if they flouriſh, then God works miracles for their deliverance, and the ſaints are to poſſeſs the earth.

They may think themſelves to be too roughly handled in this paper; but I, who know beſt how far I could have gone on this ſubject, muſt be bold to tell them they are ſpared: though at the ſame time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildneſs of a writer to them, as they do the mercy of the government; in the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakneſs in the other. The beſt way for them to confute me is, as I before adviſed the Papiſts, to diſclaim their principles and renounce their practices. We ſhall all be glad to think them true Engliſhmen when they obey the king, and true Proteſtants when they conform to the church-diſcipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader, that theſe verſes were written for an ingenious young gentleman my friend, upon his tranſlation of the critical hiſtory of the old teſtament, compoſed by the learned father Simon: the verſes therefore are addreſſed to the tranſlator of that work, and the ſtyle of them is, what it ought to be, epiſtolary.

If any one be ſo lamentable a critic as to require the

ſmoothneſs, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry in this poem; I muſt tell him, that if he has not read Horace, I have ſtudied him, and hope the ſtyle of his epiſtles is not ill imitated here. The expreſſions of a poem deſigned purely for inſtruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majeſtic: for here the poet is preſumed to be a kind of lawgiver; and thoſe three qualities which I have named, are proper to the legiſlative ſtyle. The florid, elevated, and figurative way is for the paſſions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the ſoul, by ſhewing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life, or leſs: but inſtruction is to be given by ſhewing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into paſſion, but to be reaſoned into truth.

RELIGIO LAICI.

AN EPISTLE.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and ſtars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is reaſon to the ſoul: and as on high,
Thoſe rolling fires diſcover but the ſky,
Not light us here; ſo reaſon's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to aſſure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as thoſe nightly tapers diſappear
When day's bright lord aſcends our hemiſphere;
So pale grows reaſon at religion's ſight;
So dies, and ſo diſſolves in ſupernatural light.

Some few, whoſe lamp ſhone brighter, have been led
From cauſe to cauſe, to nature's ſecret head;
And found that one firſt principle muſt be:
But what, or who, that univerſal He;
Whether ſome ſoul incompaſſing this ball
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all;
Or various atoms, interfering dance,
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;
Or this great all was from eternity;
Not ev'n the Stagirite himſelf could ſee;
And Epicurus gueſs'd as well as he;
As blindly grop'd they for a future ſtate;
As raſhly judg'd of providence and fate:
But leaſt of all could their endeavours find
What moſt concern'd the good of human kind:
For happineſs was never to be found;
But vaniſh'd from them like enchanted ground.
One thought content the good to be enjoy'd:
This every little accident deſtroy'd:
The wiſer madmen did for virtue toil:
A thorny, or at beſt a barren ſoil:
In pleaſure ſome their glutton ſouls would ſteep;
But found their line too ſhort, the well too deep;
And leaky veſſels which no bliſs could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endleſs circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the ſoul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:
How can the leſs the greater comprehend?
Or finite reaſon reach Infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than He.

The Deiſt thinks he ſtands on firmer ground;
Cries εὕρηκα, the mighty ſecret 's found:
God is that ſpring of good; ſupreme, and beſt;
We made to ſerve, and in that ſervice bleſt.
If ſo, ſome rules of worſhip muſt be given,
Diſtributed alike to all by heaven:
Elſe God were partial, and to ſome deny'd
The means his juſtice ſhould for all provide.
This general worſhip is to praiſe and pray:
One part to borrow bleſſings, one to pay:
And when frail nature ſlides into offence,
The ſacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet, ſince the effects of providence, we find,
Are variouſly diſpens'd to human kind;
That vice triumphs, and virtue ſuffers here,
A brand that ſovereign juſtice cannot bear;
Our reaſon prompts us to a future ſtate:
The laſt appeal from fortune and from fate:
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;
The bad meet puniſhment, the good reward.

Thus man by his own ſtrength to heaven would!
And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain wretched creature, how art thou miſled
To think thy wit theſe god-like notions bred!
Theſe truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd religion firſt inform'd thy ſight,
And reaſon ſaw not till faith ſprung the light.
Hence all thy natural worſhip takes the ſource:
'Tis revelation what thou think'ſt diſcourſe.

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Elſe how com'ſt thou to ſee theſe truths ſo clear,
Which ſo obſcure to heathens did appear?
Not Plato theſe, nor Ariſtotle found:
Nor he whoſe wiſdom oracles renown'd.
Haſt thou a wit ſo deep, or ſo ſublime,
Or canſt thou lower dive, or higher climb?
Canſt thou by reaſon more of godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Thoſe giant wits in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
Knew no ſuch ſyſtem: no ſuch piles could raiſe
Of natural worſhip, built on prayer and praiſe
To one ſole God.
Nor did remorſe to expiate ſin preſcribe:
But ſlew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltleſs victim groan'd for their offence;
And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If ſheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might ſin!
And great oppreſſors might heaven's wrath beguile,
By offering his own creatures for a ſpoil!
Dar'ſt thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
And muſt the terms of peace be given by thee?
Then thou art Juſtice in the laſt appeal;
Thy eaſy God inſtructs thee to rebel:
And, like a king remote and weak, muſt take
What ſatisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
But if there be a power too juſt and ſtrong,
To wink at crimes, and bear unpuniſh'd wrong;

Look humbly upward, ſee his will diſcloſe
The forfeit firſt, and then the fine impoſe:
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wiſdom found the way:
And with celeſtial wealth ſupply'd thy ſtore:
His juſtice makes the fine, his mercy quits the ſcore.
See God deſcending in thy human frame;
Th' offended ſuffering in th' offender's name:
All thy miſdeeds to him imputed ſee,
And all his righteouſneſs devolv'd on thee.
For, granting we have ſinn'd, and that th' offence
Of man is made againſt Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion muſt be paid;
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deiſt loſt: remorſe for vice,
Not paid; or, paid, inadequate in price:
What farther means can reaſon now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect?
That ſhews us ſick; and ſadly are we ſure
Still to be ſick, till heaven reveal the cure:
If then heaven's will muſt needs be underſtood,
Which muſt, if we want cure, and heaven be good,
Let all records of will reveal'd be ſhown;
With ſcripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one ſacred book will be that one.
Proof needs not here; for whether we compare
That impious, idle, ſuperſtitious ware
Of rites, luſtrations, offerings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,

With

With chriſtian faith and virtues, we ſhall find
None anſwering the great ends of human kind
But this one rule of life, that ſhews us beſt
How God may be appeas'd, and mortals bleſt.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The word is ſcarce more ancient than the law:
Heaven's early care preſcrib'd for every age;
Firſt, in the ſoul, and after, in the page.
Or, whether more abſtractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book,
Whence, but from heaven, could men unſkill'd in arts,
In ſeveral ages born, in ſeveral parts,
Weave ſuch agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conſpire to cheat us with a lye?
Unaſk'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.
If on the book itſelf we caſt our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the ſtory true:
The doctrine, miracles; which muſt convince,
For heaven in them appeals to human ſenſe:
And though they prove not, they confirm the cauſe,
When what is taught agrees with nature's laws.
Then for the ſtile, majeſtic and divine,
It ſpeaks no leſs than God in every line:
Commanding words; whoſe force is ſtill the ſame
As the firſt fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beſide, or did by arms aſcend;
Or ſenſe indulg'd has made mankind their friend:
This only doctrine does our luſts oppoſe:
Unfed by nature's ſoil, in which it grows;

Croſs

Croſs to our intereſts, curbing ſenſe and ſin;
Oppreſs'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives through pain; it's own tormentors tires;
And with a ſtubborn patience ſtill aſpires.
To what can reaſon ſuch effects aſſign
Tranſcending nature, but to laws divine;
Which in that ſacred volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that uſe ordain'd?
But ſtay: the deiſt here will urge anew,
No ſupernatural worſhip can be true:
Becauſe a general law is that alone
Which muſt to all, and every where, be known:
A ſtile ſo large as not this book can claim,
Nor ought that bears reveal'd religion's name.
'Tis ſaid the ſound of a Meſſiah's birth
Is gone through all the habitable earth:
But ſtill that text muſt be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known:
And what proviſion could from thence accrue
To Indian ſouls, and worlds diſcover'd new?
In other parts it helps, that ages paſt,
The ſcriptures there were known, and were embrac'd,
Till ſin ſpread once again the ſhades of night:
What 's that to theſe, who never ſaw the light?
Of all objections this indeed is chief
To ſtartle reaſon, ſtagger frail belief:
We grant, 'tis true, that heaven from human ſenſe
Has hid the ſecret paths of providence:
But boundleſs wiſdom, boundleſs mercy, may
Find ev'n for thoſe bewilder'd ſouls, a way:

If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may ſtrangers who ne'er heard his name.
And though no name be for ſalvation known,
But that of his eternal Son's alone;
Who knows how far tranſcending goodneſs can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reaſons may his mercy lead;
Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the beſt,
But more the great apoſtle has expreſt:
"That if the Gentiles, whom no law inſpir'd;
By nature did what was by law requir'd;
They, who the written rule had never known,
Were to themſelves both rule and law alone:
To nature's plain indictment they ſhall plead;
And by their conſcience be condemn'd or freed."
Moſt righteous doom! becauſe a rule reveal'd
Is none to thoſe from whom it was conceal'd.
Then thoſe who follow'd reaſon's dictates right;
Liv'd up, and lifted high their natural light;
With Socrates may ſee their Maker's face,
While thouſand rubric-martyrs want a place.
Nor does it baulk my charity, to find
Th' Egyptian biſhop of another mind:
For though his creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endleſs pains
All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd;
Unleſs he firſt could prove he was inſpir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to ſay
This faith, where publiſh'd, was the only way;

Or elſe conclude that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in diſpute,
Flew high; and as his chriſtian fury roſe
Damn'd all for heretics who durſt oppoſe.
Thus far my charity this path has try'd;
A much unſkilful, but well-meaning guide:
Yet what they are, ev'n theſe crude thoughts were b
By reading that which better thou haſt read.
Thy matchleſs author's work: which thou, my frie
By well tranſlating better doſt commend:
Thoſe youthful hours which, of thy equals moſt
In toys have ſquander'd, or in vice have loſt,
Thoſe hours haſt thou to nobler uſe employ'd;
And the ſevere delights of truth enjoy'd.
Witneſs this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author, in the ſifting care
Of rabbins old ſophiſticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can ſort
May afterwards make algebra a ſport.
A treaſure, which if country-curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy:
Save pains in various readings, and tranſlations;
And without Hebrew make moſt learn'd quotations
A work ſo full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet ſo ſtrongly wrought,
As nature's height and art's laſt hand requir'd:
As much as man could compaſs, uninſpir'd.
Where we may ſee what errors have been made
Both in the copyers and tranſlators trade:

]

How Jewiſh, Popiſh, intereſts have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.
For ſome, who have his ſecret meaning gueſs'd,
Have found our author not too much a prieſt:
For faſhion-ſake he ſeems to have recourſe
To pope, and councils, and traditions force:
But he that old traditions could ſubdue,
Could not but find the weakneſs of the new:
If ſcripture, though deriv'd from heavenly birth,
Has been but careleſsly preſerv'd on earth;
If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more,
In fuller terms, of heaven's aſſiſting care,
And who did neither time nor ſtudy ſpare
To keep this book untainted, unperplext,
Let in groſs errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the ſenſe,
With vain traditions ſtopt the gaping fence,
Which every common hand pull'd up with eaſe:
What ſafety from ſuch bruſhwood-helps as theſe?
If written words from time are not ſecur'd,
How can we think have oral ſounds endur'd?
Which thus tranſmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lyes on ages are intail'd:
And that ſome ſuch have been, is prov'd too plain;
If we conſider intereſt, church, and gain.
O but, ſays one, tradition ſet aſide,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide?
For ſince th' original ſcripture has been loſt,
All copies diſagreeing, maim'd the moſt,

Or chriſtian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in church-tradition muſt be found.
Such an omniſcient church we wiſh indeed;
'Twere worth both Teſtaments; caſt in the creed:
But if this mother be a guide ſo ſure,
As can all doubts reſolve, all truth ſecure,
Then her infallibility, as well
Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell;
Reſtore loſt canon with as little pains,
As truly explicate what ſtill remains:
Which yet no council dare pretend to do;
Unleſs like Eſdras they could write it new;
Strange confidence ſtill to interpret true,
Yet not be ſure that all they have explain'd
Is in the bleſt original contain'd.
More ſafe, and much more modeſt 'tis, to ſay
God would not leave mankind without a way:
And that the ſcriptures, though not every where
Free from corruption, or intire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, ſufficient, clear, intire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the ſame glaſs better ſee,
'Tis for themſelves they look, but not for me:
For my ſalvation muſt its doom receive,
Not from what others but what I believe.
Muſt all tradition then be ſet aſide?
This to affirm, were ignorance or pride.'
Are there not many points, ſome needful ſure
To ſaving faith, that ſcripture leaves obſcure?
Which every ſect will wreſt a ſeveral way,
For what one ſect interprets, all ſects may:

hold, and ſay we prove from ſcripture plain,
: Chriſt is God; the bold Socinian
ı the ſame ſcripture urges he 's but man.
what appeal can end th' important ſuit?
parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.
all I ſpeak plain. and in a nation free
ıne an honeſt layman's liberty?
ık, according to my little ſkill,
ny own mother-church ſubmitting ſtill,
: many have been ſav'd, and many may,
ı never heard this queſtion brought in play.
ınletter'd Chriſtian, who believes in groſs,
s on to heaven; and ne'er is at a loſs:
he ſtreight-gate would be made ſtreighter yet,
: none admitted there but men of wit.
few by nature form'd, with learning fraught,
to inſtruct, as others to be taught,
: ſtudy well the ſacred page; and ſee
ch doctrine, this or that, does beſt agree
ı the whole tenor of the work divine:
plainlieſt points to heaven's reveal'd deſign:
:h expoſition flows from genuine ſenſe:
which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
:hat tradition's parts are uſeleſs here:
n general, old, diſintereſted, and clear:
ancient Fathers thus expound the page,
s truth the reverend majeſty of age:
irms its force by bideing every teſt;
)eſt authorities next rules, are beſt.

And

And ſtill the nearer to the ſpring we go
More limpid, more unſoil'd, the waters flow.
Thus firſt traditions were a proof alone;
Could we be certain ſuch they were, ſo known:
But ſince ſome flaws in long deſcent may be,
They make not truth, but probability.
Ev'n Arius and Pelagius durſt provoke
To what the centuries preceding ſpoke.
Such difference is there in an oft-told tale:
But truth by its own ſinews will prevail.
Tradition written therefore more commends
Authority, than what from voice deſcends:
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the ſacred hiſtory:
Which, from the univerſal church receiv'd,
Is try'd, and after, for itſelf believ'd.

The partial Papiſts would infer from hence
Their church, in laſt reſort, ſhould judge the ſenſe.
But firſt they would aſſume with wonderous art,
Themſelves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vaſt frame the church; yet grant they were
The handers-down, can they from thence infer
A right t'interpret? or would they alone,
Who brought the preſent, claim it for their own?
The book 's a common largeſs to mankind;
Not more for them than every man deſign'd:
The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier 's not commiſſion'd to expound.
It ſpeaks itſelf, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known is plain.

imes o'ergrown with ruſt and ignorance,
ıful trade their clergy did advance:
want of learning kept the laymen low,
one but prieſts were authoriz'd to know:
what ſmall knowledge was, in them did dwell;
e a God who could but read and ſpell;
mother church did mightily prevail:
rcel'd out the Bible by retail:
ll expounded what ſhe ſold or gave;
ep it in her power to damn and ſave:
ıre was ſcarce, and, as the market went,
aymen took ſalvation on content;
edy men take money good or bad:
word they had not, but the prieſt's they had.
hate'er falſe conveyances they made,
ıwyer ſtill was certain to be paid.
ıſe dark times they learn'd their knack ſo well,
by long uſe they grew infallible:
t a knowing age began t' enquire
y the book, or that did them inſpire:
naking narrower ſearch they found, though late,
what they thought the prieſt's, was their eſtate:
ht by the will produc'd, the written word,
long they had been cheated on record.
every man who ſaw the title fair,
ı'd a child's part, and put in for a ſhare:
ılted ſoberly his private good;
ſav'd himſelf as cheap as e'er he could.
s true, my friend, and far be flattery hence,
good had full as bad a conſequence:

The book thus put in every vulgar hand,
Which each preſum'd he beſt could underſtand,
The common rule was made the common prey;
And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
The tender page with horny fiſts was gall'd;
And he was gifted moſt that loudeſt baul'd:
The ſpirit gave the doctoral degree:
And every member of a company
Was of his trade, and of the Bible free.
Plain truths enough for needful uſe they found;
But men would ſtill be itching to expound:
Each was ambitious of th' obſcureſt place,
No meaſure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace.
Study and pains were now no more their care;
Texts were explain'd by faſting and by prayer:
This was the fruit the private ſpirit brought;
Occaſion'd by great zeal and little thought.
While crouds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
About the ſacred viands buz and ſwarm.
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood;
And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
A thouſand daily ſects riſe up and die;
A thouſand more the periſh'd race ſupply:
So all we make of heaven's diſcover'd will,
Is not to have it, or to uſe it ill.
The danger's much the ſame; on ſeveral ſhelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourſelves.
What then remains, but, waving each extreme,
The tides of ignorance and pride to ſtem?

Neither ſo rich a treaſure to forego;
Nor proudly ſeek beyond our power to know:
Faith is not built on diſquiſitions vain;
The things we muſt believe are few and plain:
But, ſince men will believe more than they need,
And every man will make himſelf a creed,
In doubtful queſtions 'tis the ſafeſt way
To learn what unſuſpected ancients ſay:
For 'tis not likely we ſhould higher ſoar
In ſearch of heaven, than all the church before:
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unleſs we ſee
The ſcripture and the fathers diſagree.
If after all they ſtand ſuſpected ſtill,
For no man's faith depends upon his will;
'Tis ſome relief, that points not clearly known
Without much hazard may be let alone:
And, after hearing what our church can ſay,
If ſtill our reaſon runs another way,
That private reaſon 'tis more juſt to curb,
Than by diſputes the public peace diſturb,
For points obſcure are of ſmall uſe to learn:
But common quiet is mankind's concern.

Thus have I made my own opinions clear:
Yet neither praiſe expect, nor cenſure fear:
And this unpoliſh'd rugged verſe I choſe;
As fitteſt for diſcourſe, and neareſt proſe:
For while from ſacred truth I do not ſwerve,
Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will ſerve.

THE ART OF POETRY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS tranſlation of monſieur Boileau's Art of Poetry was made in the year 1680, by Sir William Soame of Suffolk, Baronet; who being very intimately acquainted with Mr. Dryden, deſired his reviſal of it. I ſaw the manuſcript lie in Mr. Dryden's hands for above ſix months, who made very conſiderable alterations in it, particularly the beginning of the fourth Canto: and it being his opinion that it would be better to apply the poem to Engliſh writers, than keep to the French names, as it was firſt tranſlated, Sir William deſired he would take the pains to make that alteration; and accordingly that was entirely done by Mr. Dryden.

The poem was firſt publiſhed in the year 1683; Sir William was after ſent ambaſſador to Conſtantinople, in the reign of king James, but died in the voyage.

J. TONSON.

CANTO I.

RASH author, 'tis a vain preſumptuous crime,
To undertake the ſacred art of rhyme;
If at thy birth the ſtars that rul'd thy ſenſe
Shone not with a poetic influence;

In thy ſtrait genius thou wilt ſtill be bound,
Find Phœbus deaf, and Pegaſus unſound.
You then that burn with the deſire to try
The dangerous courſe of charming poetry;
Forbear in fruitleſs verſe to loſe your time,
Or take for genius the deſire of rhyme:
Fear the allurements of a ſpecious bait,
And well conſider your own force and weight.
Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
And for each author can a talent find:
One may in verſe deſcribe an amorous flame,
Another ſharpen a ſhort epigram:
Waller a hero's mighty acts extol,
Spenſer ſing Roſalind in paſtoral:
But authors that themſelves too much eſteem,
Loſe their own genius, and miſtake their theme;
Thus in times paſt Dubartas vainly writ,
Allaying ſacred truth with trifling wit,
Impertinently, and without delight,
Deſcrib'd the Iſraelites triumphant flight,
And following Moſes o'er the ſandy plain,
Periſh'd with Pharaoh in th' Arabian main.
Whate'er you write of pleaſant or ſublime,
Always let ſenſe accompany your rhyme:
Falſely they ſeem each other to oppoſe;
Rhyme muſt be made with reaſon's laws to cloſe:
And when to conquer her you bend your force,
The mind will triumph in the noble courſe;
To reaſon's yoke ſhe quickly will incline,
Which, far from hurting, renders her divine:

But if neglected will as eaſily ſtray,
And maſter reaſon which ſhe ſhould obey.
Love reaſon then; and let whate'er you write
Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.
Moſt writers mounted on a reſty Muſe,
Extravagant and ſenſeleſs objects chuſe;
They think they err, if in their verſe they fall
On any thought that 's plain or natural:
Fly this exceſs; and let Italians be
Vain authors of falſe glittering poetry.
All ought to aim at ſenſe; but moſt in vain
Strive the hard paſs and ſlippery path to gain:
You drown, if to the right or left you ſtray;
Reaſon to go has often but one way.
Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
Purſues its object till it 's over-wrought:
If he deſcribes a houſe, he ſhews the face,
And after walks you round from place to place;
Here is a viſta, there the doors unfold,
Balconies here are balluſtred with gold;
Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls,
"The feſtoons, freezes, and the aſtragals:"
Tir'd with his tedious pomp, away I run,
And ſkip o'er twenty pages to be gone.
Of ſuch deſcriptions the vain folly ſee,
And ſtrun their barren ſuperfluity.
All that is needleſs carefully avoid;
The mind once ſatisfy'd is quickly cloy'd:
He cannot write who knows not to give o'er;
To mend one fault, he makes a hundred more:

A verſe was weak, you turn it, much too ſtrong,
And grow obſcure for fear you ſhould be long.
Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry;
Not to be low, another ſoars too high.
Would you of every one deſerve the praiſe?
In writing, vary your diſcourſe and phraſe;
A frozen ſtyle that neither ebbs nor flows,
Inſtead of pleaſing, makes us gape and doze.
Thoſe tedious authors are eſteem'd by none
Who tire us, humming the ſame heavy tone.
Happy who in his verſe can gently ſteer,
From grave to light; from pleaſant to ſevere;
His works will be admir'd where-ever found,
And oft with buyers will be compaſs'd round.
In all you write, be neither low nor vile:
The meaneſt theme may have a proper ſtyle.
The dull burleſque appear'd with impudence,
And pleas'd by novelty in ſpite of ſenſe.
All, except trivial points, grew out of date;
Parnaſſus ſpoke the cant of Billingſgate:
Boundleſs and mad, diſorder'd rhyme was ſeen:
Diſguis'd Apollo chang'd to Harlequin.
This plague, which firſt in country towns began,
Cities and kingdoms quickly over-ran;
The dulleſt ſcribblers ſome admirers found,
And the Mock Tempeſt was a while renown'd:
But this low ſtuff the town at laſt deſpis'd,
And ſcorn'd the folly that they once had priz'd;
Diſtinguiſh'd dull from natural and plain,
And left the villages to Fleckno's reign.

Let not ſo mean a ſtyle your Muſe debaſe;
But learn from Butler the buffooning grace:
And let burleſque in ballads be employ'd;
Yet noiſy bombaſt carefully avoid,
Nor think to raiſe, though on Pharſalia's plain,
"Millions of mourning mountains of the ſlain:"
Nor with Dubartas bridle up the floods,
And perriwig with wool the baldpate woods.
Chuſe a juſt ſtyle; be grave without conſtraint,
Great without pride, and lovely without paint:
Write what your reader may be pleas'd to hear;
And for the meaſure have a careful ear.
On eaſy numbers fix your happy choice:
Of jarring ſounds avoid the odious noiſe:
The fulleſt verſe and the moſt labour'd ſenſe,
Diſpleaſe us, if the ear once take offence.
Our ancient verſe, as homely as the times,
Was rude, unmeaſur'd, only tagg'd with rhymes;
Number and cadence that have ſince been ſhown,
To thoſe unpoliſh'd writers were unknown.
Fairfax was he, who, in that darker age,
By his juſt rules reſtrain'd poetic rage;
Spenſer did next in paſtorals excel,
And taught the nobler art of writing well:
To ſtricter rules the ſtanza did reſtrain,
And found for poetry a richer vein.
Then Davenant came; who, with a new-found art,
Chang'd all, ſpoil'd all, and had his way apart;
His haughty Muſe all others did deſpiſe,
And thought in triumph to bear off the prize,

Till the ſharp-ſighted critics of the times
In their Mock-Gondibert expos'd his rhymes;
The laurels he pretended did refuſe,
And daſh'd the hopes of his aſpiring Muſe.
This headſtrong writer falling from on high,
Made following authors take leſs liberty.
Waller came laſt, but was the firſt whoſe art,
Juſt weight and meaſure did to verſe impart;
That of a well-plac'd word could teach the force,
And ſhew'd for poetry a nobler courſe:
His happy genius did our tongue refine,
And eaſy words with pleaſing numbers join:
His verſes to good method did apply,
And chang'd hard diſcord to ſoft harmony.
All own'd his laws; which, long approv'd and try'd,
To preſent authors now may be a guide.
Tread boldly in his ſteps, ſecure from fear,
And be, like him, in your expreſſions clear.
If in your verſe you drag, and ſenſe delay,
My patience tires, my fancy goes aſtray;
And from your vain diſcourſe I turn my mind,
Nor ſearch an author troubleſome to find.
There is a kind of writer pleas'd with ſound,
Whoſe fuſtian head with clouds is compaſs'd round,
No reaſon can diſperſe them with its light:
Learn then to think ere you pretend to write.
As your idea's clear, or elſe obſcure,
Th' expreſſion follows perfect or impure:
What we conceive with eaſe we can expreſs;
Words to the notions flow with readineſs.

Ob-

Obſerve the language well in all you write,
And ſwerve not from it in your loftieſt flight.
The ſmootheſt verſe and the exacteſt ſenſe
Diſpleaſe us, if ill Engliſh give offence:
A barbarous phraſe no reader can approve;
Nor bombaſt, noiſe, or affectation love.
In ſhort, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.
Take time for thinking; never work in haſte;
And value not yourſelf for writing faſt.
A rapid poem, with ſuch fury writ,
Shews want of judgment, not abounding wit.
More pleas'd we are to ſee a river lead
His gentle ſtreams along a flowery mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
With foamy waters on a muddy ſhore.
Gently make haſte, of labour not afraid:
A hundred times conſider what you 've ſaid:
Poliſh, repoliſh, every colour lay,
And ſometimes add, but oftener take away.
'Tis not enough when ſwarming faults are writ,
That here and there are ſcatter'd ſparks of wit;
Each object muſt be fix'd in the due place,
And differing parts have correſponding grace:
Till, by a curious art diſpos'd, we find
One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd.
Keep to your ſubject cloſe in all you ſay;
Nor for a ſounding ſentence ever ſtray.
The public cenſure for your writings fear,
And to yourſelf be critic moſt ſevere.

Fau

ntaſtic wits their darling follies love;
t find you faithful friends that will approve,
iat on your works may look with careful eyes,
id of your faults be zealous enemies:
y by an author's pride and vanity,
id from a friend a flatterer deſcry,
ho ſeems to like, but means not what he ſays:
ibrace true counſel, but ſuſpect falſe praiſe.
ſycophant will every thing admire:
ch verſe, each ſentence, ſets his ſoul on fire:
l is divine! there's not a word amiſs!
ſhakes with joy, and weeps with tenderneſs,
overpowers you with his mighty praiſe.
uth never moves in thoſe impetuous ways:
faithful friend is careful of your fame,
id freely will your heedleſs errors blame;
cannot pardon a neglected line,
t verſe to rule and order will confine.
prove of words the too-affected ſound;
re the ſenſe flags, and your expreſſion's round,
ur fancy tires, and your diſcourſe grows vain,
ur terms improper, make them juſt and plain.
us 'tis a faithful friend will freedom uſe;
t authors, partial to their darling Muſe,
ink to protect it they have juſt pretence,
d at your friendly counſel take offence.
d you of this, that the expreſſion's flat?
ur ſervant, ſir, you muſt excuſe me that,
anſwers you. This word has here no grace,
y leave it out: That, ſir,'s the propereſt place.

This

This turn I like not: 'Tis approv'd by all.
Thus, reſolute not from one fault to fall,
If there 's a ſyllable of which you doubt,
'Tis a ſure reaſon not to blot it out.
Yet ſtill he ſays you may his faults confute,
And over him your power is abſolute:
But of his feign'd humility take heed;
'Tis a bait laid to make you hear him read.
And when he leaves you happy in his Muſe,
Reſtleſs he runs ſome other to abuſe,
And often finds; for in our ſcribbling times
No fool can want a ſot to praiſe his rhymes:
The flatteſt work has ever in the court
Met with ſome zealous aſs for its ſupport:
And in all times a forward ſcribbling fop
Has found ſome greater fool to cry him up.

CANTO II.

PASTORAL.

AS a fair nymph, when riſing from her bed,
With ſparkling diamonds dreſſes not her head
But, without gold, or pearl, or coſtly ſcents,
Gathers from neighbouring fields her ornaments:
Such, lovely in its dreſs, but plain withal,
Ought to appear a perfect Paſtoral:
Its humble method nothing has of fierce,
But, hates the rattling of a lofty verſe:
There native beauty pleaſes, and excites,
And never with harſh ſounds the ear affrights.

]

ıt in this ſtyle a poet often ſpent,
. rage throws by his rural inſtrument,
nd vainly, when diſorder'd thoughts abound,
midſt the Eclogue makes the trumpet ſound:
ın flies alarm'd into the neighbouring woods,
nd frighted nymphs dive down into the floods.
›pos'd to this another, low in ſtyle,
akes ſhepherds ſpeak a language baſe and vile:
s writings, flat and heavy, without ſound,
ſſing the earth, and creeping on the ground;
›u'd ſwear that Randal, in his ruſtic ſtrains,
ain was quavering to the country ſwains,
ıd changing, without care of ſound or dreſs,
'ephon and Phyllis, into Tom and Beſs.
wixt theſe extremes 'tis hard to keep the right;
r guides take Virgil, and read Theocrite:
: their juſt writing, by the Gods inſpir'd,
›ur conſtant pattern practis'd and admir'd.
them alone you 'll eaſily comprehend
w poets, without ſhame, may condeſcend
ſing of gardens, fields, of flowers, and fruit,
ſtir up ſhepherds, and to tune the flute;
love's rewards to tell the happy hour,
phne a tree, Narciſſus made a flower,
d by what means the Eclogue yet has power
make the woods worthy a conqueror:
is of their writings is the grace and flight;
eir riſings lofty, yet not out of ſight.

ELEGY.

ELEGY.

The Elegy, that loves a mournful ſtyle,
With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile;
It paints the lover's torments and delights,
A miſtreſs flatters, threatens, and invites:
But well theſe raptures if you'll make us ſee,
You muſt know love as well as poetry.
I hate thoſe lukewarm authors, whoſe forc'd fire
In a cold ſtyle deſcribes a hot deſire,
That ſigh by rule, and raging in cold blood
Their ſluggiſh Muſe whip to an amorous mood:
Their tranſports feign'd appear but flat and vain;
They always ſigh, and always hug their chain,
Adore their priſon, and their ſufferings bleſs,
Make ſenſe and reaſon quarrel as they pleaſe.
'Twas not of old in this affected tone,
That ſmooth Tibullus made his amorous moan;
Nor Ovid, when, inſtructed from above,
By nature's rules he taught the art of love.
The heart in Elegies forms the diſcourſe.

ODE.

The Ode is bolder, and has greater force.
Mounting to heaven in her ambitious flight,
Amongſt the Gods and heroes takes delight;
Of Piſa's wreſtlers tells the ſinewy force,
And ſings the duſty conqueror's glorious courſe:
To Simo's ſtreams does fierce Achilles bring,
And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's king.

Sometimes

Sometimes ſhe flies like an induſtrious bee,
And robs the flowers by nature's chemiſtry,
Deſcribes the ſhepherd's dances, feaſts, and bliſs,
And boaſts from Phyllis to ſurprize a kiſs,
When gently ſhe reſiſts with feign'd remorſe,
That what ſhe grants may ſeem to be by force:
Her generous ſtyle at random oft will part,
And by a brave diſorder ſhows her art.
Unlike thoſe fearful poets, whoſe cold rhyme
In all their raptures keeps exacteſt time,
That ſing th' illuſtrious hero's mighty praiſe
(Lean writers!) by the terms of weeks and days;
And dare not from leaſt circumſtances part,
But take all towns by ſtricteſt rules of art:
Apollo drives thoſe fops from his abode;
And ſome have ſaid that once the humorous god
Reſolving all ſuch ſcribblers to confound,
For the ſhort Sonnet order'd this ſtrict bound:
Set rules for the juſt meaſure, and the time,
The eaſy running and alternate rhyme;
But, above all, thoſe licences deny'd
Which in theſe writings the lame ſenſe ſupply'd;
Forbad an uſeleſs line ſhould find a place,
Or a repeated word appear with grace.
A faultleſs Sonnet, finiſh'd thus, would be
Worth tedious volumes of looſe poetry.
A hundred ſcribbling authors without ground,
Believe they have this only phœnix found:
When yet th' exacteſt ſcarce have two or three,
Among whole tomes from faults and cenſure free.

The reſt but little read, regarded leſs,
Are ſhovel'd to the paſtry from the preſs.
Cloſing the ſenſe within the meaſur'd time,
'Tis hard to fit the reaſon to the rhyme.

EPIGRAM.

The Epigram, with little art compos'd,
Is one good ſentence in a diſtich clos'd.
Theſe points, that by Italians firſt were priz'd,
Our ancient authors knew not, or deſpis'd:
The vulgar, dazzled with their glaring light,
To their falſe pleaſures quickly they invite;
But public favour ſo increas'd their pride,
They overwhelm'd Parnaſſus with their tide.
The Madrigal at firſt was overcome,
And the proud Sonnet fell by the ſame doom;
With theſe grave Tragedy adorn'd her flights,
And mournful Elegy her funeral rites:
A hero never fail'd them on the ſtage,
Without his point a lover durſt not rage;
The amorous ſhepherds took more care to prove
True to his point, than faithful to their love.
Each word like Janus had a double face:
And proſe, as well as verſe, allow'd it place:
The lawyer with conceits adorn'd his ſpeech,
The parſon without quibbling could not preach.
At laſt affronted reaſon look'd about,
And from all ſerious matters ſhut them out:
Declar'd that none ſhould uſe them without ſhame,
Except the Epigram;

Prov

Provided that by art, and in due time,
They turn'd upon the thought, and not the rhyme.
Thus in all parts diſorders did abate:
Yet quibblers in the court had leave to prate;
Inſipid jeſters, and unpleaſant fools,
A corporation of dull punning drolls.
'Tis not, but that ſometimes a dextrous Muſe
May with advantage a turn'd ſenſe abuſe,
And on a word may trifle with addreſs;
But above all avoid the fond exceſs;
And think not, when your verſe and ſenſe are lame,
With a dull point to tag your Epigram.
Each poem his perfection has apart;
The Britiſh round in plainneſs ſhows his art.
The Ballad, though the pride of ancient time,
Has often nothing but his humorous rhyme;
The Madrigal may ſofter paſſions move,
And breathe the tender ecſtaſies of love.
Deſire to ſhow itſelf, and not to wrong,
Arm'd Virtue firſt with Satire in its tongue.

SATIRE.

Lucilius was the man who, bravely bold,
To Roman vices did this mirror hold,
Protected humble goodneſs from reproach,
Show'd worth on foot, and raſcals in the coach.
Horace his pleaſing wit to this did add,
And none uncenſur'd could be fool or mad:
Unhappy was that wretch, whoſe name might be
Squar'd to the rules of their ſharp poetry.

Perſius obſcure, but full of ſenſe and wit,
Affected brevity in all he writ:
And Juvenal, learned as thoſe times could be,
Too far did ſtretch his ſharp hyperbole;
Though horrid truths through all his labours ſhine,
In what he writes there's ſomething of divine,
Whether he blames the Caprean debauch,
Or of Sejanus' fall tells the approach,
Or that he makes the trembling ſenate come
To the ſtern tyrant to receive their doom;
Or Roman vice in coarſeſt habits ſhews,
And paints an empreſs reeking from the ſtews:
In all he writes appears a noble fire;
To follow ſuch a maſter then deſire.
Chaucer alone, fix'd on this ſolid baſe,
In his old ſtyle conſerves a modern grace:
Too happy, if the freedom of his rhymes
Offended not the method of our times.
The Latin writers decency neglect;
But modern authors challenge our reſpect,
And at immodeſt writings take offence,
If clean expreſſion cover not the ſenſe.
I love ſharp Satire, from obſceneneſs free;
Not impudence that preaches modeſty:
Our Engliſh, who in malice never fail,
Hence in lampoons and libels learn to rail;
Pleaſant detraction, that by ſinging goes
From mouth to mouth, and as it marches grows:
Our freedom in our poetry we ſee,
That child of joy begot by liberty.

But, vain blaſphemer, tremble when you chuſe
God for the ſubject of your impious Muſe:
At laſt, thoſe jeſts which libertines invent,
Bring the lewd author to juſt puniſhment.
Ev'n in a ſong there muſt be art and ſenſe;
Yet ſometimes we have ſeen that wine, or chance,
Have warm'd cold brains, and given dull writers mettle,
And furniſh'd out a ſcene for Mr. Settle.
But for one lucky hit, that made thee pleaſe,
Let not thy folly grow to a diſeaſe,
Nor think thyſelf a wit; for in our age
If a warm fancy does ſome fop engage,
He neither eats nor ſleeps till he has writ,
But plagues the world with his adulterate wit.
Nay 'tis a wonder, if in his dire rage,
He prints not his dull follies for the ſtage;
And in the front of all his ſenſeleſs plays,
Makes David Lŏgan crown his head with bayes.

CANTO III.

TRAGEDY.

THERE's not a monſter bred beneath the ſky
But, well-diſpos'd by art, may pleaſe the eye:
A curious workman, by his ſkill divine,
From an ill object makes a good deſign.
Thus, to delight us, Tragedy, in tears
For Oedipus, provokes our hopes and fears:
For parricide Oreſtes aſks relief;
And to encreaſe our pleaſure cauſes grief.

You then that in this noble art would riſe,
Come; and in lofty verſe diſpute the prize.
Would you upon the ſtage acquire renown,
And for your judges ſummon all the town?
Would you your works for ever ſhould remain,
And after ages paſt be ſought again?
In all you write, obſerve with care and art
To move the paſſions, and incline the heart.
If in a labor'd act, the pleaſing rage
Cannot our hopes and fears by turns engage,
Nor in our mind a feeling pity raiſe;
In vain with learned ſcenes you fill your plays:
Your cold diſcourſe can never move the mind
Of a ſtern critic, naturally unkind;
Who, juſtly tir'd with your pedantic flight,
Or falls aſleep, or cenſures all you write.
The ſecret is, attention firſt to gain;
To move our minds, and then to entertain:
That, from the very opening of the ſcenes,
The firſt may ſhow us what the author means.
I 'm tir'd to ſee an actor on the ſtage,
That knows not whether he 's to laugh or rage;
Who, an intrigue unraveling in vain,
Inſtead of pleaſing keeps my mind in pain.
I'd rather much the nauſeous dunce ſhould ſay
Downright, My name is Hector in the play;
Than with a maſs of miracles, ill-join'd,
Confound my ears, and not inſtruct my mind.
The ſubject 's never ſoon enough expreſt;
Your place of action muſt be fix'd, and reſt.

A Spaniſh poet may with good event,
In one's day's ſpace whole ages repreſent;
There oft the hero of a wandering ſtage
Begins a child, and ends the play of age:
But we that are by reaſon's rules confin'd,
Will, that with art the poem be deſign'd,
That unity of action, time, and place,
Keep the ſtage full, and all our labours grace.
Write not what cannot be with eaſe conceiv'd;
Some truths may be too ſtrong to be believ'd.
A fooliſh wonder cannot entertain:
My mind 's not mov'd if your diſcourſe be vain.
You may relate what would offend the eye:
Seeing, indeed, would better ſatisfy;
But there are objects that a curious art
Hides from the eyes, yet offers to the heart.
The mind is moſt agreeably ſurpris'd,
When a well-woven ſubject, long diſguis'd,
You on a ſudden artfully unfold,
And give the whole another face and mould.
At firſt the Tragedy was void of art;
A ſong; where each man danc'd and ſung his part.
And of God Bacchus roaring out the praiſe,
Sought a good vintage for their jolly days:
Then wine and joy were ſeen in each man's eyes,
And a fat goat was the beſt ſinger's prize.
Theſpis was firſt, who, all beſmear'd with lee,
Began this pleaſure for poſterity:
And with his carted actors, and a ſong,
Amus'd the people as he paſs'd along.

Next Æſchylus the different perſons plac'd,
And with a better maſk his players grac'd:
Upon a theatre his verſe expreſs'd,
And ſhow'd his hero with a buſkin dreſs'd.
Then Sophocles, the genius of his age,
Increas'd the pomp and beauty of the ſtage,
Engag'd the chorus ſong in every part,
And poliſh'd rugged verſe by rules of art:
He in the Greek did thoſe perfections gain,
Which the weak Latin never could attain,
Our pious fathers, in their prieſt-rid age,
As impious and prophane, abhorr'd the ſtage:
A troop of ſilly pilgrims, as 'tis ſaid,
Fooliſhly zealous, ſcandalouſly play'd,
Inſtead of heroes, and of love's complaints,
The angels, God, the virgin, and the ſaints.
At laſt, right reaſon did his laws reveal,
And ſhow'd the folly of their ill-plac'd zeal,
Silenc'd thoſe nonconformiſts of the age,
And rais'd the lawful heroes of the ſtage:
Only th' Athenian maſk was laid aſide,
And chorus by the muſic was ſupply'd.
Ingenious love, inventive in new arts,
Mingled in plays, and quickly touch'd our hearts:
This paſſion never could reſiſtance find,
But knows the ſhorteſt paſſage to the mind.
Paint then, I 'm pleas'd my hero be in love;
But let him not like a tame ſhepherd move;
Let not Achilles be like Thyrſis ſeen,
Or for a Cyrus ſhow an Art[a] 'en;

That ſtruggling oft his paſſions we may find,
The frailty, not the virtue of his mind.
Of romance heroes ſhun the low deſign;
Yet to great hearts ſome human frailties join:
Achilles muſt with Homer's heat engage;
For an affront I'm pleas'd to ſee him rage.
Thoſe little failings in your hero's heart
Show that of man and nature he has part:
To leave known rules you cannot be allow'd;
Make Agamemnon covetous and proud,
Æneas in religious rites auſtere,
Keep to each man his proper character.
Of countries and of times the humours know;
From different climates different cuſtoms grow:
And ſtrive to ſhun their fault who vainly dreſs
An antique hero like ſome modern aſs;
Who make old Romans like our Engliſh move,
Show Cato ſparkiſh, or make Brutus love.
In a romance thoſe errors are excus'd:
There 'tis enough that, reading, we 're amus'd:
Rules too ſevere would there be uſeleſs found;
But the ſtrict ſcene muſt have a juſter bound:
Exact decorum we muſt always find.
If then you form ſome hero in your mind,
Be ſure your image with itſelf agree;
For what he firſt appears, he ſtill muſt be.
Affected wits will naturally incline
To paint their figures by their own deſign:
Your bully poets, bully heroes write:
Chapman in Buſſy d'Ambois took delight,
And thought perfection was to huff and fight.

Wiſe nature by variety does pleaſe;
Cloath differing paſſions in a differing dreſs:
Bold anger, in rough haughty words appears;
Sorrow is humble, and diſſolves in tears.
Make not your Hecuba with fury rage,
And ſhow a ranting grief upon the ſtage;
Or tell in vain how the rough Tanais bore
His ſevenfold waters to the Euxine ſhore:
Theſe ſwoln expreſſions, this affected noiſe,
Shows like ſome pedant that declaims to boys.
In ſorrow you muſt ſofter methods keep;
And, to excite our tears, yourſelf muſt weep.
Thoſe noiſy words with which ill plays abound,
Come not from hearts that are in ſadneſs drown'd.
The theatre for a young poet's rhymes
Is a bold venture in our knowing times:
An author cannot eaſily purchaſe fame;
Critics are always apt to hiſs, and blame:
You may be judg'd by every aſs in town,
The privilege is bought for half a crown.
To pleaſe, you muſt a hundred changes try;
Sometimes be humble, then muſt ſoar on high:
In noble thoughts muſt every where abound,
Be eaſy, pleaſant, ſolid, and profound:
To theſe you muſt ſurpriſing touches join,
And ſhow us a new wonder in each line:
That all, in a juſt method well-deſign'd,
May leave a ſtrong impreſſion in the mind.
Theſe are the arts that tragedy maintain:

THE EPIC.

But the Heroic claims a loftier ſtrain.
In the narration of ſome great deſign,
Invention, art, and fable, all muſt join:
Here fiction muſt employ its utmoſt grace;
All muſt aſſume a body, mind, and face:
Each virtue a divinity is ſeen;
Prudence is Pallas, beauty Paphos' queen.
'Tis not a cloud from whence ſwift lightnings fly;
But Jupiter, that thunders from the ſky:
Nor a rough ſtorm that gives the ſailor pain;
But angry Neptune plowing up the main:
Echo 's no more an empty airy ſound;
But a fair nymph that weeps her lover drown'd.
Thus in the endleſs treaſure of his mind,
The poet does a thouſand figures find,
Around the work his ornaments he pours,
And ſtrows with laviſh hand his opening flowers,
'Tis not a wonder if a tempeſt bore
The Trojan fleet againſt the Libyan ſhore;
From faithleſs fortune this is no ſurprize,
For every day 'tis common to our eyes;
But angry Juno, that ſhe might deſtroy,
And overwhelm the reſt of ruin'd Troy:
That Æolus with the fierce goddeſs join'd,
Open'd the hollow priſons of the wind;
Till angry Neptune looking o'er the main,
Rebukes the tempeſt, calms the waves again,
Their veſſels from the dangerous quickſands ſteers;
Theſe are the ſprings that move our hopes and fears;

With-

Without theſe ornaments before our eyes,
Th' unſinew'd poem languiſhes and dies:
Your poet in his art will always fail,
And tell you but a dull inſipid tale.
In vain have our miſtaken authors try'd
To lay theſe ancient ornaments aſide,
Thinking our God, and prophets that he ſent,
Might act like thoſe the poets did invent,
To fright poor readers in each line with hell,
And talk of Satan, Aſhtaroth, and Bel;
The myſteries which Chriſtians muſt believe,
Diſdain ſuch ſhifting pageants to receive:
The goſpel offers nothing to our thoughts
But penitence, or puniſhment for faults;
And mingling falſehoods with thoſe myſteries,
Would make our ſacred truths appear like lies.
Beſides, what pleaſure can it be to hear
The howlings of repining Lucifer,
Whoſe rage at your imagin'd hero flies,
And oft with God himſelf diſputes the prize?
Taſſo you 'll ſay has done it with applauſe?
It is not here I mean to judge his cauſe:
Yet though our age has ſo extoll'd his name,
His works had never gain'd immortal fame,
If holy Godfrey in his ecſtaſies
Had only conquer'd Satan on his knees;
If Tancred and Armida's pleating form
Did not his melancholy theme adorn.
'Tis not, that chriſtian poems ought to be
Fill'd with the fictions of idolatry;

But in a common ſubject to reject
The gods, and heathen ornaments neglect;
To baniſh Tritons who the ſeas invade,
To take Pan's whiſtle, or the Fates degrade,
To hinder Charon in his leaky boat
To paſs the ſhepherd with the man of note,
Is with vain ſcruples to diſturb your mind,
And ſearch perfection you can never find:
As well they may forbid us to preſent
Prudence or Juſtice for an ornament,
To paint old Janus with his front of braſs,
And take from Time his ſcythe, his wings and glaſs.
And every where, as 'twere idolatry,
Baniſh deſcriptions from our poetry.
Leave them their pious follies to purſue;
But let our reaſon ſuch vain fears ſubdue:
And let us not, amongſt our vanities,
Of the true God create a God of lies.
In fable we a thouſand pleaſures ſee,
And the ſmooth names ſeem made for poetry;
As Hector, Alexander, Helen, Phyllis,
Ulyſſes, Agamemnon, and Achilles:
In ſuch a crowd, the poet were to blame
To chuſe king Chilperic for his hero's name.
Sometimes the name being well or ill apply'd,
Will the whole fortune of your work decide.
Would you your reader never ſhould be tir'd?
Chuſe ſome great hero, fit to be admir'd;
In courage ſignal, and in virtue bright,
Let e'en his very failings give delight;

Let

Let his great actions our attention bind,
Like Cæsar, or like Scipio, frame his mind,
And not like Oedipus his perjur'd race;
A common conqueror is a theme too base.
Chuse not your tale of accidents too full;
Too much variety may make it dull:
Achilles' rage alone, when wrought with skill,
Abundantly does a whole Iliad fill.
Be your narrations lively, short, and smart;
In your descriptions show your noblest art:
There 'tis your poetry may be employ'd:
Yet you must trivial accidents avoid.
Nor imitate that fool, who, to describe
The wondrous marches of the chosen tribe,
Plac'd on the sides to see their armies pass,
The fishes staring though the liquid glass;
Describ'd a child, who, with his little hand,
Pick'd up the shining pebbles from the sand.
Such objects are too mean to stay our sight;
Allow your work a just and nobler flight.
Be your beginning plain; and take good heed
Too soon you mount not on the airy steed;
Nor tell your reader in a thundering verse,
"I sing the conqueror of the universe."
What can an author after this produce?
The labouring mountain must bring forth a mouse.
Much better are we pleas'd with his address,
Who, without making such vast promises,
Says, in an easier style and plainer sense,
"I sing the combats of that pious prince

"Wh

" Who from the Phrygian coaſt his armies bore,
" And landed firſt on the Lavinian ſhore."
His opening Muſe ſets not the world on fire,
And yet performs more than we can require:
Quickly you 'll hear him celebrate the fame
And future glory of the Roman name;
Of Styx and Acheron deſcribe the floods,
And Cæſar's wandering in th' Elyſian woods:
With figures numberleſs his ſtory grace,
And every thing in beauteous colours trace.
At once you may be pleaſing and ſublime:
I hate a heavy melancholy rhyme:
I'd rather read Orlando's comic tale,
Than a dull author always ſtiff and ſtale,
Who thinks himſelf diſhonour'd in his ſtyle,
If on his works the Graces do but ſmile.
'Tis ſaid, that Homer, matchleſs in his art,
Stole Venus' girdle to engage the heart:
His works indeed vaſt treaſures do unfold,
And whatſoe'er he touches turns to gold:
All in his hands new beauty does acquire;
He always pleaſes, and can never tire.
A happy warmth he every where may boaſt;
Nor is he in too long digreſſions loſt:
His verſes without rule a method find,
And of themſelves appear in order join'd:
All without trouble anſwers his intent;
Each ſyllable is tending to th' event.
Let his example your endeavours raiſe:
To love his writings is a kind of praiſe.

A poem,

Strive to be natural in all you write,
And paint with colours that may pleaſe the ſight,
Nature in various figures does abound;
And in each mind are different humours found:
A glance, a touch, diſcovers to the wiſe;
But every man has not diſcerning eyes.
All-changing time does alſo change the mind;
And different ages different pleaſures find:
Youth, hot and furious, cannot brook delay,
By flattering vice is eaſily led away;
Vain in diſcourſe, inconſtant in deſire,
In cenſure, raſh; in pleaſures, all on fire.
The manly age does ſteadier thoughts enjoy;
Power and ambition do his ſoul employ:
Againſt the turns of fate he ſets his mind;
And by the paſt the future hopes to find.
Decrepit age ſtill adding to his ſtores,
For others heaps the treaſure he adores,
In all his actions keeps a frozen pace;
Paſt times extols, the preſent to debaſe:
Incapable of pleaſures youth abuſe,
In others blames what age does him refuſe.
Your actors muſt by reaſon be control'd;
Let young men ſpeak like young, old men like old:
Obſerve the town, and ſtudy well the court:
For thither various characters reſort:
Thus 'twas great Jonſon purchas'd his renown,
And in his art had born away the crown;
If, leſs [illegible] people's praiſe,
He had [illegible] debas'd his plays;

Mixit

Mixing dull buffoonry with wit refin'd,
And Harlequin with noble Terence join'd.
When in the Fox I ſee the tortoiſe hiſt,
I loſe the author of the Alchemiſt.
The comic wit, born with a ſmiling air,
Muſt tragic grief and pompous verſe forbear;
Yet may he not, as on a market-place,
With baudy jeſts amuſe the populace:
With well-bred converſation you muſt pleaſe,
And your intrigue unravel'd be with eaſe:
Your action ſtill ſhould reaſon's rules obey,
Nor in an empty ſcene may loſe its way.
Your humble ſtyle muſt ſometimes gently riſe;
And your diſcourſe ſententious be, and wiſe:
The paſſions muſt to nature be confin'd;
And ſcenes to ſcenes with artful weaving join'd.
Your wit muſt not unſeaſonably play;
But follow buſ'neſs, never lead the way.
Obſerve how Terence does this error ſhun;
A careful father chides his amorous ſon:
Then ſee that ſon, whom no advice can move,
Forget thoſe orders, and purſue his love:
'Tis not a well-drawn picture we diſcover:
'Tis a true ſon, a father, and a lover.
I like an author that reforms the age;
And keeps the right decorum of the ſtage;
That always pleaſes by juſt reaſon's rule:
But for a tedious droll, a quibbling fool,
Who with low nauſeous baudry fills his plays;
Let him be gone, and on two treſſels raiſe

Some Smithfield ſtage, where he may act his pranks,
And make Jack-Puddings ſpeak to mountebanks.

CANTO IV.

IN Florence dwelt a doctor of renown,
The ſcourge of God, and terror of the town,
Who all the cant of phyſic had by heart,
And never murder'd but by rules of art.
The public miſchief was his private gain;
Children their ſlaughter'd parents ſought in vain:
A brother here his poiſon'd brother wept;
Some bloodleſs dy'd, and ſome by opium ſlept.
Colds, at his preſence, would to frenzies turn;
And agues, like malignant fevers, burn.
Hated, at laſt, his practice gives him o'er;
One friend, unkill'd by drugs, of all his ſtore,
In his new country-houſe affords him place;
'Twas a rich abbot, and a building aſs:
Here firſt the doctor's talent came in play,
He ſeems inſpir'd, and talks like Wren or May:
Of this new portico condemns the face,
And turns the entrance to a better place;
Deſigns the ſtair-caſe at the other end,
His friend approves, does for his maſon ſend.
He comes; the doctor's arguments prevail.
In ſhort, to finiſh this our humorous tale,
He Galen's dangerous ſcience does reject,
And from ill doctor turns good architect.
In this example we may have our part:
Rather be maſon, 'tis a uſeful art!

T

a dull poet; for that trade accurſt,
s no mean betwixt the beſt and worſt.
:r ſciences, without diſgrace,
lidate may fill a ſecond place;
ietry no medium can admit,
der ſuffers an indifferent wit:
iin'd ſtationers againſt him baul,
Herringham degrades him from his ſtall.
que, at leaſt, our laughter may excite:
cold writer never can delight.
ounter-Scuffle has more wit and art,
the ſtiff formal ſtyle of Gondibert.
: affected with that empty praiſe
ı your vain flatterers will ſometimes raiſe,
/hen you read, with ecſtaſy will ſay,
finiſh'd piece! the admirable play!"
ı, when expos'd to cenſure and to light,
t endure a critic's piercing ſight.
.dred authors fates have been foretold,
hadwell's works are printed, but not ſold.
ll the world; conſider every thought;
l by chance may ſtumble on a fault:
when Apollo does your Muſe inſpire,
: impatient to expoſe your fire;
ıitate the Settles of our times,
tuneful readers of their own dull rhymes.
ſeize on all th' acquaintance they can meet,
:op the paſſengers that walk the ſtreet:
is no ſanctuary you can chuſe
defence from their purſuing Muſe.

I've ſaid before, be patient when they blame;
To alter for the better, is no ſhame.
Yet yield not to a fool's impertinence:
Sometimes conceited ſceptics, void of ſenſe,
By their falſe taſte condemn ſome finiſh'd part,
And blame the nobleſt flights of wit and art,
In vain their fond opinions you deride,
With their lov'd follies they are ſatisfy'd;
And their weak judgment, void of ſenſe and light,
Thinks nothing can eſcape their feeble ſight:
Their dangerous counſels do not cure, but wound;
To ſhun the ſtorm, they run your verſe aground,
And, thinking to eſcape a rock, are drown'd.
Chuſe a ſure judge to cenſure what you write,
Whoſe reaſon leads, and knowledge gives you light,
Whoſe ſteady hand will prove your faithful guide,
And touch the darling follies you would hide:
He, in your doubts, will carefully adviſe,
And clear the miſt before your feeble eyes.
'Tis he will tell you, to what noble height
A generous Muſe may ſometimes take her flight;
When too much fetter'd with the rules of art,
May from her ſtricter bounds and limits part:
But ſuch a perfect judge is hard to ſee,
And every rhymer knows not poetry;
Nay ſome there are, for writing verſe extoll'd,
Who know not Lucan's droſs from Virgil's gold.
Would you in this great art acquire renown?
Authors, obſerve the rules I here lay down.

In

In prudent leſſons every where abound;
With pleaſant join the uſeful and the ſound:
A ſober reader a vain tale will ſlight;
He ſeeks as well inſtruction as delight.
Let all your thoughts to virtue be confin'd,
Still offering nobler figures to our mind:
I like not thoſe looſe writers, who employ
Their guilty Muſe, good manners to deſtroy;
Who with falſe colours ſtill deceive our eyes,
And ſhow us vice dreſs'd in a fair diſguiſe.
Yet do I not their ſullen Muſe approve,
Who from all modeſt writings baniſh love;
That ſtrip the play-houſe of its chief intrigue,
And make a murderer of Roderigue:
The lighteſt love, if decently expreſt,
Will raiſe no vicious motions in our breaſt.
Dido in vain may weep, and aſk relief;
I blame her folly, whilſt I ſhare her grief.
A virtuous author, in his charming art,
To pleaſe the ſenſe needs not corrupt the heart:
His heat will never cauſe a guilty fire:
To follow virtue then be your deſire.
In vain your art and vigour are expreſt;
Th' obſcene expreſſion ſhows th' infected breaſt.
But above all baſe jealouſies avoid,
In which detracting poets are employ'd.
A noble wit dares liberally commend;
And ſcorns to grudge at his deſerving friend.
Baſe rivals, who true wit and merit hate,
Caballing ſtill againſt it with the great,

Maliciouſly aſpire to gain renown,
By ſtanding up, and pulling others down.
Never debaſe yourſelf by treacherous ways,
Nor by ſuch abject methods ſeek for praiſe:
Let not your only buſineſs be to write;
Be virtuous, juſt, and in your friends delight.
'Tis not enough your poems be admir'd;
But ſtrive your converſation be deſir'd:
Write for immortal fame; nor ever chuſe
Gold for the object of a generous Muſe.
I know a noble wit may, without crime,
Receive a lawful tribute for his time:
Yet I abhor thoſe writers, who deſpiſe
Their honour; and alone their profits prize;
Who their Apollo baſely will degrade,
And of a noble ſcience make a trade.
Before kind reaſon did her light diſplay,
And government taught mortals to obey,
Men, like wild beaſts, did nature's laws purſue,
They fed on herbs, and drink from rivers drew;
Their brutal force, on luſt and rapine bent,
Committed murder without puniſhment:
Reaſon at laſt, by her all-conquering arts,
Reduc'd theſe ſavages, and tun'd their hearts;
Mankind from bogs, and woods, and caverns call:
And towns and cities fortifies with walls:
Thus fear of juſtice made proud rapine ceaſe,
And ſhelter'd innocence by laws and peace.
  Theſe benefits from poets we receiv'd,
From whence are rais'd thoſe fictions ſince believ'd

That Orpheus, by his ſoft harmonious ſtrains,
Tam'd the fierce tigers of the Thracian plains;
Amphion's notes, by their melodious powers,
Drew rocks and woods, and rais'd the Theban towers:
Theſe miracles from numbers did ariſe:
Since which, in verſe heaven taught his myſteries,
And by a prieſt, poſſeſs'd with rage divine,
Apollo ſpoke from his prophetic ſhrine.
Soon after Homer the old heroes prais'd,
And noble minds by great examples rais'd;
Then Heſiod did his Grecian ſwains incline
To till the fields, and prune the bounteous vine.
Thus uſeful rules were by the poets aid,
In eaſy numbers to rude men convey'd,
And pleaſingly their precepts did impart;
Firſt charm'd the ear, and then engag'd the heart:
The Muſes thus their reputation rais'd,
And with juſt gratitude in Greece were prais'd.
With pleaſure mortals did their wonders ſee,
And ſacrific'd to their divinity;
But want, at laſt, baſe flattery entertain'd,
And old Parnaſſus with this vice was ſtain'd:
Deſire of gain dazzling the poets eyes,
Their works were fill'd with fulſome flatteries.
Thus needy wits a vile revenue made,
And verſe became a mercenary trade.
Debaſe not with ſo mean a vice thy art:
If gold muſt be the idol of thy heart,
Fly, fly th' unfruitful Heliconian ſtrand,
Thoſe ſtreams are not inrich'd with golden ſand.

Great wits, as well as warriors, only gain
Laurels and honours for their toil and pain:
But what? an author cannot live on fame,
Or pay a reckoning with a lofty name:
A poet to whom fortune is unkind,
Who when he goes to bed has hardly din'd;
Takes little pleaſure in Parnaſſus' dreams,
Or reliſhes the Heliconian ſtreams.
Horace had eaſe and plenty when he writ,
And, free from cares for money or for meat,
Did not expect his dinner from his wit.
'Tis true; but verſe is cheriſh'd by the great,
And now none famiſh who deſerve to eat:
What can we fear, when virtue, arts, and ſenſe,
Receive the ſtars propitious influence;
When a ſharp-ſighted prince, by early grants,
Rewards your merits, and prevents your wants?
Sing then his glory, celebrate his fame;
Your nobleſt theme is his immortal name.
Let mighty Spenſer raiſe his reverend head,
Cowley and Denham ſtart up from the dead;
Waller his age renew, and offerings bring,
Our monarch's praiſe let bright-ey'd virgins ſing;
Let Dryden with new rules our ſtage refine,
And his great models form by this deſign:
But where's a ſecond Virgil, to rehearſe
Our hero's glories in his epic verſe?
What Orpheus ſing his triumphs o'er the main,
And make the hills and foreſts move again;
Shew his bold fleet on the Batavian ſhore,
And Holland trembling as his cannons roar;

Paint

Paint Europe's balance in his ſteady hand,
Whilſt the two worlds in expectation ſtand
Of peace or war, that wait on his command?
But as I ſpeak new glories ſtrike my eyes,
Glories, which heaven itſelf does give, and prize,
Bleſſings of peace; that with their milder rays
Adorn his reign, and bring Saturnian days:
Now let rebellion, diſcord, vice, and rage,
That have in patriots forms debauch'd our age,
Vaniſh with all the miniſters of hell:
His rays their poiſonous vapours ſhall diſpel:
'Tis he alone our ſafety did create,
His own firm ſoul ſecur'd the nation's fate,
Oppos'd to all the Bout'feu's of the ſtate,
Authors, for him your great endeavours raiſe;
The loftieſt numbers will but reach his praiſe.
For me, whoſe verſe in ſatire has been bred,
And never durſt heroic meaſures tread;
Yet you ſhall ſee me, in that famous field,
With eyes and voice, my beſt aſſiſtance yield:
Offer your leſſons, that my infant Muſe
Learnt, when ſhe Horace for her guide did chuſe:
Second your zeal with wiſhes, heart, and eyes,
And afar off hold up the glorious prize.
But pardon too, if, zealous for the right,
A ſtrict obſerver of each noble flight,
From the fine gold I ſeparate the allay,
And ſhow how haſty writers ſometimes ſtray:
Apter to blame, than knowing how to mend;
A ſharp, but yet a neceſſary friend.

THRE-

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM, ſacred to the happy Memory of King CHARLES II.

I.

THUS long my grief has kept me dumb:
Sure there's a lethargy in mighty woe,
Tears ſtand congeal'd, and cannot flow;
And the ſad ſoul retires into her inmoſt room:
Tears, for a ſtroke foreſeen, afford relief;
But, unprovided for a ſudden blow,
Like Niobé we marble grow;
And petrify with grief.
Our Britiſh heaven was all ſerene,
No threatening cloud was nigh,
Not the leaſt wrinkle to deform the ſky;
We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
As the firſt age in nature's golden ſcene;
Supine amidſt our flowing ſtore,
We ſlept ſecurely, and we dreamt of more:
When ſuddenly the thunder-clap was heard,
It took us unprepar'd and out of guard,
Already loſt before we fear'd.
Th' amazing news of Charles at once were ſpread,
At once the general voice declar'd,
"Our gracious prince was dead."
No ſickneſs known before, no ſlow diſeaſe,
To ſoften grief by juſt degrees:
But like an hurricane on Indian ſeas,

The tempeſt roſe;
An unexpected burſt of woes:
With ſcarce a breathing ſpace betwixt,
This now becalm'd, and periſhing the next.
As if great Atlas from his height
Should ſink beneath his heavenly weight,
And with a mighty flaw, the flaming wall
As once it ſhall,
Should gape immenſe, and ruſhing down, o'erwhelm
this nether ball;
So ſwift and ſo ſurpriſing was our fear:
Our Atlas fell indeed; but Hercules was near.

II.

His pious brother, ſure the beſt
Who ever bore that name,
Was newly riſen from his reſt,
And, with a fervent flame,
His uſual morning vows had juſt addreſt
For his dear ſovereign's health;
And hop'd to have them heard,
In long increaſe of years,
In honour, fame, and wealth:
Guiltleſs of greatneſs thus he always pray'd,
Nor knew nor wiſh'd thoſe vows he made,
On his own head ſhould be repay'd.
Soon as th' ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,
Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace,
Who can deſcribe th' amazement of his face!
Horror in all his pomp was there,
Mute and magnificent without a tear:
And then the hero firſt was ſeen to fear.

Half unarray'd he ran to his relief,
So haſty and ſo artleſs was his grief:
Approaching greatneſs met him with her charms
Of power and future ſtate;
But look'd ſo ghaſtly in a brother's fate,
He ſhook her from his arms.
Arriv'd within the mournful room, he ſaw
A wild diſtraction, void of awe,
And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law.
God's image, God's anointed, lay
Without motion, pulſe, or breath,
A ſenſeleſs lump of ſacred clay,
An image now of death.
Amidſt his ſad attendants groans and cries,
The lines of that ador'd forgiving face,
Diſtorted from their native grace;
An iron ſlumber ſat on his majeſtic eyes.
The pious duke—Forbear, audacious Muſe!
No terms thy feeble art can uſe
Are able to adorn ſo vaſt a woe:
The grief of all the reſt like ſubject-grief did ſhow,
His like a ſovereign did tranſcend;
No wife, no brother, ſuch a grief could know,
Nor any name but friend.

III.

O wondrous changes of a fatal ſcene,
Still varying to the laſt!
Heaven, though its hard decree was paſt,
Seem'd pointing to a gracious turn again:
And death's upliſted arm arreſted in its haſte.

Heaven

Heaven half repented of the doom,
And almoſt griev'd it had foreſeen,
What by foreſight it will'd eternally to come.
Mercy above did hourly plead
For her reſemblance here below;
And mild forgiveneſs intercede
To ſtop the coming blow.
New miracles approach'd th' etherial throne,
Such as his wondrous life had oft and lately known,
And urg'd that ſtill they might be ſhown.
On earth his pious brother pray'd and vow'd,
Renouncing greatneſs at ſo dear a rate,
Himſelf defending what he could,
From all the glories of his future fate.
With him th' innumerable crowd,
Of armed prayers
Knock'd at the gates of heaven, and knock'd aloud;
The firſt well-meaning rude petitioners.
All for his life aſſail'd the throne,
All would have brib'd the ſkies by offering up their own.
So great a throng not heaven itſelf could bar;
'Twas almoſt borne by force as in the giants' war.
The prayers at leaſt for his reprieve were heard;
His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd:
Againſt the ſun the ſhadow went;
Five days, thoſe five degrees, were lent
To form our patience and prepare th' event.
The ſecond cauſes took the ſwift command,
The medicinal head, the ready hand,

All

All eager to perform their part;
All but eternal doom was conquer'd by their art:
Once more the fleeting ſoul came back
T' inſpire the mortal frame;
And in the body took a doubtful ſtand,
Doubtful and hovering like expiring flame,
That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er the brand.

IV.

The joyful ſhort-liv'd news ſoon ſpread around,
Took the ſame train, the ſame impetuous bound:
The drooping town in ſmiles again was dreſt,
Gladneſs in every face expreſt,
Their eyes before their tongues confeſt.
Men met each other with erected look,
The ſteps were higher that they took,
Friends to congratulate their friends made haſte;
And long-inveterate foes ſaluted as they paſt:
Above the reſt heroic James appear'd
Exalted more, becauſe he more had fear'd:
His manly heart, whoſe noble pride
Was ſtill above
Diſſembled hate or varniſh'd love,
Its more than common tranſport could not hide;
But like an eagre rode in triumph o'er the tide.
Thus, in alternate courſe,
The tyrant paſſions, hope and fear,
Did in extremes appear,
And flaſh'd upon the ſoul with equal force.

Thus,

Thus, at half ebb, a rolling ſea
Returns and wins upon the ſhore;
The watery herd, affrighted at the roar,
Reſt on their fins a while, and ſtay,
Then backward take their wondering way:
The prophet wonders more than they,
At prodigies but rarely ſeen before,
And cries, a king muſt fall, or kingdoms change their ſway.
Such were our counter-tides at land, and ſo
Preſaging of the fatal blow,
In their prodigious ebb and flow.
The royal ſoul, that, like the labouring moon,
By charms of art was hurried down,
Forc'd with regret to leave her native ſphere,
Came but a while on liking here:
Soon weary of the painful ſtrife,
And made but faint eſſays of life:
And evening light
Soon ſhut in night;
A ſtrong diſtemper, and a weak relief,
Short intervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

V.

The ſons of art all medicines try'd,
And every noble remedy apply'd;
With emulation each eſſay'd
His utmoſt ſkill, nay more, they pray'd:
Never was loſing game with better conduct play'd.
Death never won a ſtake with greater toil,
Nor ere was fate ſo near a foil:

But

But like a fortreſs on a rock,
Th' impregnable diſeaſe their vain attempts did mock;
They min'd it near, they batter'd from afar
With all the cannon of the medicinal war;
No gentle means could be eſſay'd,
'Twas beyond parly when the ſiege was laid:
Th' extremeſt ways they firſt ordain,
Preſcribing ſuch intolerable pain,
As none but Cæſar could ſuſtain:
Undaunted Cæſar underwent
The malice of their art, nor bent
Beneath whate'er their pious rigour could invent:
In five ſuch days he ſuffer'd more
Than any ſuffer'd in his reign before;
More, infinitely more, than he,
Againſt the worſt of rebels, could decree,
A traitor or twice-pardon'd enemy.
Now art was tir'd without ſucceſs,
No racks could make the ſtubborn malady confeſs.
The vain inſurancers of life,
And he who moſt perform'd and promis'd leſs,
Ev'n Short himſelf forſook th' unequal ſtrife.
Death and deſpair were in their looks,
No longer they conſult their memories or books;
Like helpleſs friends, who view from ſhore
The labouring ſhip, and hear the tempeſt roar;
So ſtood they with their arms acroſs;
Not to aſſiſt, but to deplore
Th' inevitable loſs.

VI.

eath was denounc'd; that frightful ſound
'hich ev'n the beſt can hardly bear,
e took the ſummons void of fear;
nd unconcern'dly caſt his eyes around;
s if to find and dare the grieſly challenger.
'hat death could do he lately try'd,
'hen in four days he more than dy'd.
he ſame aſſurance all his words did grace:
he ſame majeſtic mildneſs held its place:
or loſt the monarch in his dying face.
trepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
e look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

VII.

s if ſome angel had been ſent
o lengthen out his government,
nd to foretel as many years again,
s he had number'd in his happy reign,
) chearfully he took the doom
f his departing breath;
or ſhrunk nor ſtept aſide for death:
ut with unalter'd pace kept on;
roviding for events to come,
'hen he reſign'd the throne.
:ill he maintain'd his kingly ſtate;
.nd grew familiar with his fate.
.ind, good, and gracious, to the laſt,
n all he lov'd before his dying beams he caſt:
h truly good, and truly great,
or glorious as he roſe benignly ſo he ſet!

IX.

Amidſt that ſilent ſhower, the royal mind
An eaſy paſſage found,
And left its ſacred earth behind;
Nor murmuring groan expreſt, nor labouring ſoun
Nor any leaſt tumultuous breath;
Calm was his life, and quiet was his death.
Soft as thoſe gentle whiſpers were,
In which th' Almighty did appear;
By the ſtill voice the prophet knew him there.
That peace which made thy proſperous reign to fl
That peace thou leav'ſt to thy imperial line,
That peace, oh happy ſhade, be ever thine!

X.

For all thoſe joys thy reſtoration brought,
For all the miracles it wrought,
For all the healing balm thy mercy pour'd
Into the nation's bleeding wound,
And care that after kept it ſound,
For numerous bleſſings yearly ſhower'd,
And property with plenty crown'd;
For freedom, ſtill maintain'd alive,
Freedom which in no other land will thrive,
Freedom, an Engliſh ſubject's ſole prerogative,
Without whoſe charms even peace would be
But a dull quiet ſlavery:
For theſe and more, accept our pious praiſe;
'Tis all the ſubſidy
The preſent age can raiſe,
The reſt is charg'd on late poſterity.

Poſ

Poſterity is charg'd the more,
Becauſe the large abounding ſtore
To them and to their heirs, is ſtill entail'd by thee.
Succeſſion of a long deſcent
Which chaſtely in the channels ran,
And from our demi-gods began,
Equal almoſt to time in its extent,
Through hazards numberleſs and great,
Thou haſt deriv'd this mighty bleſſing down,
And fixt the faireſt gem that decks th' imperial crown:
Not faction, when it ſhook thy regal ſeat,
Not ſenates, inſolently loud,
Thoſe echoes of a thoughtleſs crowd,
Not foreign or domeſtic treachery,
Could warp thy ſoul to their unjuſt decree.
So much thy foes thy manly mind miſtook,
Who judg'd it by the mildneſs of thy look:
Like a well-temper'd ſword it bent at will;
But kept the native toughneſs of the ſteel.

XI.

Be true, O Clio, to thy hero's name!
But draw him ſtrictly ſo,
That all who view, the piece may know;
He needs no trappings of fictitious fame:
The load 's too weighty: thou may'ſt chuſe
Some parts of praiſe, and ſome refuſe:
Write, that his annals may be thought more laviſh than
the Muſe.
In ſcanty truth thou haſt confin'd
The virtues of a royal mind,
Forgiving, bounteous, humble, juſt, and kind:

His converſation, wit, and parts,
His knowledge in the nobleſt uſeful arts,
Were ſuch, dead authors could not give;
But habitudes of thoſe who live;
Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive:
He drain'd from all, and all they knew;
His apprehenſion quick, his judgment true:
That the moſt learn'd, with ſhame, confeſs
His knowledge more, his reading only leſs.

XII.

Amidſt the peaceful triumphs of his reign,
What wonder if the kindly beams he ſhed?
Reviv'd the drooping arts again,
If ſcience rais'd her head,
And ſoft humanity that from rebellion fled?
Our iſle, indeed, too fruitful was before;
But all uncultivated lay
Out of the ſolar walk and heaven's high way;
With rank Geneva weeds run o'er,
And cockle, at the beſt, amidſt the corn it bore:
The royal huſbandman appear'd,
And plough'd, and ſow'd, and till'd,
The thorns he rooted out, the rubbiſh clear'd,
And bleſt th' obedient field.
When ſtrait a double harveſt roſe;
Such as the ſwarthy Indian mows;
Or happier climates near the line,
Or paradiſe manur'd and dreſt by hands divine.

XIII.

XIII.

As when the new-born phœnix takes his way,
His rich paternal regions to ſurvey,
Of airy choriſters a numerous train
Attend his wondrous progreſs o'er the plain;
So, riſing from his father's urn,
So glorious did our Charles return;
Th' officious Muſes came along,
A gay harmonious quire like angels ever young:
The Muſe that mourns him now his happy triumph ſung,
Ev'n they could thrive in his auſpicious reign;
And ſuch a plenteous crop they bore
Of pureſt and well-winow'd grain,
As Britain never knew before.
Though little was their hire, and light their gain,
Yet ſomewhat to their ſhare he threw;
Fed from his hand, they ſung and flew,
Like birds of paradiſe that liv'd on morning dew.
Oh never let their lays his name forget!
The penſion of a prince's praiſe is great.
Live then, thou great encourager of arts,
Live ever in our thankful hearts;
Live bleſt above, almoſt invok'd below;
Live and receive this pious vow,
Our patron once, our guardian angel now.
Thou Fabius of a ſinking ſtate,
Who didſt by wiſe delays divert our fate,
When faction like a tempeſt roſe,
In death's moſt hideous form,
Then art to rage thou didſt oppoſe,
To weather out the ſtorm:

Not quitting thy ſupreme command,
Thou held'ſt the rudder with a ſteady hand,
Till ſafely on the ſhore the bark did land:
The bark that all our bleſſings brought,
Charg'd with thyſelf and James, a doubly royal freight.

XIV.

Oh frail eſtate of human things,
And ſlippery hopes below!
Now to our coſt your emptineſs we know:
For 'tis a leſſon dearly bought,
Aſſurance here is never to be ſought.
The beſt, and beſt-below'd of kings,
And beſt deſerving to be ſo,
When ſcarce he had eſcap'd the fatal blow
Of faction and conſpiracy,
Death did his promis'd hopes deſtroy:
He toil'd, he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
What gifts of Providence are theſe
Through which we cannot ſee!
So ſaints, by ſupernatural power ſet free,
Are left at laſt in martyrdom to die;
Such is the end of oft-repeated miracles.
Forgive me, heaven, that impious thought,
'Twas grief for Charles, to madneſs wrought,
That queſtion'd thy ſupreme decree!
Thou didſt his gracious reign prolong,
Ev'n in thy ſaints and angels wrong,
His fellow-citzens of immortality:
For twelve long years of exile borne,
Twice twelve we number'd ſince his bleſt return:

ſtrictly wert thou juſt to pay,
n to the driblet of a day.
: ſtill we murmur and complain,
e quails and manna ſhould no longer rain ;
oſe miracles 'twas needleſs to renew ;
e choſen flock has now the promis'd land in view.

XV.

\ warlike prince aſcends the regal ſtate,
rince long exercis'd by fate :
ig may he keep, though he obtains it late !
oes in heaven's peculiar mold are caſt,
ey and their poets are not form'd in haſte ;
n was the firſt in God's deſign, and man was made the laſt.
ſe heroes, made by flattery ſo,
ven can ſtrike out, like ſparkles, at a blow ;
: ere a prince is to perfection brought,
coſts Omnipotence a ſecond thought.
th toil and ſweat,
th hardening cold, and forming heat,
e Cyclops did their ſtrokes repeat,
ore th' impenetrable ſhield was wrought.
ooks as if the Maker would not own
e noble work for his,
ore 'twas try'd and found a maſter-piece.

XVI.

'iew then a monarch ripen'd for a throne.
:ides thus his race began,
r infancy he ſwiftly ran ;
e future God at firſt was more than man :
ngers and toils, and Juno's hate

Ev'n o'er his cradle lay in wait;
And there he grappled firſt with fate;
In his young hands the hiſſing ſnakes he preſt,
So early was the Deity confeſt;
Thus by degrees he roſe to Jove's imperial ſeat;
Thus difficulties prove a ſoul legitimately great.
Like his, our hero's infancy was try'd;
Betimes the Furies did their ſnakes provide;
And to his infant arms oppoſe
His father's rebels, and his brother's foes;
The more oppreſt, the higher ſtill he roſe:
Thoſe were the preludes of his fate,
That form'd his manhood, to ſubdue
The hydra of the many-headed hiſſing crew.

XVII.

As, after Numa's peaceful reign,
The martial Ancus did the ſcepter wield,
Furbiſh'd the ruſty ſword again,
Reſum'd the long-forgotten ſhield,
And led the Latins to the duſty field;
So James the drowſy genius wakes
Of Britain long entranc'd in charms,
Reſtiff and ſlumbering on its arms:
'Tis rous'd, and with a new-ſtrung nerve, the ſ
already ſhakes.
No neighing of the warrior ſteeds,
No drum, or louder trumpet, needs
T' inſpire the coward, warm the cold,
His voice, his ſole appearance makes them bold.

Gaul and Batavia dread th' impending blow;
Too well the vigour of that arm they know;
They lick the duſt, and crouch beneath their fatal foe,
Long may they fear this awful prince,
And not provoke his lingering ſword;
Peace is their only ſure defence,
Their beſt ſecurity his word:
In all the changes of his doubtful ſtate,
His truth, like heaven's, was kept inviolate,
For him to promiſe is to make it fate.
His valour can triumph o'er land and main;
With broken oaths his fame he will not ſtain;
With conqueſt baſely bought, and with inglorious gain.

XVIII.

For once, O heaven, unfold thy adamantine book;
And let his wondering ſenate ſee,
If not thy firm immutable decree,
At leaſt the ſecond page of ſtrong contingency;
Such as conſiſts with wills originally free:
Let them with glad amazement look
On what their happineſs may be:
Let them not ſtill be obſtinately blind,
Still to divert the good thou haſt deſign'd,
Or with malignant penury,
To ſtarve the royal virtues of his mind.
Faith is a chriſtian's and a ſubject's teſt,
Oh give them to believe, and they are ſurely bleſt.
They do; and with a diſtant view I ſee
Th' amended vows of Engliſh loyalty.

And

And all beyond that object, there appears
The long retinue of a proſperous reign,
A ſeries of ſucceſsful years,
In orderly array, a martial, manly train.
Behold ev'n the remoter ſhores,
A conquering navy proudly ſpread;
The Britiſh cannon formidably roars,
While, ſtarting from his oozy bed,
Th' aſſerted ocean rears his reverend head;
To view and recognize his ancient lord again:
And, with a willing hand, reſtores
The faſces of the main.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR ſpirit, by whoſe aid
The world's foundations firſt were laid,
Come viſit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From ſin and ſorrow ſet us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O ſource of uncreated light,
The Father's promiſed Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inſpire;
Come, and thy ſacred unction bring
To ſanctify us, while we ſing.
Plenteous of grace, deſcend from high,
Rich in thy ſevenfold energy!

Thou

Thou ſtrength of his Almighty hand,
Whoſe power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding ſpirit, our defence,
Who doſt the gifts of tongues diſpenſe,
And crown'ſt thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Submit the ſenſes to the ſoul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.
Chace from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, beſtow;
And, leſt our feet ſhould ſtep aſtray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practiſe all that we believe:
Give us thyſelf, that we may ſee
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honour, endleſs fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for loſt man's redemption dy'd:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

THE

THE SOLILOQUY OF A ROYAL EXILE.

UNHAPPY I! who, once ordain'd to bear
God's juſtice ſword, and his vicegerent here,
Am now depos'd!—'gainſt me my children riſe,
My life muſt be their only ſacrifice:
Highly they me accuſe, but nothing prove;
But this is out of tenderneſs and love!
They ſeek to ſpill my blood; 'tis that alone
Muſt for the nation's crying ſins atone.
But careful Heaven forewarn'd me in a dream,
And ſhew'd me that my dangers were extreme;
The heavenly viſion ſpoke, and bade me flee
Th' ungrateful brood that were not worthy me:
Alarm'd I fled at the appointed time;
And mere neceſſity was made my crime!

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